

Assembly Songs

F.46.111

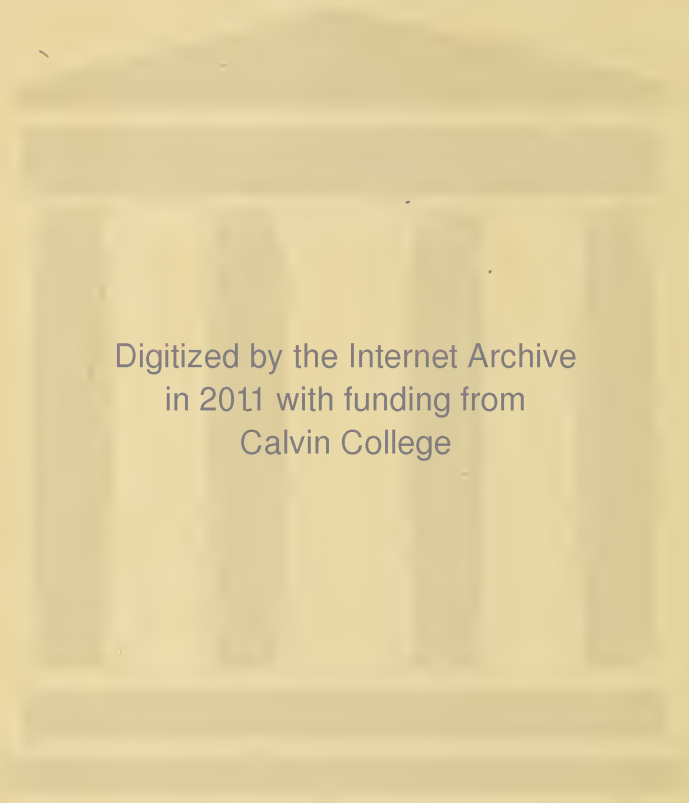
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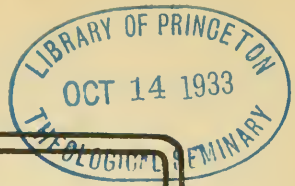
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Assembly Songs

For use in Evangelistic Services,
Sabbath Schools, Young Peoples
Societies, Devotional Meetings,
and the Home

Compiled by

Rev. J. ERNEST THACKER,

Prof. GEO. A. FISHER,

Mr. R. E. MAGILL

PRICES—Music Edition Only

Cloth Binding, full boards,

25 cents per copy, Express extra

Leatherette Limp, strongly bound,

15 cents per copy, Express extra

Published by

Presbyterian Committee of Publication

Richmond, Va.

Texarkana, Ark. Tex.

Foreword

about "Assembly Songs"

The General Assembly of 1910 authorized and directed the Publication Committee to issue a new collection of Sacred Music, especially suited for Evangelistic services and containing enough of the well known Gospel Songs and Standard Hymns to render the book available for the general services of the Church and Sabbath Schools.

The work has been published under the title "ASSEMBLY SONGS," and contains about 250 selections, the best that could be gathered from every source.

Such well known Hymn Writers and Gospel Singers as Excell, Gabriel, McGranahan, Stebbins, Lowry, Sweeney, Thompson and Fisher have furnished their latest and best compositions, which will have a permanent place in the Hymnology of the Church. The collection includes many well known Gospel Hymns of tested merit, and a choice collection of the old Classics of the Church, endeared by association, rich in their expression of Spiritual Truths, and never failing in their appeal to the best emotions.

"ASSEMBLY SONGS" is notably rich in selections for presenting the Gospel Appeal through song. A constantly increasing use is being made by Evangelists, Pastors, and Christian Workers of the power of sacred music to stir the emotions and move men to accept the Gospel invitation.

The selections for "ASSEMBLY SONGS" were largely made by Rev. J. E. Thacker, D.D. Secretary of the Evangelistic Committee of our Church and Mr. George Fisher, a Gospel Singer of noted ability. Acknowledgment is also made of valuable suggestions from a number of Evangelists and Pastors of wide experience in our Church.

The work is offered with the hope that it may be of the highest service to the church and used of the Holy Spirit in stimulating Christian activity and in extending the Kingdom.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication

Richmond, Va.

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Assembly Songs.

No. 1.

Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts.

C. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her
 2. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions

King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And
 ground; He comes to make His bless - ing flow Far
 prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
 as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.

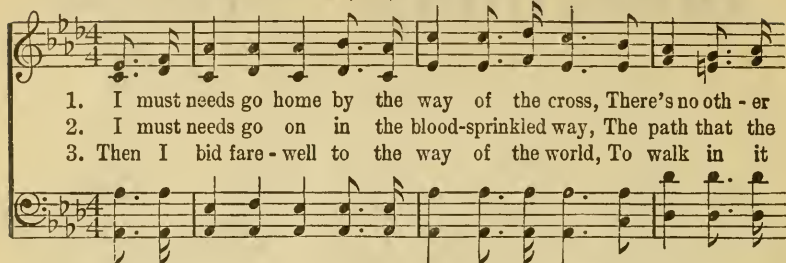
heav'n and na - ture sing,

No. 2. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

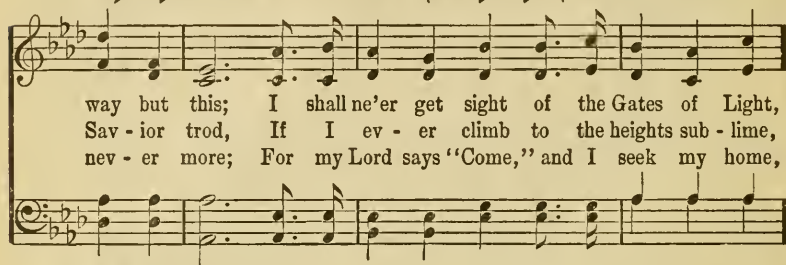
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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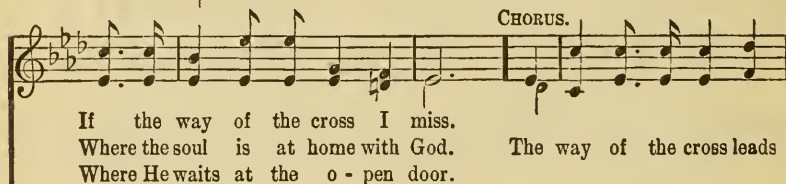
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it

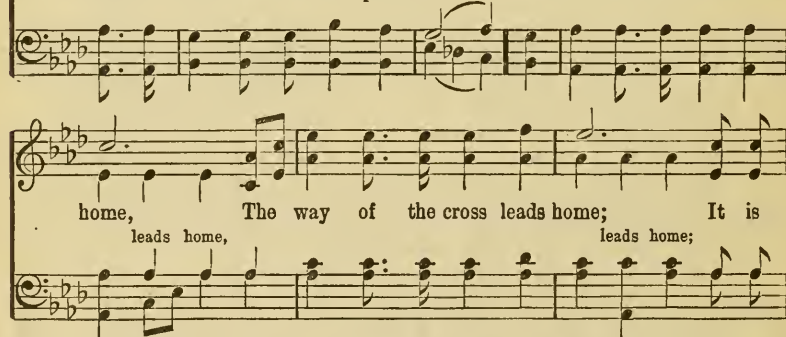


way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

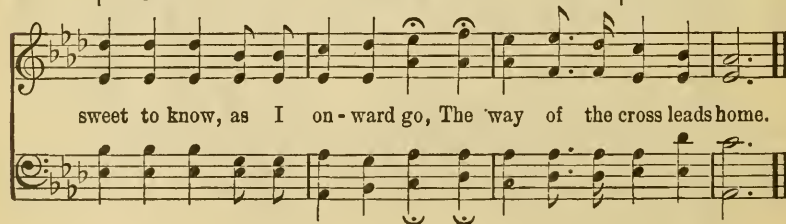


CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;

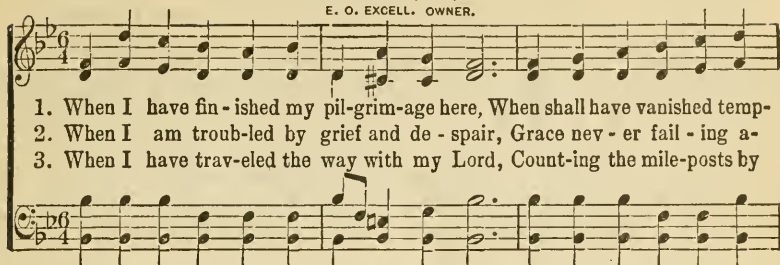


sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

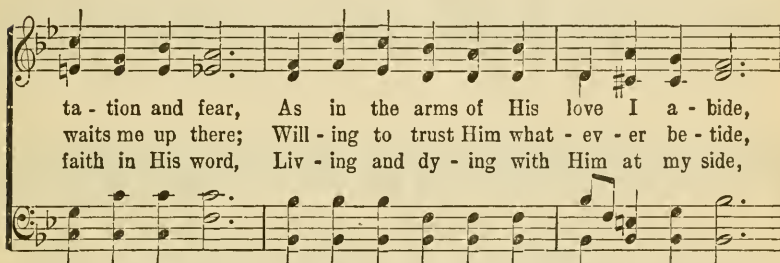
A. H. Ackley,

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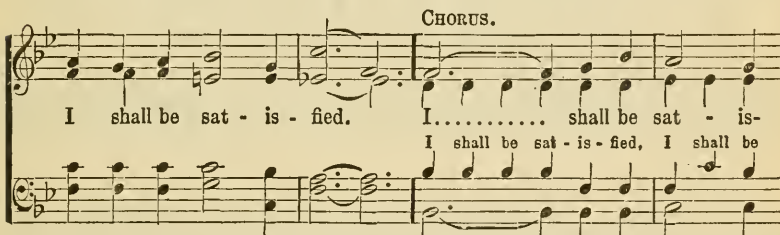
B. D. Ackley.



1. When I have fin - ished my pil - grim - age here, When shall have vanished temp -
2. When I am troub - led by grief and de - spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a -
3. When I have trav - eled the way with my Lord, Count - ing the mile - posts by



ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will - ing to trust Him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in His word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with Him at my side,



CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is -
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be



fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;



rit.
Sheltered a - bove by His in - fin - ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

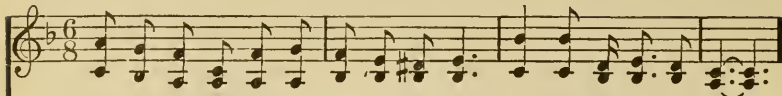
No. 4.

Help Somebody To-day.

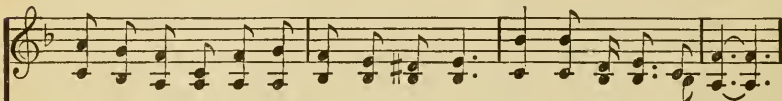
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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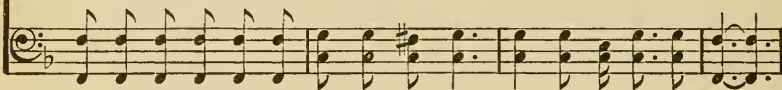
Chas. H. Gabriel.



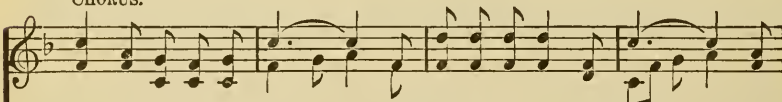
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



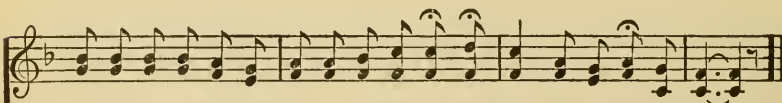
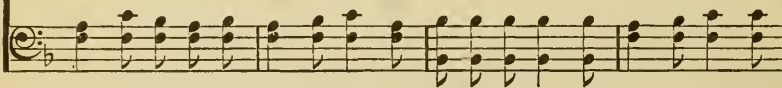
Tho' it be lit-tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



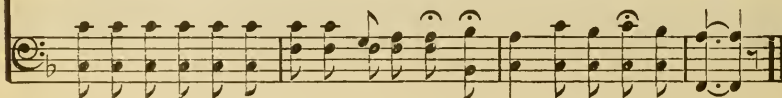
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!



No. 5.

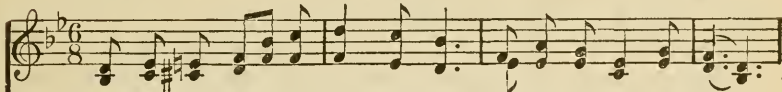
God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

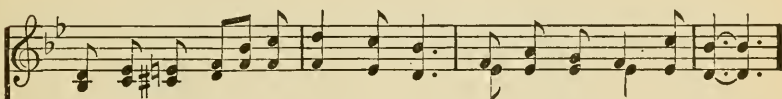
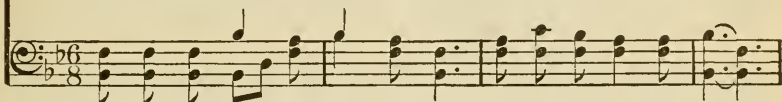
C. D. Martin.

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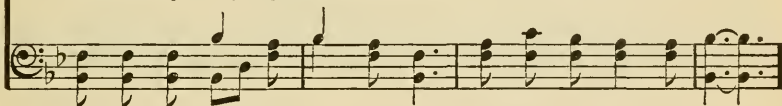
W. S. Martin.



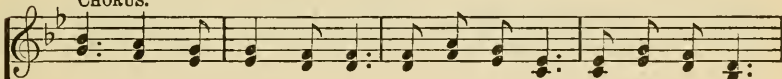
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



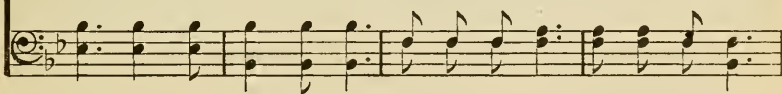
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



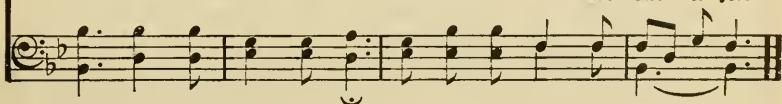
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
 take care of you.



No. 6.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
 3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
 His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to ^{so}

pre-cious to me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'Tis heaven be-

low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 7.

Victory in Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt,

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sol-diers of King Je-sus, raise the shout a - gain, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
 2. O'er the pow'rs of darkness, o'er the hosts of sin, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
 3. Send the hap - py watchword all a - long the line, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
 4. For his church and kingdom, for each trusting soul, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,

vic - to - ry! Marching to the mu - sic of the glad re - frain, Vic - to - ry in
 vic - to - ry! Trusting, watching, praying, we shall sure - ly win, Vic - to - ry in
 vic - to - ry! Let all er - ror per - ish, lives the truth di - vine, Vic - to - ry in
 vic - to - ry! From the courts of heaven joy - ful pæ - ans roll, Vic - to - ry in

CHORUS.

Je - sus ev - er - more. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry in Je - sus!

Sing His o - ver - com - ing blood, sing the grace that frees us; Ring it out more

bold - ly, Song of faith and cheer, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

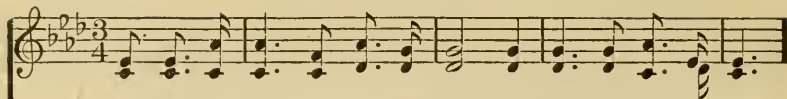
No. 8.

Grace, Enough for Me.

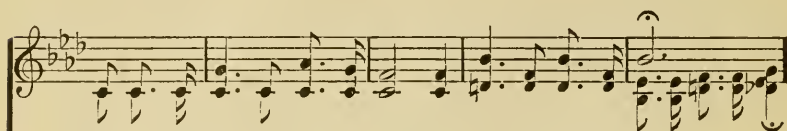
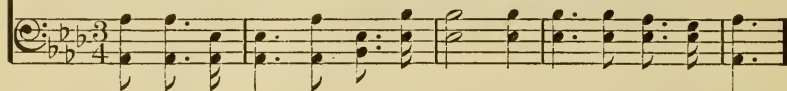
E. O. E.

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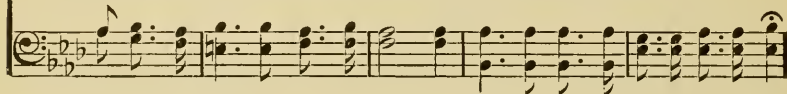
E. O. Excell.



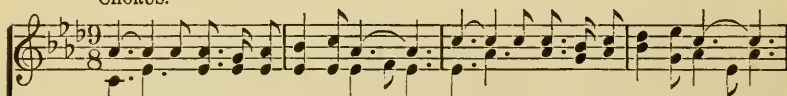
1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por-tion there will be,



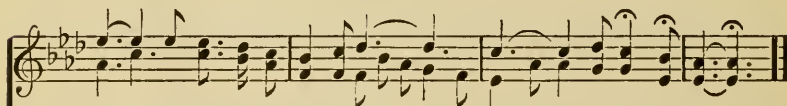
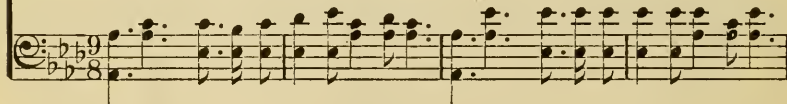
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



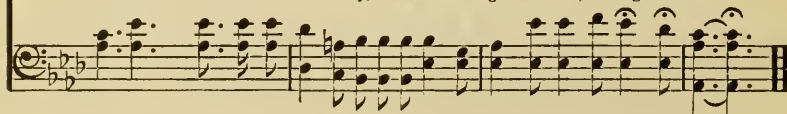
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . . .
 Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me, Grace as fath - om - less as the roll-ing sea,



Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . . enough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.



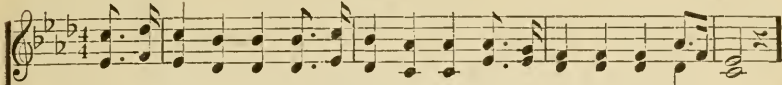
No. 9.

I am Thine, O Lord.

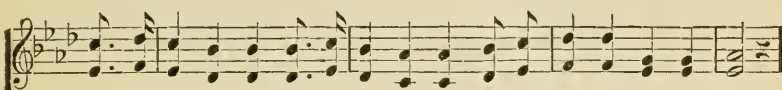
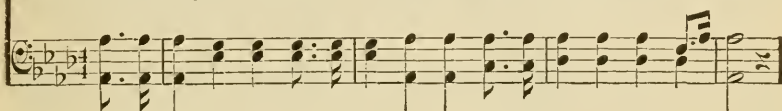
F. J. Crosby.

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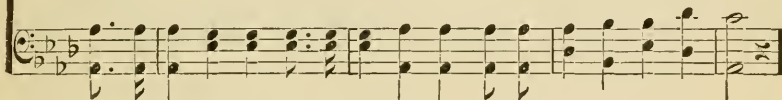
W. H. Doane.



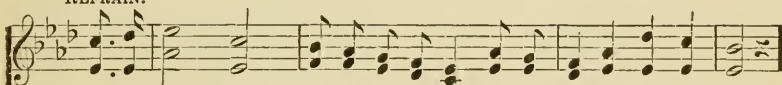
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea,



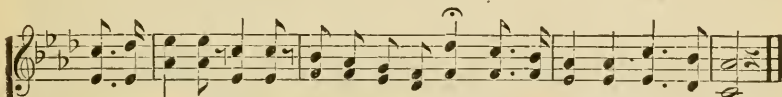
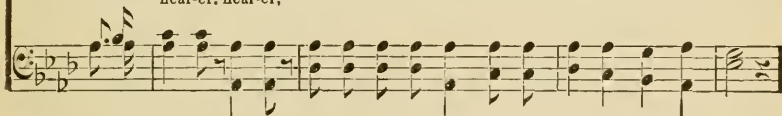
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



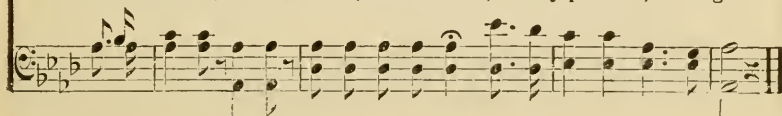
REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
 near-er, near-er,



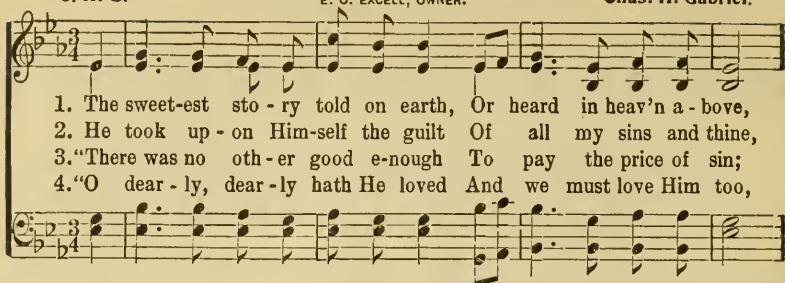
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



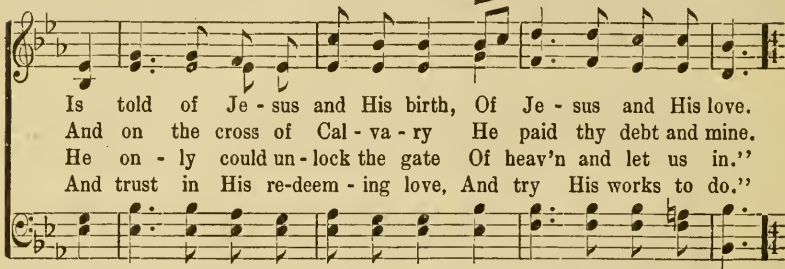
C. H. G.

E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

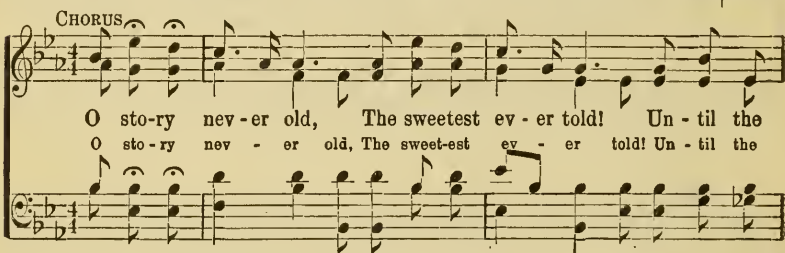


1. The sweet-est sto - ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
 2. He took up - on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
 3. "There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
 4. "O dear - ly, dear - ly hath He loved And we must love Him too,

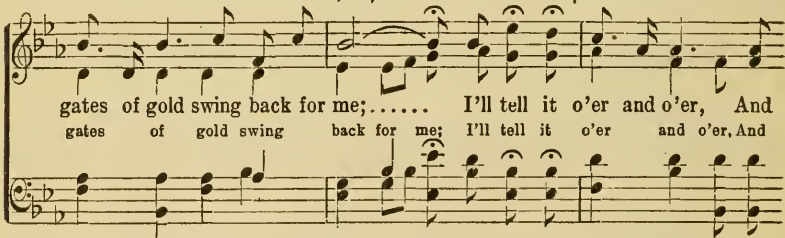


Is told of Je - sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
 And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
 And trust in His re-deem - ing love, And try His works to do."

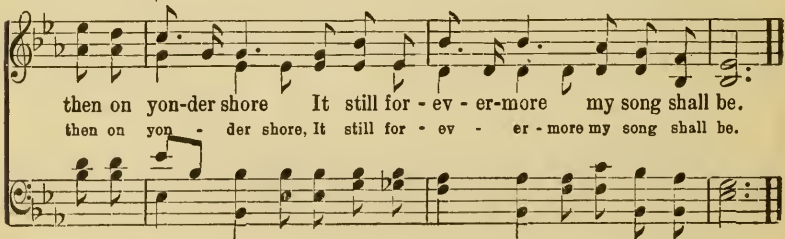
CHORUS



O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
 O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweet-est ev - er told! Un - til the



gates of gold swing back for me;..... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
 gates of gold swing back for me; I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And

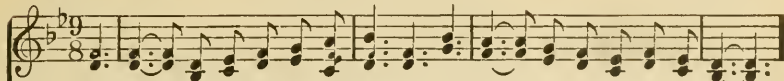


then on yon - der shore It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.
 then on yon - der shore, It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.

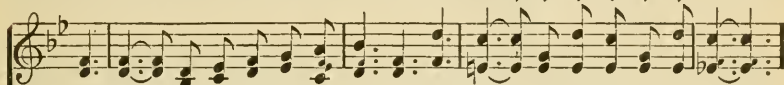
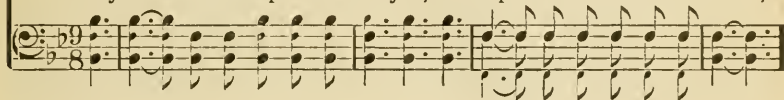
Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

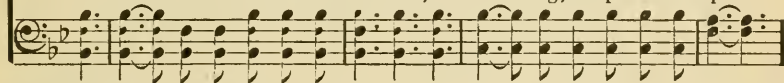
E. O. Excell.



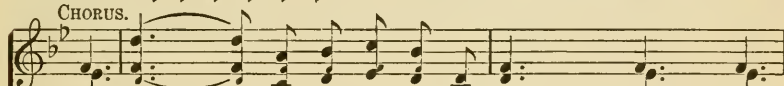
1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;



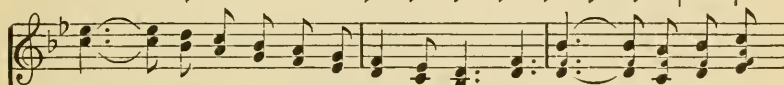
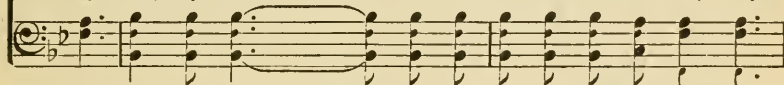
The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
 If, glad-ly His mer-cy ac-cept-ing, You tru-ly re-pent and be-lieve.
 It tell-eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je-sus, the low-ly and meek.
 O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov-ing, the perfect and pure.



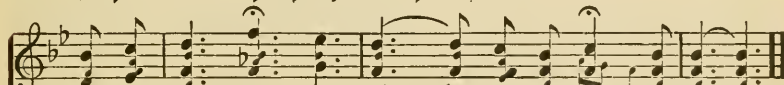
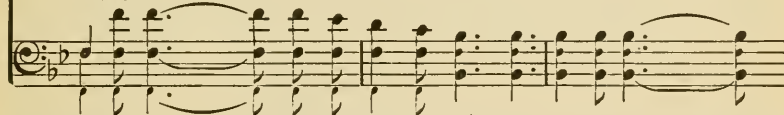
CHORUS.



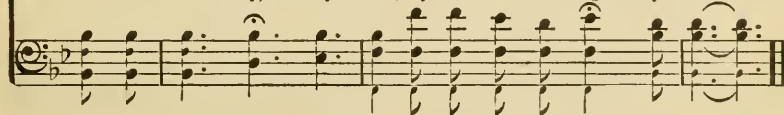
Lay hold on e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Lay
 Lay hold, lay hold on e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Lay



hold on the gift of God's on-ly Son; Lay hold on His in-
 hold, lay hold on God's on-ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold



fi-nite mer-cy, Lay hold on the Might-y One!
 on His mer-cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might-y One!



No. 12.

God is Calling Yet.

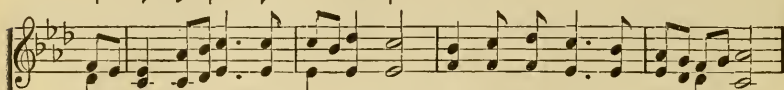
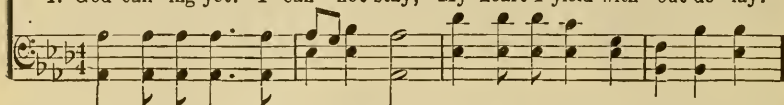
Gerhard Tersteegen.

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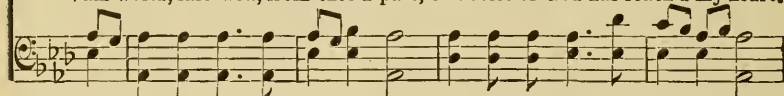
E. O. Excell.



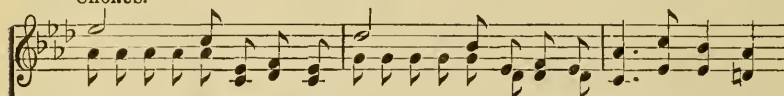
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de-lay?



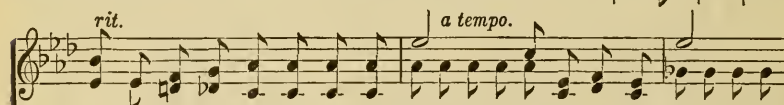
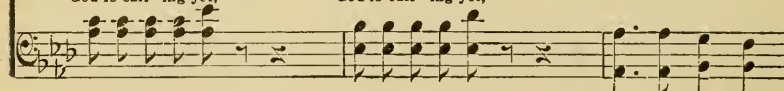
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.



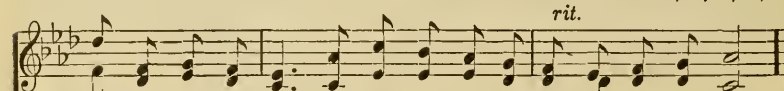
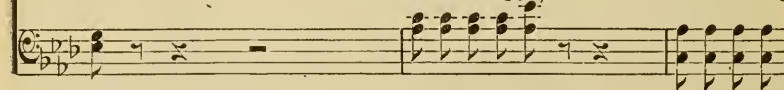
CHORUS.



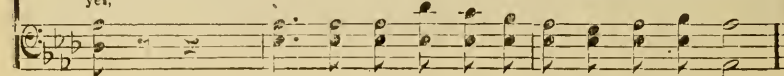
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call - ing
 God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet,



yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - -
 God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing



ing, oh, hear Him, God is call - ing yet, oh, hear Him call - ing yet.
 yet,



No. 13.

Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
 2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
 3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
 4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-

hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
 soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'Twill al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
 hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
 round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,
 Be-cause

Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at
 Be-cause

rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.
 Be-cause

No. 14.

I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, Howsweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.
Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er

leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I will
leave thee; I will not for-get

not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get

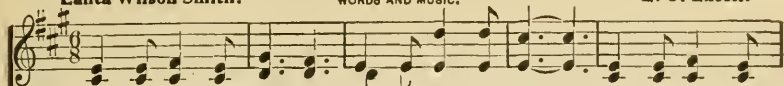
No. 15.

Scatter Sunshine.

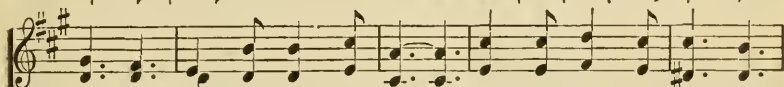
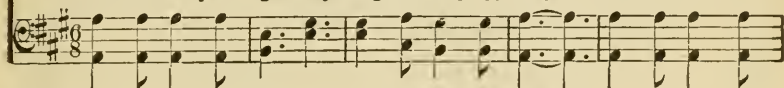
Lanta Wilson Smith.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

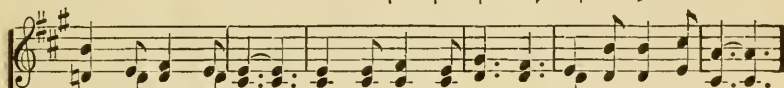
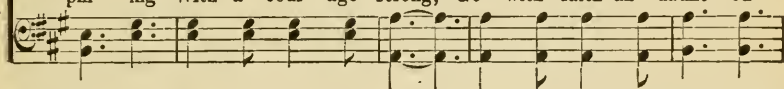
E. O. Excell.



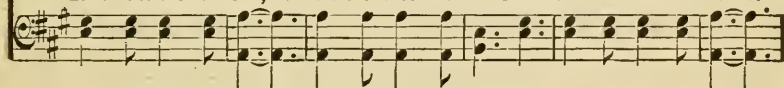
1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Singsome hap-py song, Meet the world's re-



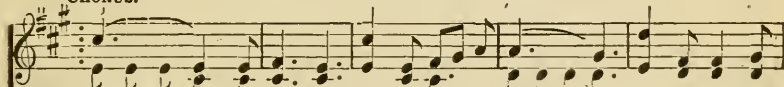
need-y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com-fort
dai-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row
pin-ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed



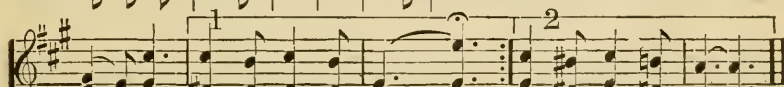
You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ill's of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.



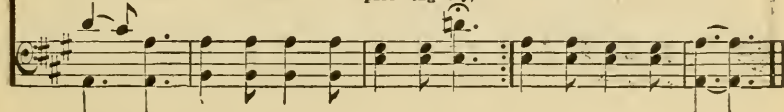
CHORUS.



Scat-ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o-ver the way,



bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
pass-ing day;



No. 16.

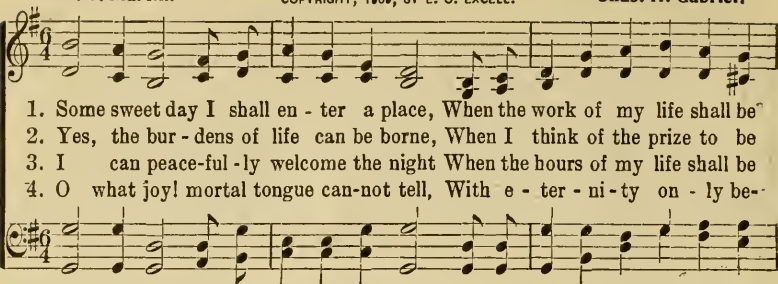
Land of the Unsetting Sun.

W. C. Martin.

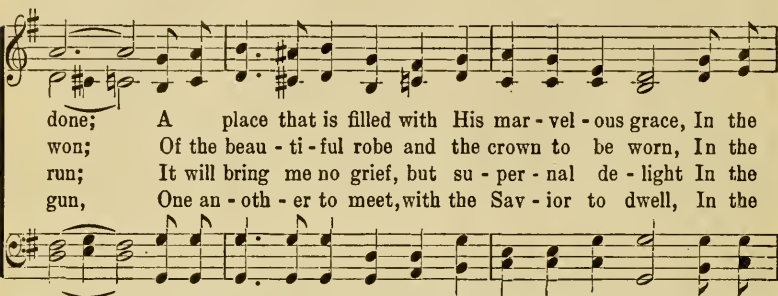
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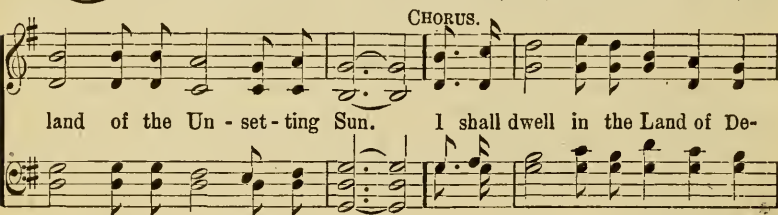
Chas. H. Gabriel.



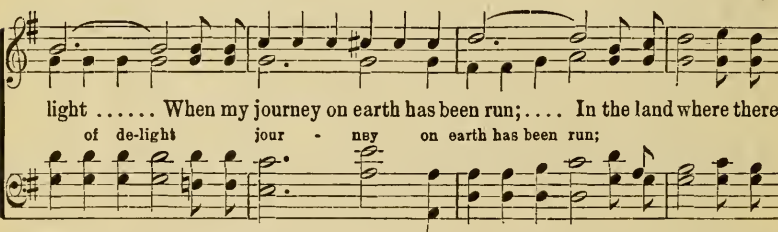
1. Some sweet day I shall en - ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
 2. Yes, the bur - dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
 3. I can peace - ful - ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
 4. O what joy! mortal tongue can - not tell, With e - ter - ni - ty on - ly be -



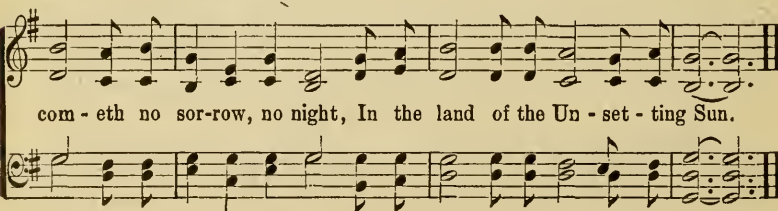
done; A place that is filled with His mar - vel - ous grace, In the
 won; Of the beau - ti - ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
 run; It will bring me no grief, but su - per - nal de - light In the
 gun, One an - oth - er to meet, with the Sav - ior to dwell, In the



land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the Land of De -



light When my journey on earth has been run; In the land where there
 of de-light jour - ney on earth has been run;

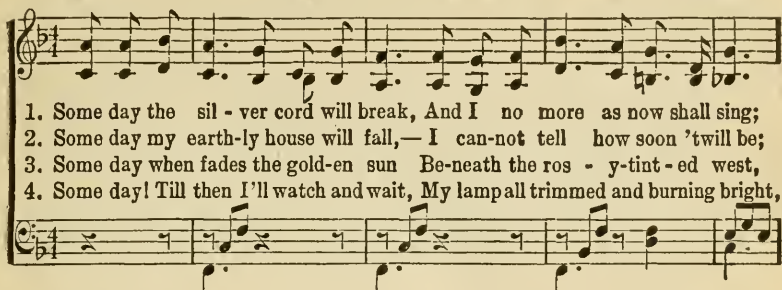


com - eth no sor - row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.

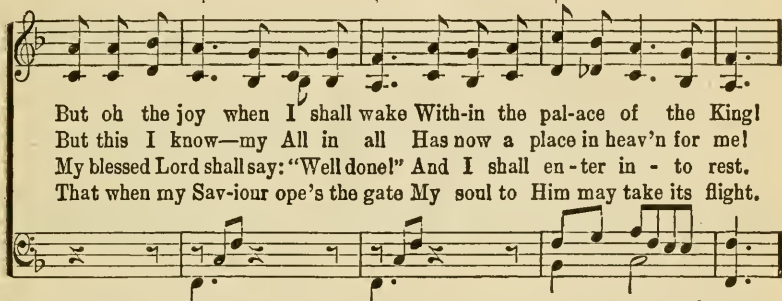
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

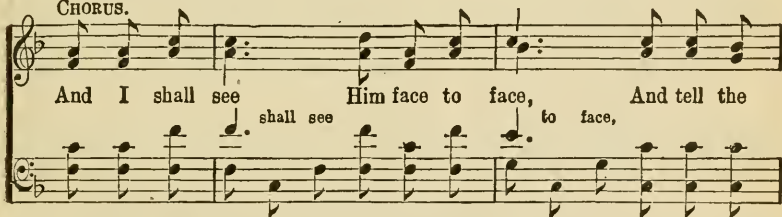


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
 2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall,— I can-not tell how soon 'twill be;
 3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y-tint-ed west,
 4. Some day! Till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

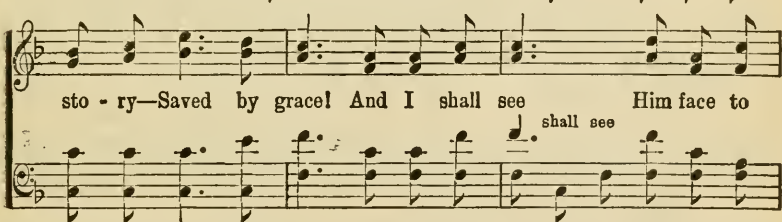


But oh the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in all Has now a place in heav'n for me!
 My blessed Lord shall say: "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
 That when my Sav-iour ope's the gate My soul to Him may take its flight.

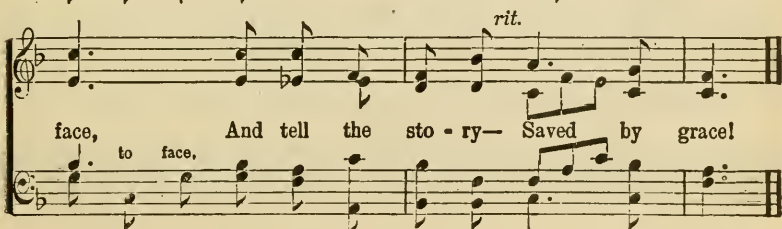
CHORUS.



And I shall see shall see Him face to face, And tell the



sto - ry—Saved by grace! And I shall see shall see Him face to

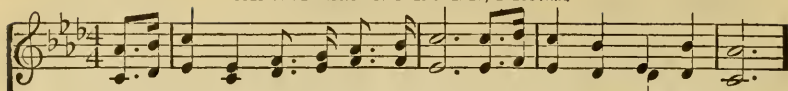


face, to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace!
 rit.

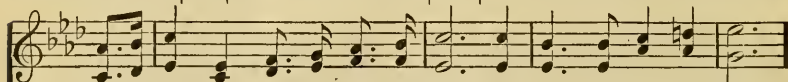
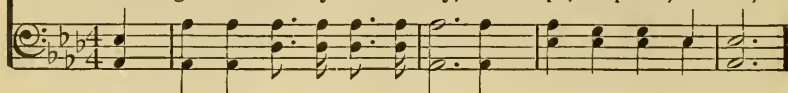
E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

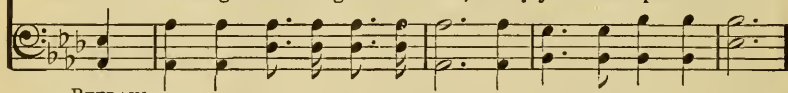
Jno. R. Sweney.



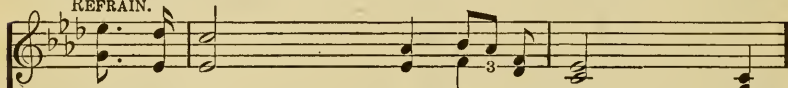
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



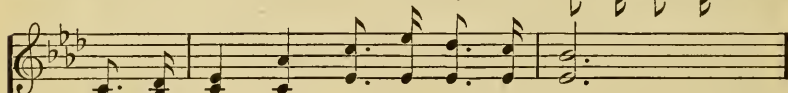
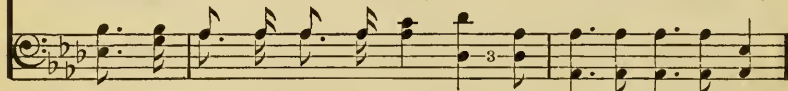
Thanglows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



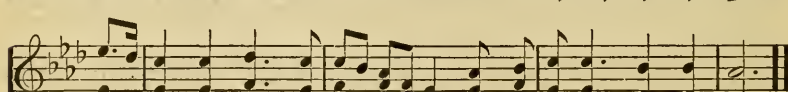
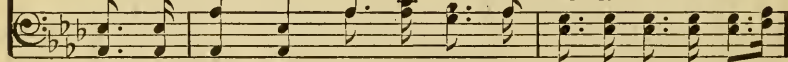
REFRAIN.



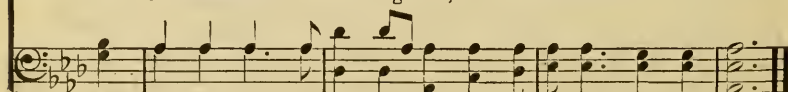
O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul.



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;



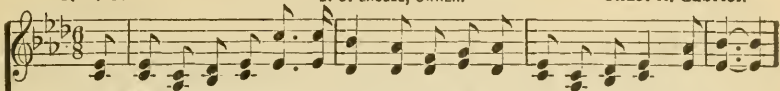
When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.



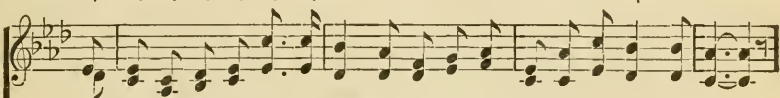
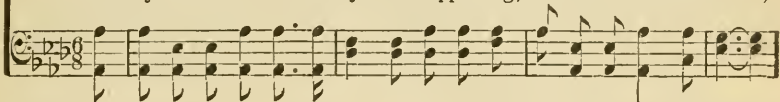
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

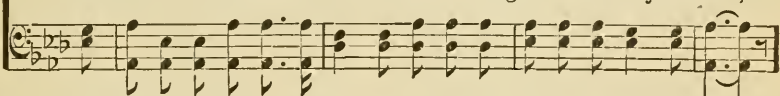
Chas. H. Gabriel.



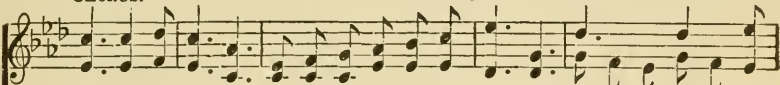
1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-lders stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,



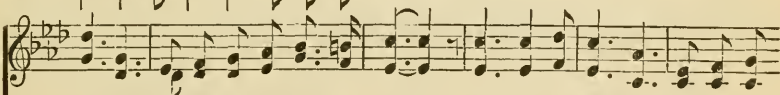
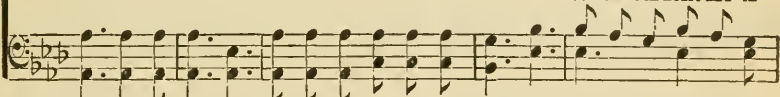
A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,



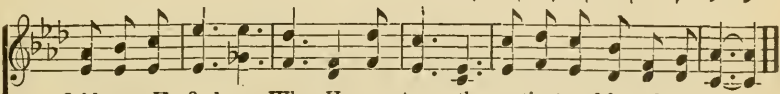
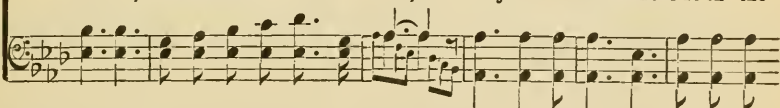
CHORUS.



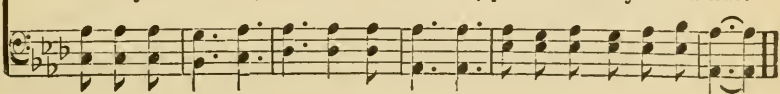
May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in
Con-stant in heart and in



service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-ful! Out in the



field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!



No. 20.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

Rit. - - - - - CHORUS.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me . . . O that will be
O that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;

rit. > > > >
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

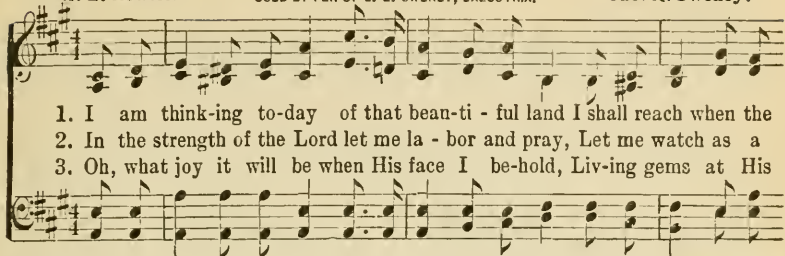
No. 21.

Will There be any Stars?

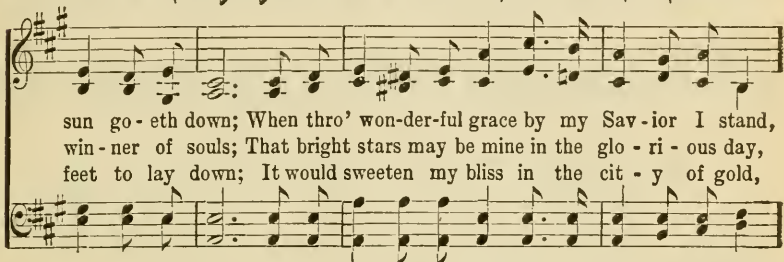
E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
USED BY PER OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

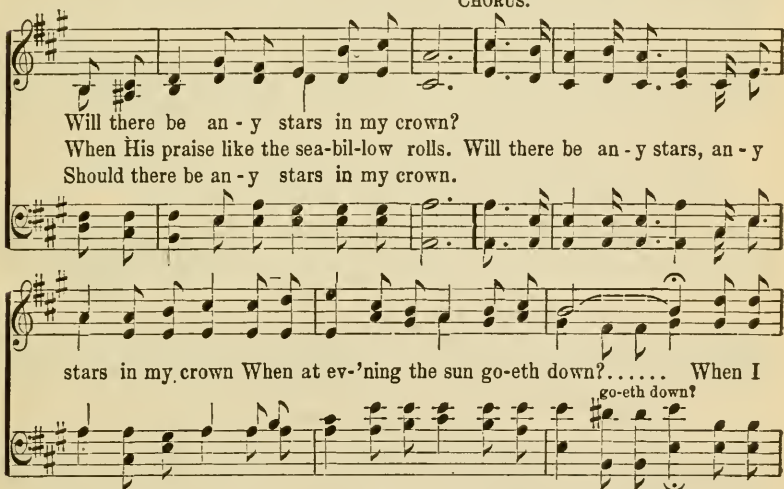


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His



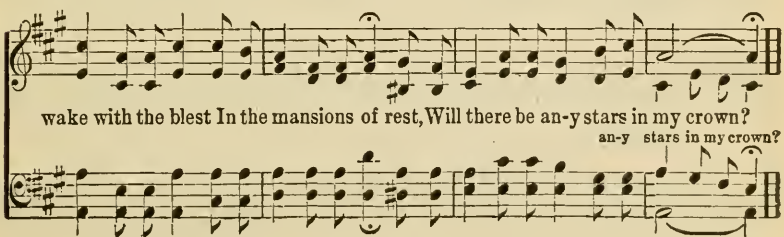
sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
 win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
 When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
 Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
 go-eth down?

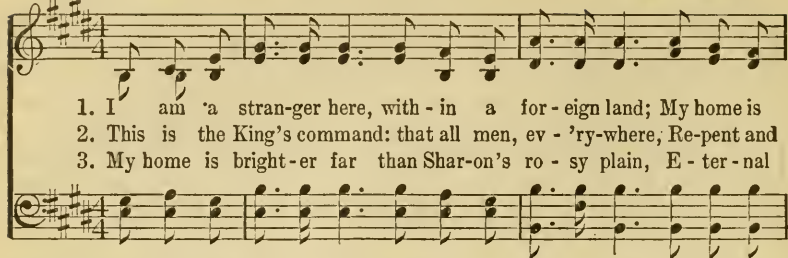


wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 an-y stars in my crown?

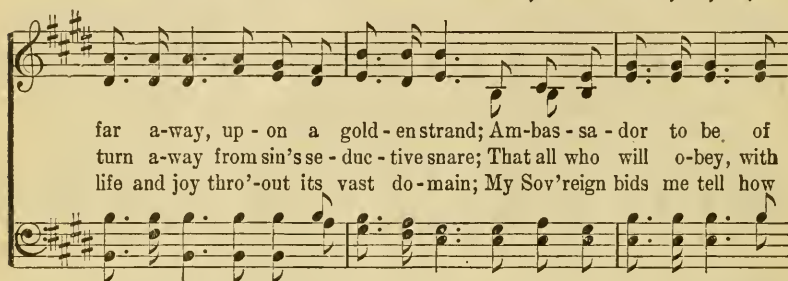
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC.

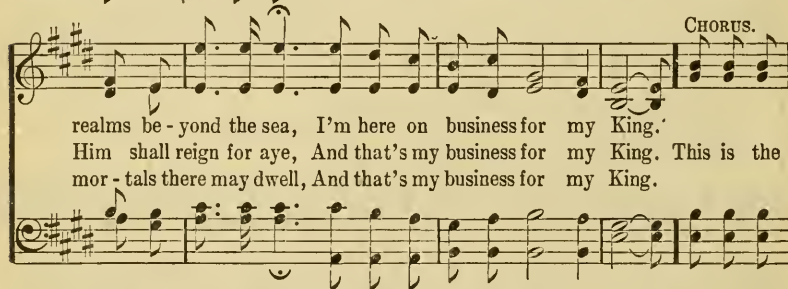
Flora H. Cassel.



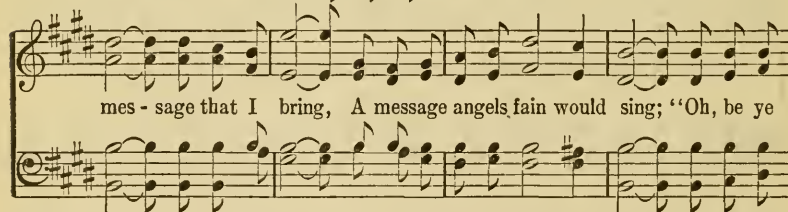
1. I am 'a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is
 2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and
 3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal



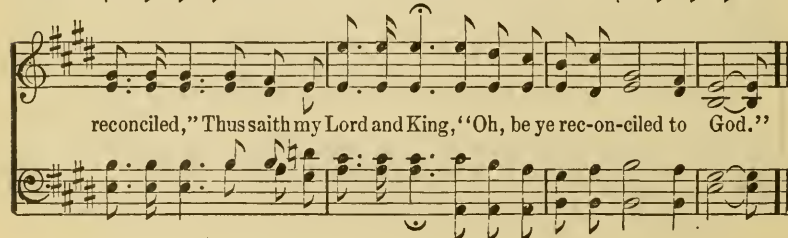
far a-way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be, of
 turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
 life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how



CHORUS.
 realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
 Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
 mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye



reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

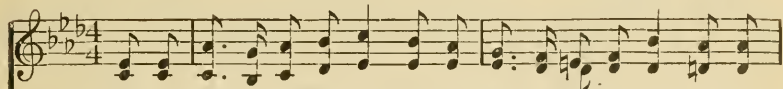
No. 23.

Keep the Heart Singing.

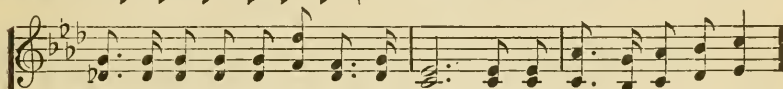
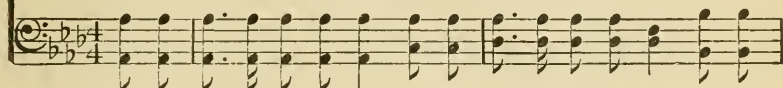
C. H. G.

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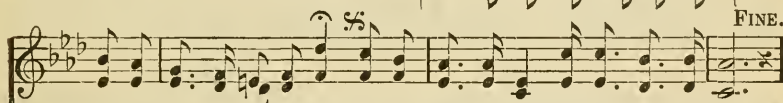
Chas. H. Gabriel.



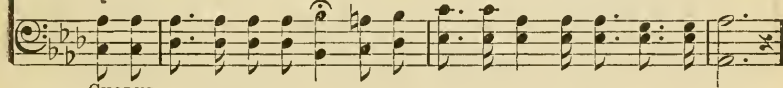
1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



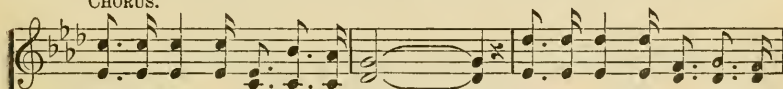
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



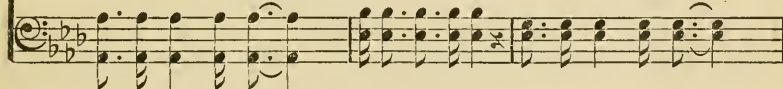
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



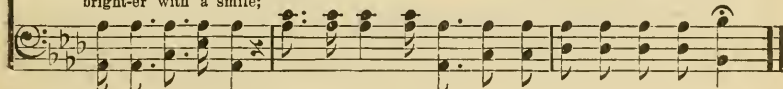
CHORUS.



Keep the heart singing all the while; Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,



smile; Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;



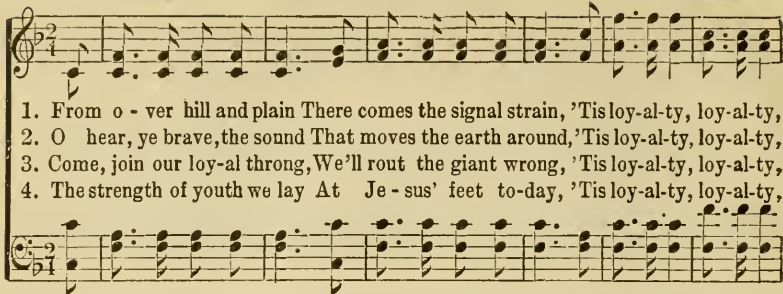
No. 24.

Loyalty to Christ.

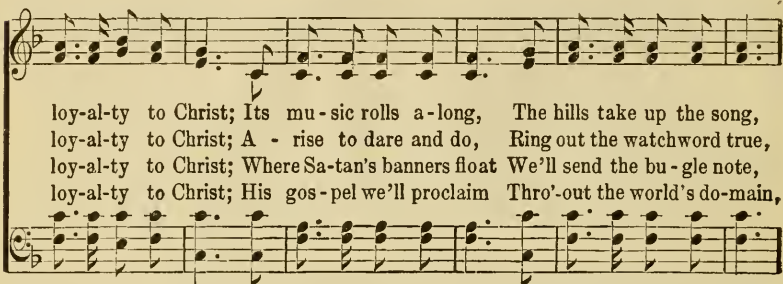
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

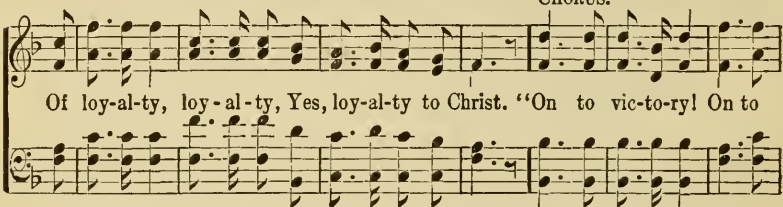


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

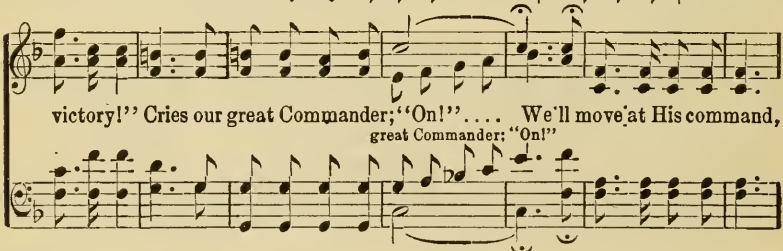


loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

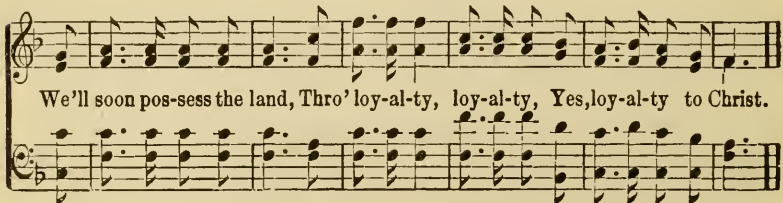
CHORUS.



Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander: "On!"



We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 25.

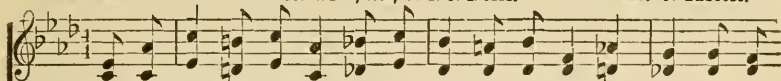
Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

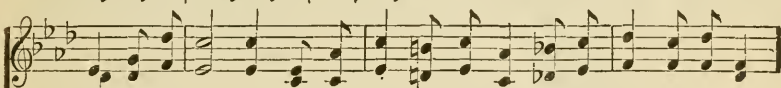
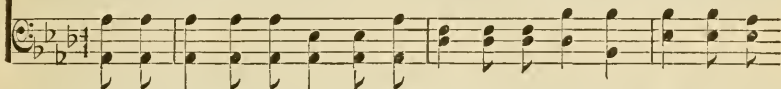
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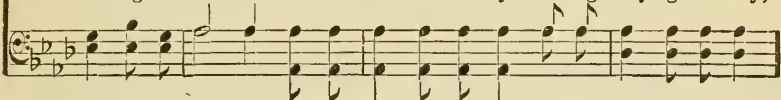
Chas. H. Gabriel.



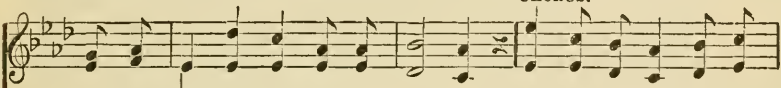
1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil - dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star - less - ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no long - er! but ear - nest - ly pray For grace to the



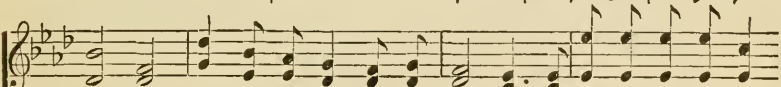
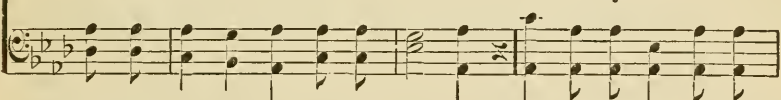
told a - bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say;
bro't un - to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com - eth a - gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:
tell - ing of Je - sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,



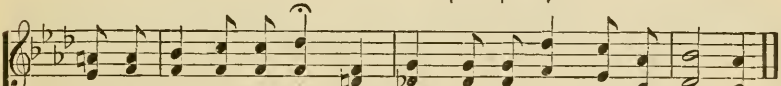
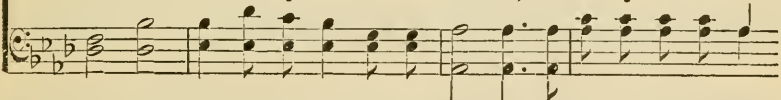
CHORUS.



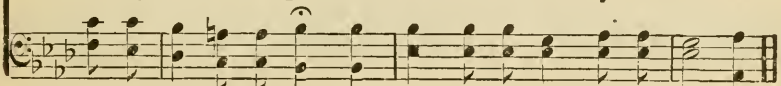
"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of



Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So ma - ny I have met -



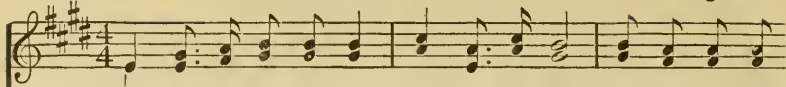
but they seem'd to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.



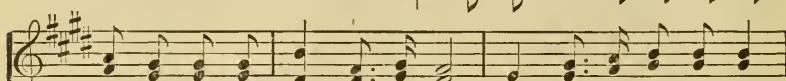
W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.

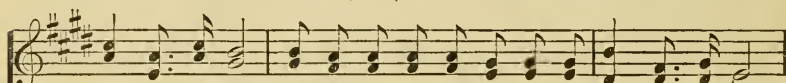
W. A. Ogden.



1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sushathshown, Sweet - er far than
 3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y -

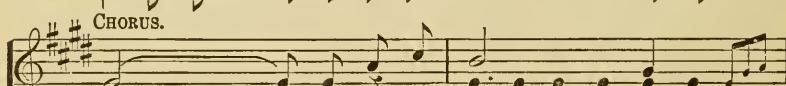


an - y mes - sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
 an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
 lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

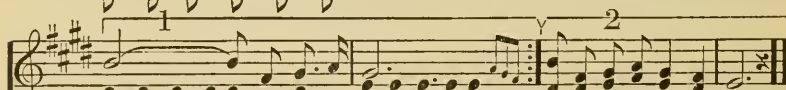


Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se - cure.

CHORUS.



Where . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,
 Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low.



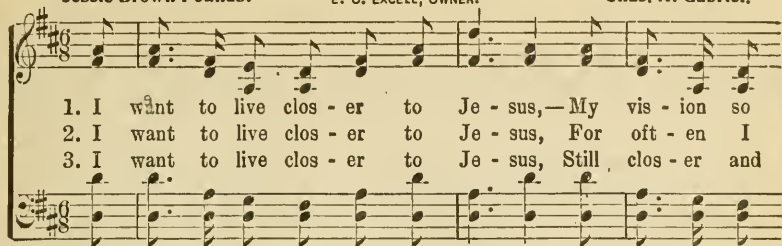
Fol - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
 Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 27. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

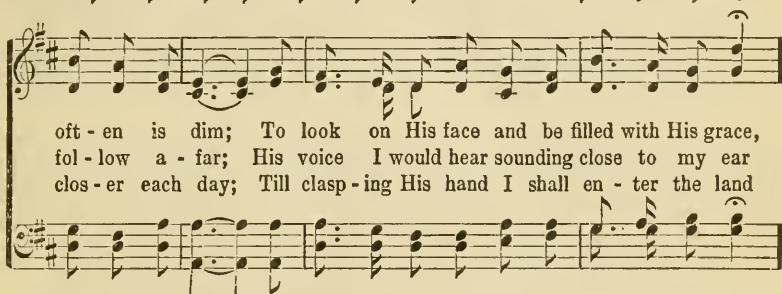
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Jessie Brown Pounds.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

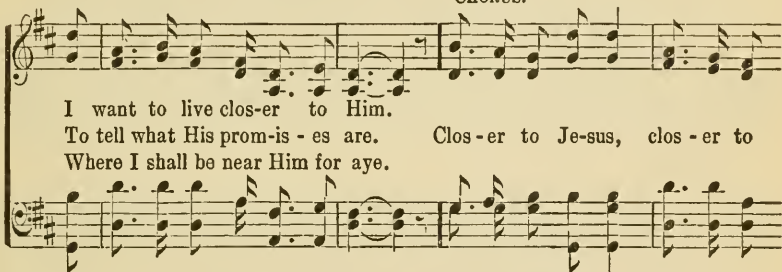


1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, — My vis - ion so
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and

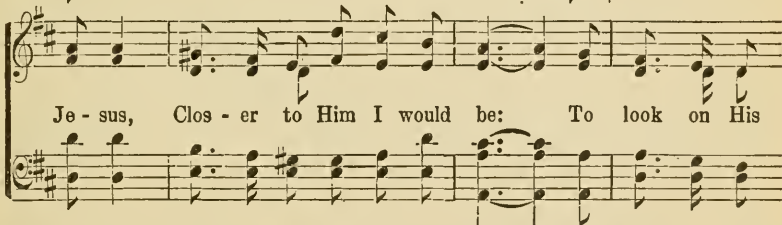


oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

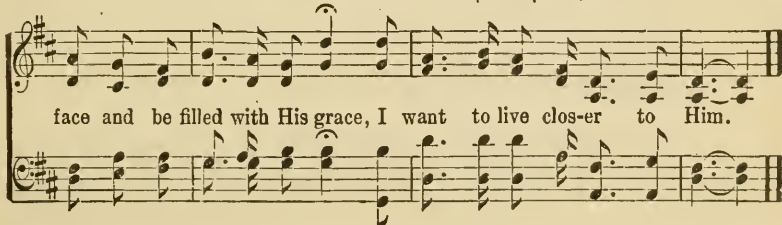
CHORUS.



I want to live clos - er to Him.
To tell what His prom - is - es are. Clos - er to Je - sus, clos - er to
Where I shall be near Him for aye.



Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His



face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos - er to Him.

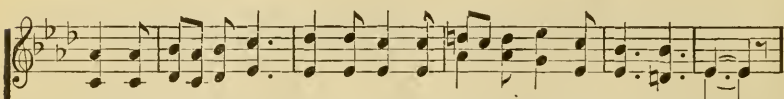
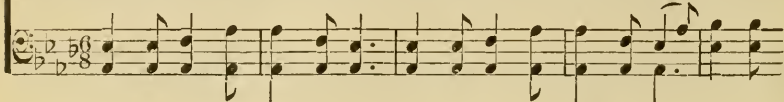
Mary Ann Lathbury.

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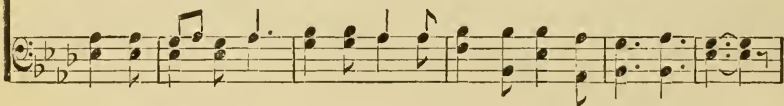
William F. Sherwin.



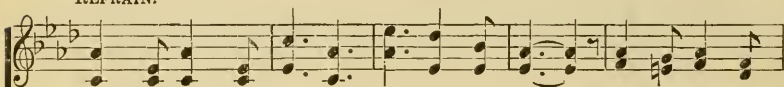
1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



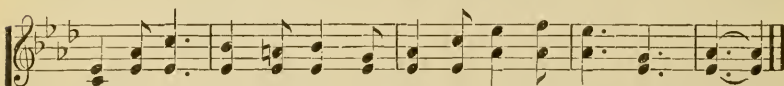
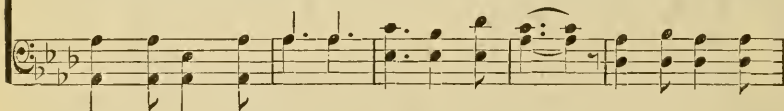
wor - ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.



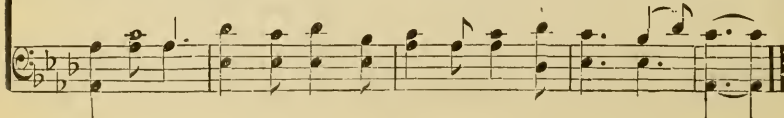
REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

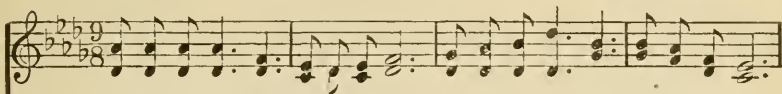


No. 29. Just When I Need Him Most.

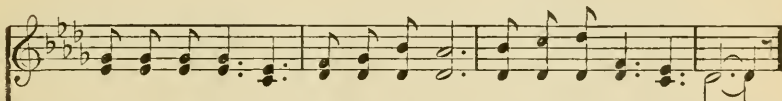
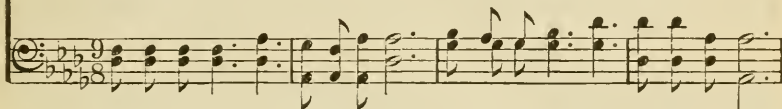
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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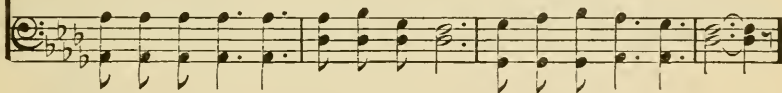
Chas. H. Gabriel.



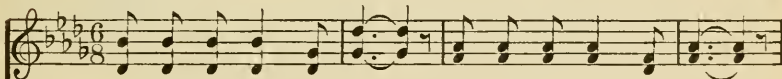
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;



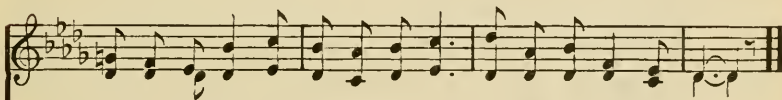
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



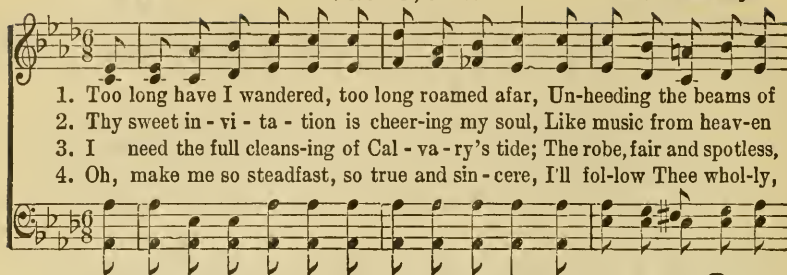
No. 30.

Coming to Thee,

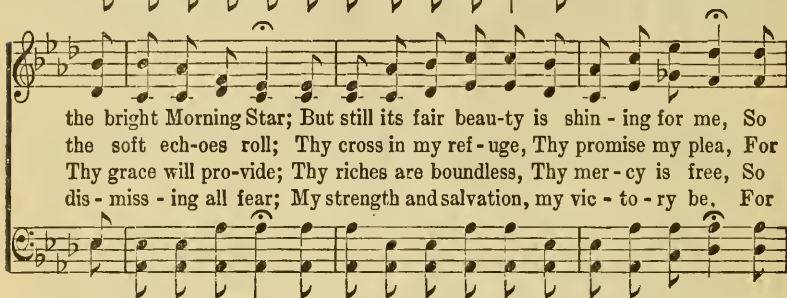
E. E. Hewitt.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

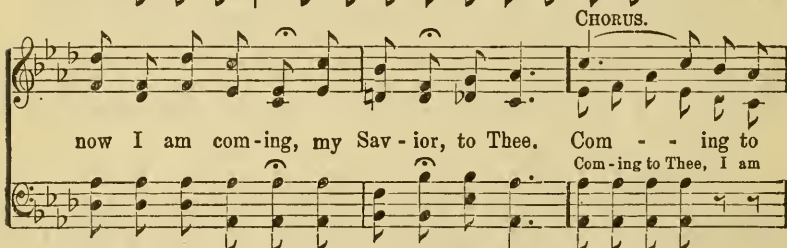
Jno. R. Sweney.



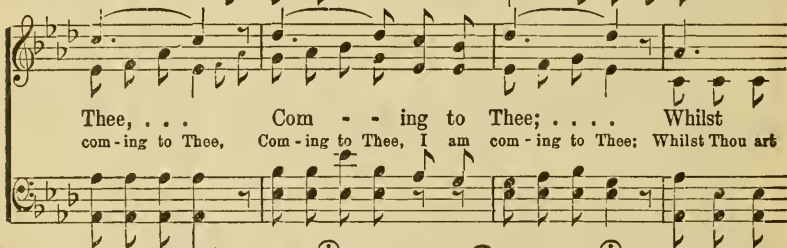
1. Too long have I wandered, too long roamed afar, Un-heeding the beams of
 2. Thy sweet in - vi - ta - tion is cheer-ing my soul, Like music from heav-en
 3. I need the full cleans-ing of Cal - va - ry's tide; The robe, fair and spotless,
 4. Oh, make me so steadfast, so true and sin - cere, I'll fol-low Thee whol-ly,



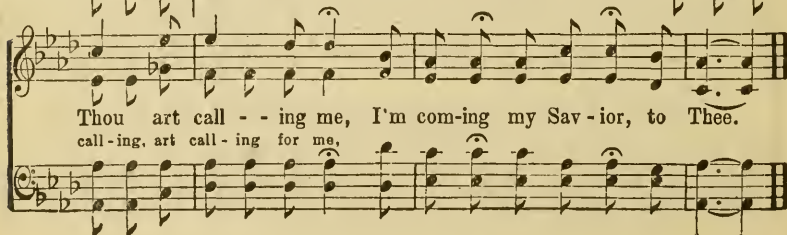
the bright Morning Star; But still its fair beau-ty is shin - ing for me, So
 the soft ech-oes roll; Thy cross in my ref-uge, Thy promise my plea, For
 Thy grace will pro-vide; Thy riches are boundless, Thy mer-cy is free, So
 dis - miss - ing all fear; My strength and salvation, my vic - to - ry be. For



CHORUS.
 now I am com-ing, my Sav - ior, to Thee. Com - - ing to
 Com-ing to Thee, I am



Thee, . . . Com - - ing to Thee; . . . Whilst
 com-ing to Thee, Com-ing to Thee, I am com-ing to Thee; Whilst Thou art



Thou art call - - ing me, I'm com-ing my Sav - ior, to Thee.
 call-ing, art call - ing for me,

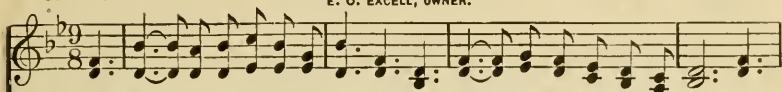
No. 31.

Growing Dearer Each Day.

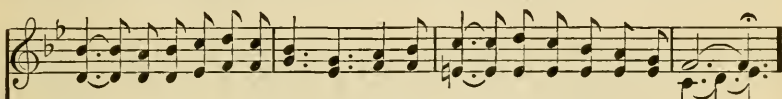
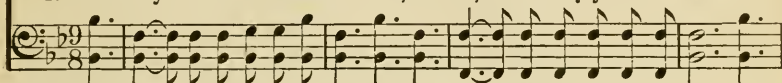
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

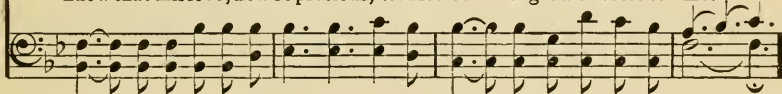
Chas. H. Gabriel.



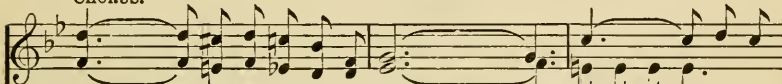
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To



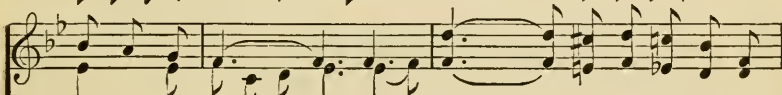
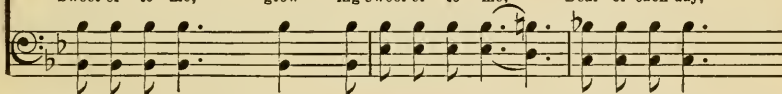
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!



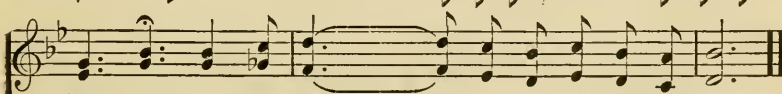
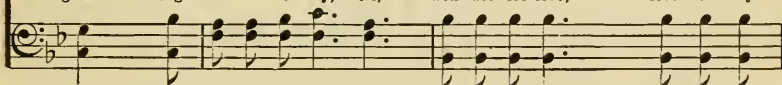
CHORUS.



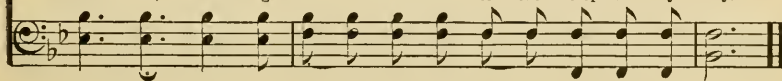
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, . . . Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,



dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my



Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!



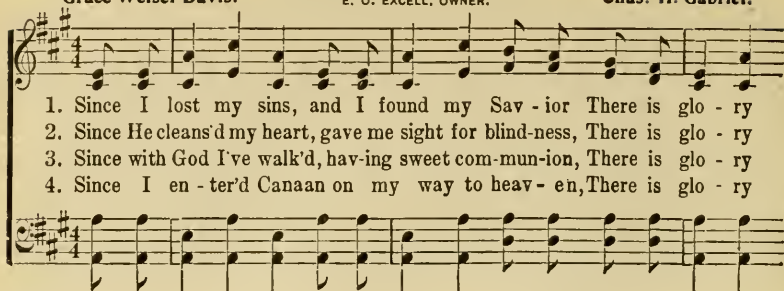
No. 32.

There is Glory in My Soul.

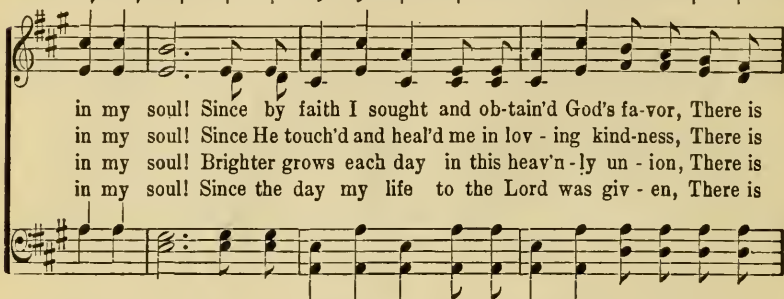
Grace Weiser Davis.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

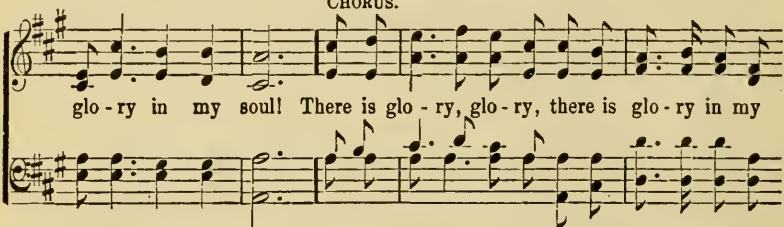


1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior There is glo - ry
 2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
 3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
 4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry

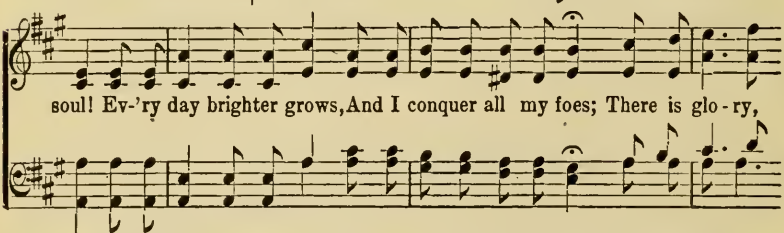


in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is
 in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
 in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
 in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is

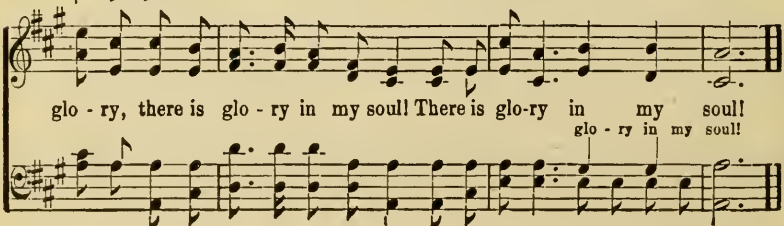
CHORUS.



glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my



soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,



glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry in my soul!
 glo - ry in my soul!

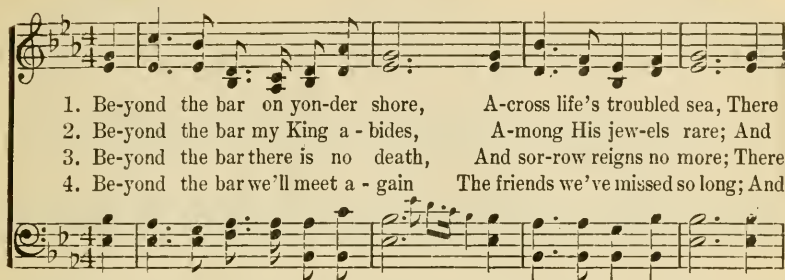
No. 33.

Beyond the Bar.

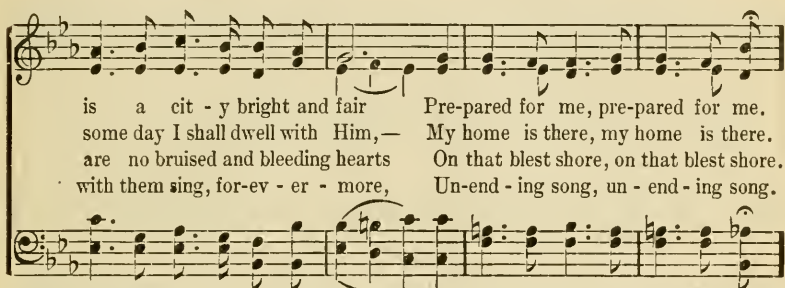
T. M. Eastwood.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. H. Byshe.

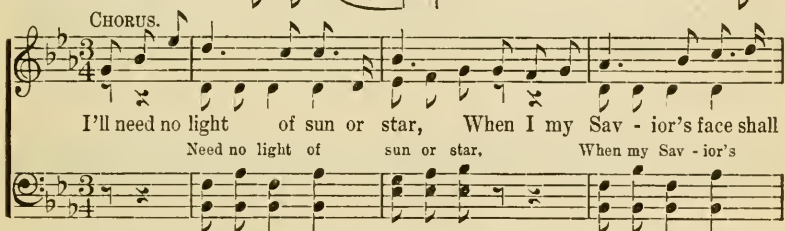


1. Be-yond the bar on yon-der shore, A-cross life's troubled sea, There
2. Be-yond the bar my King a - bides, A-mong His jew-els rare; And
3. Be-yond the bar there is no death, And sor-row reigns no more; There
4. Be-yond the bar we'll meet a - gain The friends we've missed so long; And

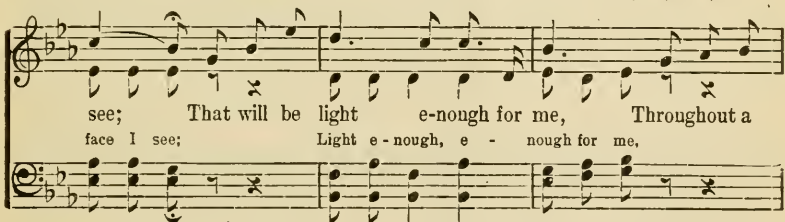


is a cit - y bright and fair Pre-pared for me, pre-pared for me.
some day I shall dwell with Him, — My home is there, my home is there.
are no bruised and bleeding hearts On that blest shore, on that blest shore.
with them sing, for-ev - er - more, Un-end - ing song, un - end - ing song.

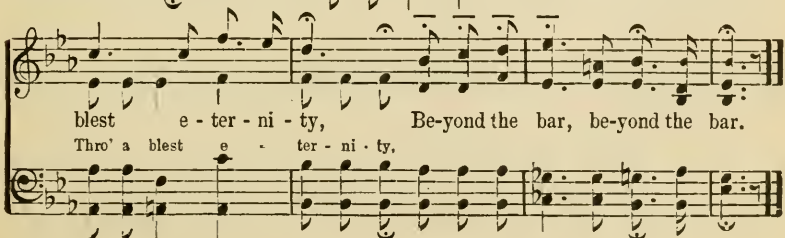
CHORUS.



I'll need no light of sun or star, When I my Sav - ior's face shall
Need no light of sun or star, When my Sav - ior's



see; That will be light e-nough for me, Throughout a
face I see; Light e - nough, e - nough for me,



blest e - ter - ni - ty, Be-yond the bar, be-yond the bar.
Thro' a blest e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 34.

He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.

"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de -
a - ble, He is a - ble

liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op -
a - ble, He is a - ble -

prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

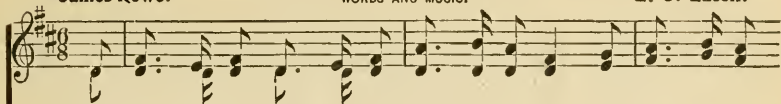
No. 35.

How Sweet is His Love.

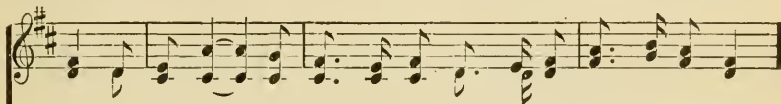
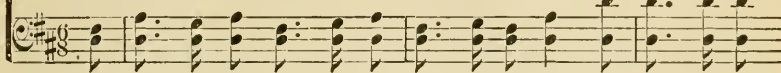
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

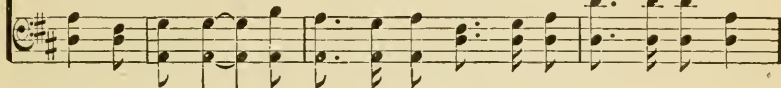
E. O. Excell.



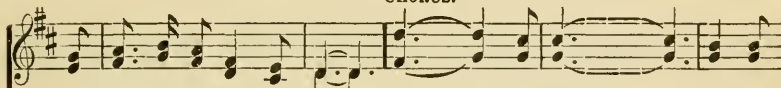
1. When troub-led my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de-spair, How sweet is the
3. When dark is the night and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the



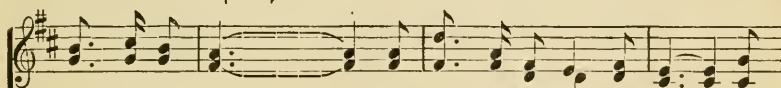
love of Je-sus! When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind,
 love of Je-sus! When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear,
 love of Je-sus! When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest,



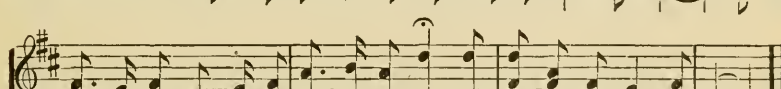
CHORUS.



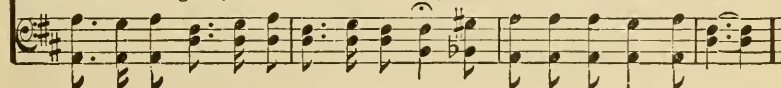
How sweet is His love to me! O how sweet, O how
 O how sweet, how sweet is His love, O how



sweet is His love, How sweet is His love to me! When
 sweet, how sweet is His love,



friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to me!



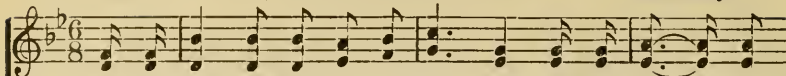
No. 36. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

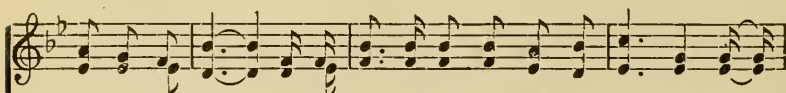
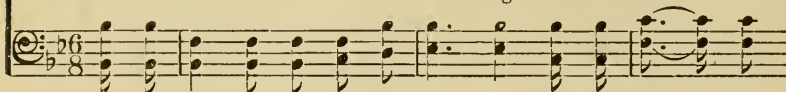
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH.

OWNED BY R. A. TORREY.

H. G. Smyth.



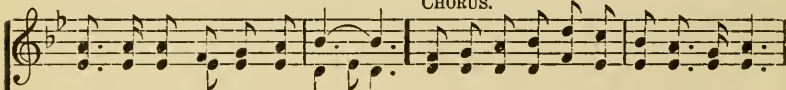
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not



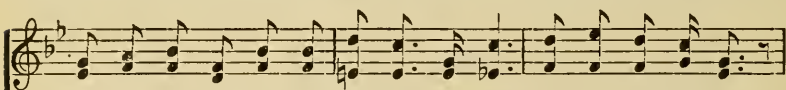
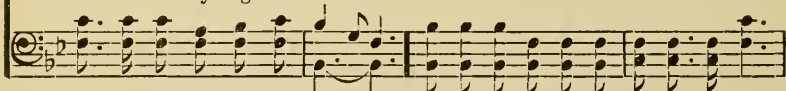
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray - ing, The tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To



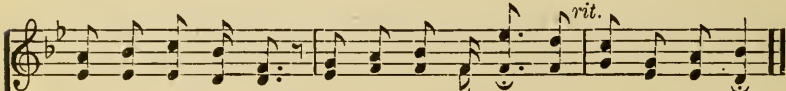
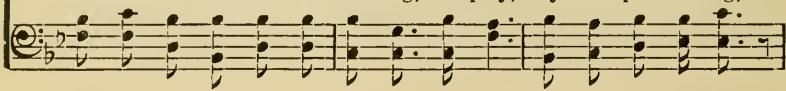
CHORUS.



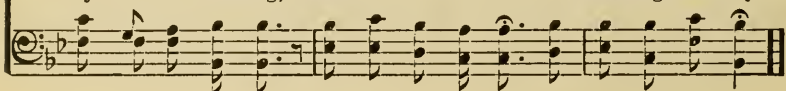
read - y His serv - ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.



Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing,



my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day.



No. 37.

That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre - hend The mer - cy shown to me;
 2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
 3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
 4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,

I on - ly know a Gra - cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
 He kin - dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce - ly knew His name,
 I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be - gun
 So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur - vey

And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
 He loves me—this I know, He loves me—this I know.
 With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
 The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.

CHORUS.

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e - nough for me;

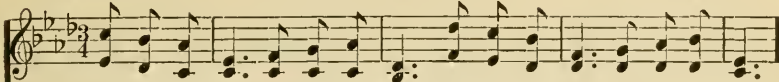
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e - nough for me.

Haud Frazer.

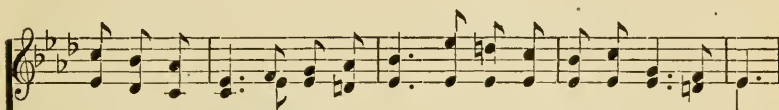
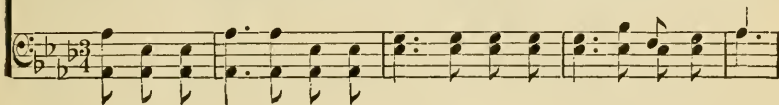
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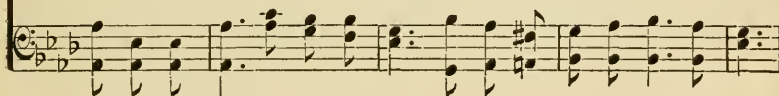
Chas. H. Gabriel.



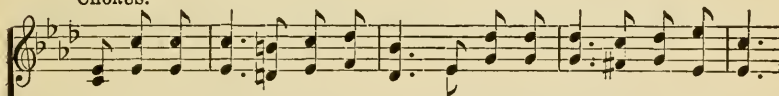
1. Dear Lord, my heart has heard Thy call! Be-fore Thy cross I prostrate fall
2. Thy plead-ing eyes have look'd on me, Thy sweet voice said, "I died for thee;"
3. I spurned Thy grace and far did stray, Yet "child, come home," I heard Thee say;
4. O Love, my star in sor-row's night, When foes as-sail, my sword of might;



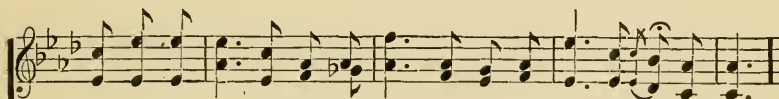
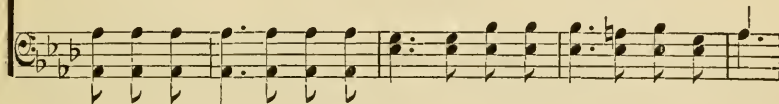
And un - to Thee sur-ren-der all, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 No more a reb - el can I be, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 Love came to meet me on the way, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 O Love, my joy, my life, my light, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!



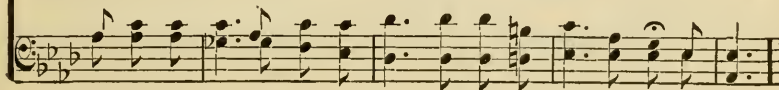
CHORUS.



O Love di - vine, so full, so free, Thy wondrous pow'r has conquered me!



For ev - er - more my heart is Thine, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!



No. 40.

The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
 2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
 3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
 To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
 His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
 O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry. The dear-est that ev-

ev-er was told; . . . I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
 er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The

sto-ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . .
 won-der-ful sto-ry. Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

No. 41.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, This is my
 good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song; Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 42.

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S. - *I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 43.

He Promised Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

John Crombie White.

E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. He prom-ised me, tho' blind and halt and lame, He would not cast
 2. He prom-ised me, when friends and comforts flee, That He my friend
 3. He prom-ised me, in life's last sol-emn hour, When death seems near
 4. He prom-isen me that I with Him should stand, When He shall come

me out if I but came; He promised me, if I did but believe,
 and Com-fort - er would be; He promised me, that what-so-e'er be-tide,
 and I with-in its pow'r, That then I should but close my wear-ied eyes
 to reign o'er sea and land; He prom-ised me a sweet e - ter - nal rest,

D. S.—For all the coun - sels of the Lord are sure,

FINE. CHORUS.

He would my bur-den-ed soul from sin re - lieve.
 He would from day to day with me a - bide. He promised me,
 On earth, to o - pen them in Par - a - dise.
 A place with - in the man - sions of the blest.

His word, it shall from age to age en - dure.

and I am sure He will Each lov-ing prom-ise, faith-ful - ly ful - fill;

R. L. B.

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R. L. Blowers.

1. Do you hear the Sav-ior's voice so sweetly call-ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a-way your sor-row, Day by day,
3. He a-lone can give you par-don and sal-va-tion, Full and free,

come to-day; He will wipe the tear-drops now so swiftly falling,
day by day; And in safe-ty lead you to that bright to-morrow,
full and free; "Who-so-ev-er," is the bless-ed in-vi-ta-tion,

All a-way, all a-way. Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way. His arms are o-pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me," Then wait no long-er, night is

CHORUS.
sor-row, No long-er turn from Him a-way.
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a-way. List-en to His lov-ing
fall-ing, "Too late, too late," He soon may say.

voice so sweet-ly call-ing, "Come to-day, Come to-day, come to-day."

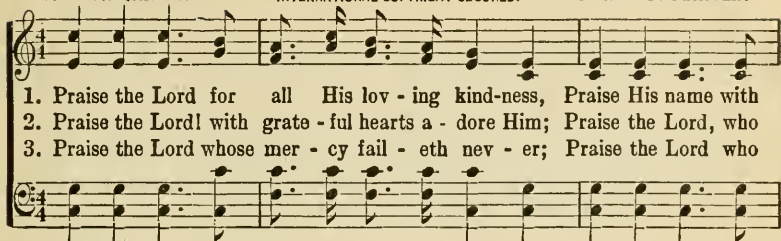
No. 45.

Praise Ye the Lord.

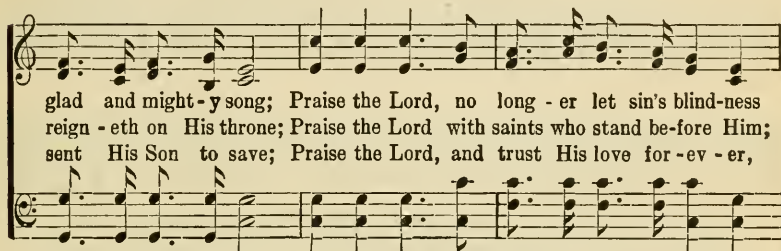
Eben E. Rexford.

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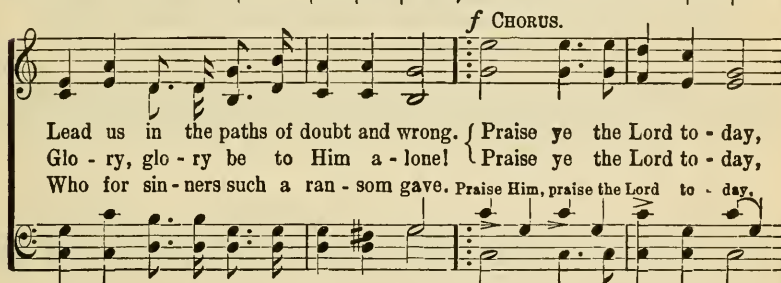
Arthur S. Sullivan.



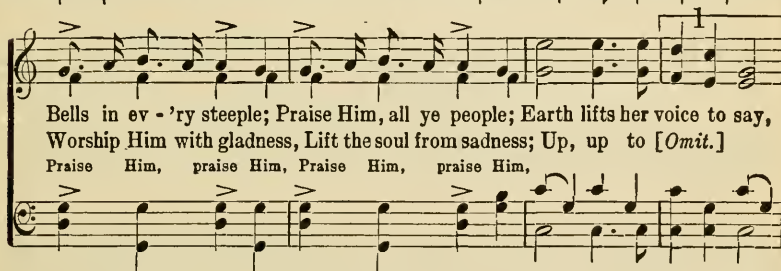
1. Praise the Lord for all His lov - ing kind-ness, Praise His name with
 2. Praise the Lord with grate - ful hearts a - dore Him; Praise the Lord, who
 3. Praise the Lord whose mer - cy fail - eth nev - er; Praise the Lord who



glad and might - y song; Praise the Lord, no long - er let sin's blind-ness
 reign - eth on His throne; Praise the Lord with saints who stand be - fore Him;
 sent His Son to save; Praise the Lord, and trust His love for - ev - er,



f CHORUS.
 Lead us in the paths of doubt and wrong. { Praise ye the Lord to - day,
 Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Him a - lone! { Praise ye the Lord to - day,
 Who for sin - ners such a ran - som gave. Praise Him, praise the Lord to - day,



Bells in ev - 'ry steeple; Praise Him, all ye people; Earth lifts her voice to say,
 Worship Him with gladness, Lift the soul from sadness; Up, up to [Omit.]
 Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him,



"Sing ho-san-na to our King!" heav-en's gate Let the joy-ful chorus ring.

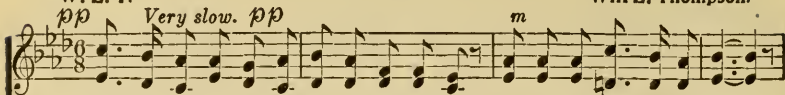
No. 46.

Softly and Tenderly.

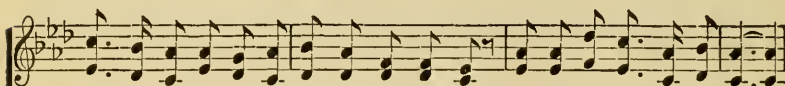
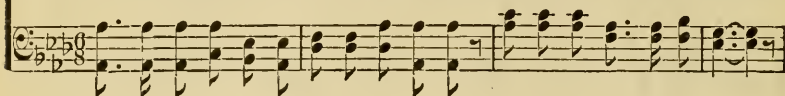
BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

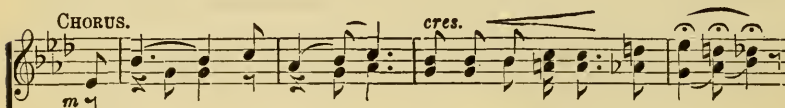
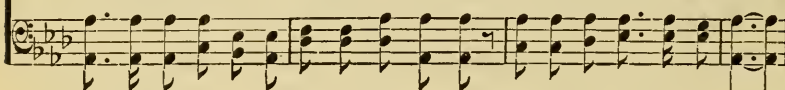
Will L. Thompson.



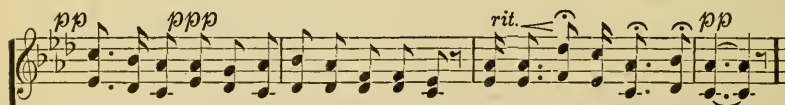
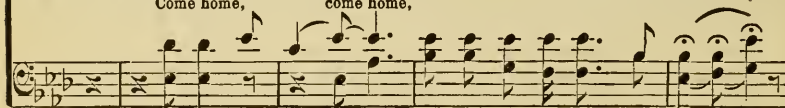
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



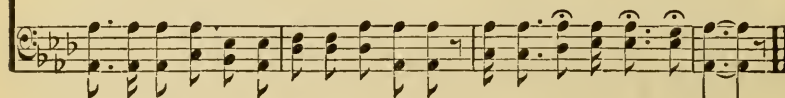
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
 Come home, come home,



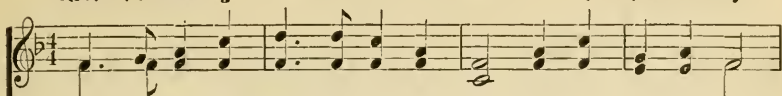
Ear-nest - ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!



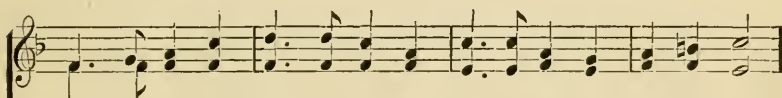
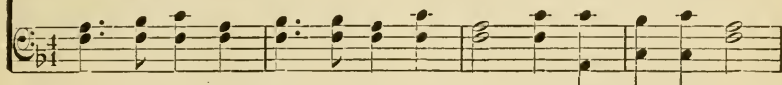
Rev. W. O. Cushing.

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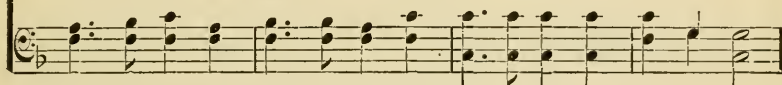
Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior! No Rock, no Ref - uge nigh!
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior! How lone - ly life must be!
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior! No hand to clasp thine own!
4. Now we pray thee, come to Je - sus His pard'ning love re - ceive;



When the dark days 'round me gath - er, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
 Like a sail - or, lost and driv - en, On a wide and shore - less sea.
 Thro' the dark, dark vale of shad - ows, Thou must press thy way a - lone.
 For the Sav - ior now is call - ing, And He bids thee turn and live.



CHORUS.



- 1-3. Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus! No Friend, no Light in Je - sus!
4. Come to Je - sus, He will save you; He is the Friend of sin - ners;



Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus! How dark this world must be!
 Then, when thou hast found the Sav - ior, How bright this world will be!



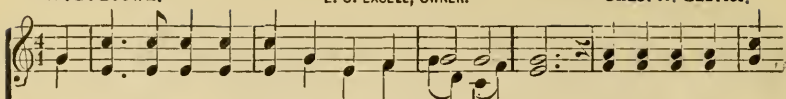
No. 48.

As a Volunteer.

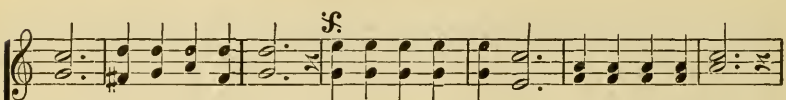
W. S. Brown.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

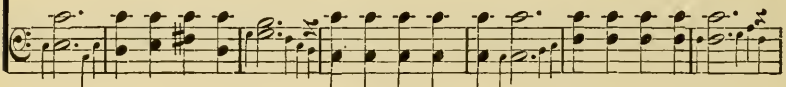
Chas. H. Gabriel.



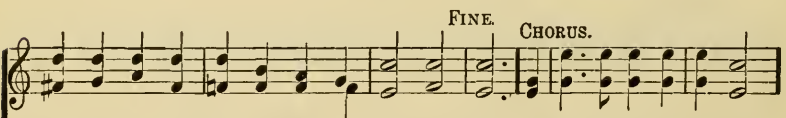
1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all, Sol-diers for the con-
2. Yes, Je - sus calls for soldiers, Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve
3. He calls you for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was brok-
4. And when the war is o - ver, And the vic - t'ry won, When the true and faith-



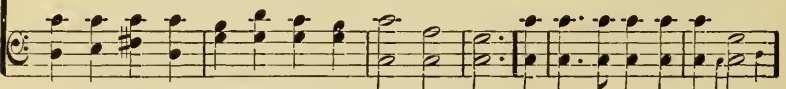
flict, Will you heed the call? Will you answer quickly With a read-y cheer,
Him Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev - er near,
en, Broken for mankind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
ful Gath-er one by one; He will crown with glory All who there appear,



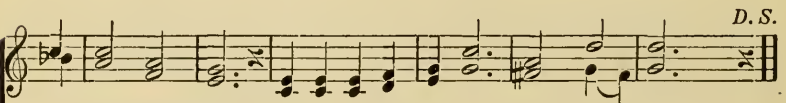
D. S.—Je - sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;



Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

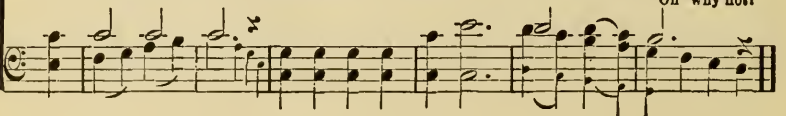


Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer.



A sol - dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

Oh why not?



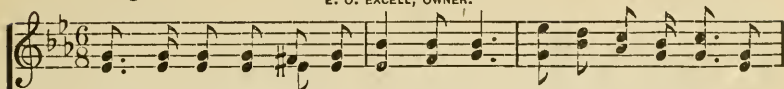
No. 49.

Someone is Looking to You.

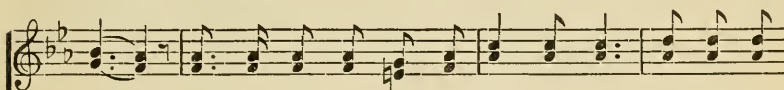
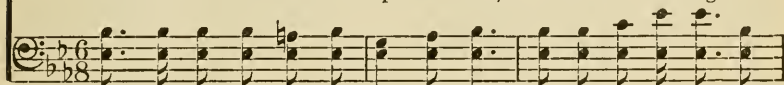
W. M. Lighthall.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

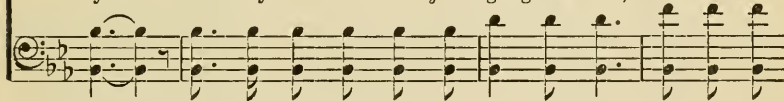
Chas. H. Gabriel.



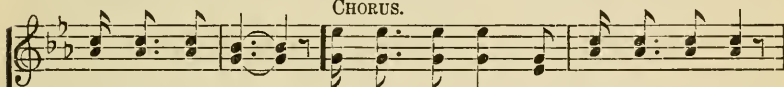
1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to



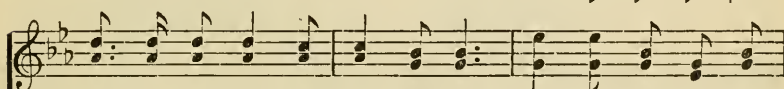
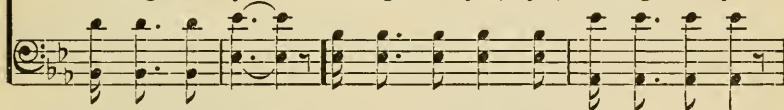
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
 you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
 you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
 you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is



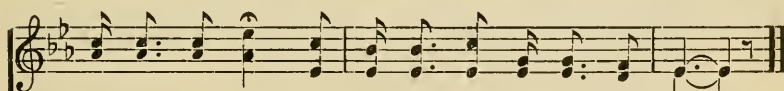
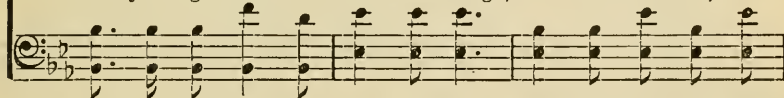
CHORUS.



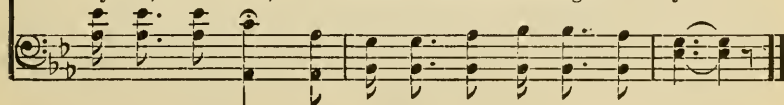
look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!



Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be



loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!



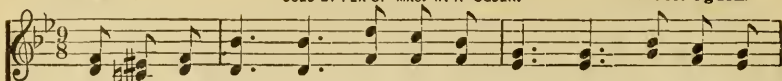
No. 50.

Seeking the Lost.

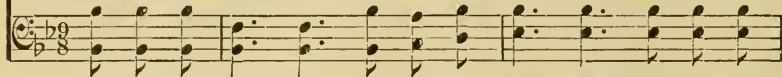
W. A. O.

USED BY PER OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN.

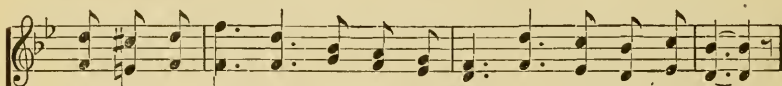
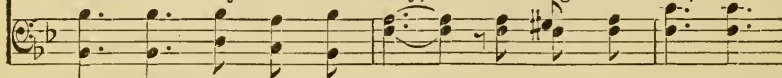
W. A. Ogden.



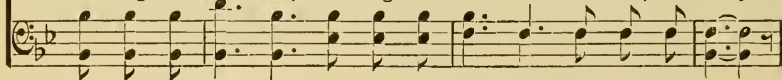
1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing, Wan-der-ers
 2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are
 3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing



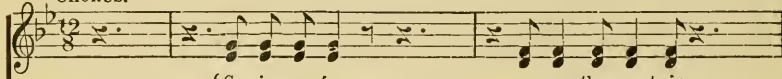
on the mount-ain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His
 weak and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in
 Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and



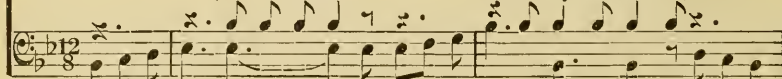
mes-sage re-pea-ting, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
 ways of sal-va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
 rais-ing the fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the Way.



CHORUS.



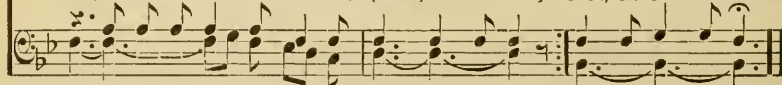
{ Go-ing a-far up-on the mount-ain
 { In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,



{ Go-ing a-far..... up-on the mount-ain..... Bringing the
 { In-to the fold..... of my Re-deem-er,..... Je-sus the



Bring-ing the wan-d'r'er back a-gain, back a-gain } slain, for sin-ners slain.
 Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners (Omit.)



wan - d'r'er back a-gain..... } slain,
 Lamb..... for sin-ners (Omit.)

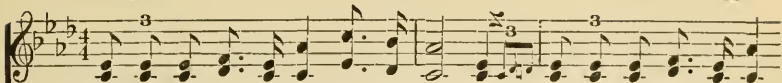
No. 51.

Scattering Precious Seed.

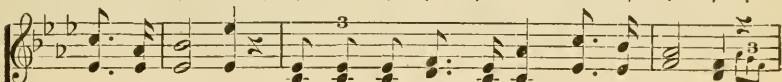
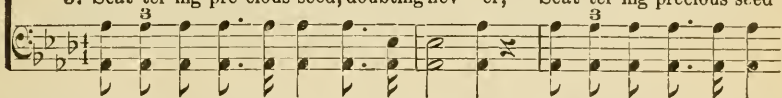
W. A. Ogden.

BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

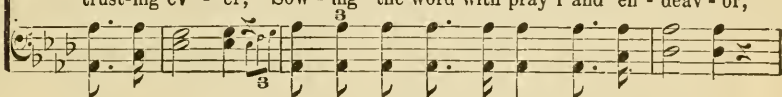
Geo. C. Hugg.



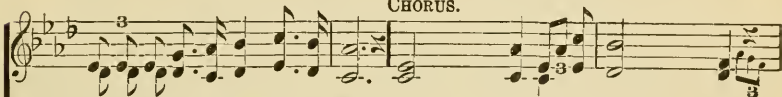
1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Seat-ter-ing precious seed
2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing precious seed
3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing precious seed



by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed o'er the field wide,
 free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed, trust - ing, know - ing,
 trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r and en - deav - or,

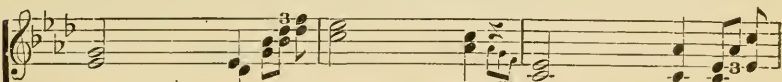
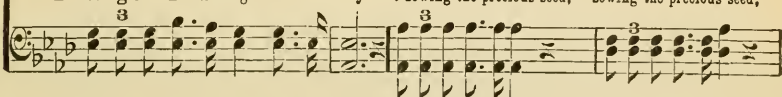


CHORUS.

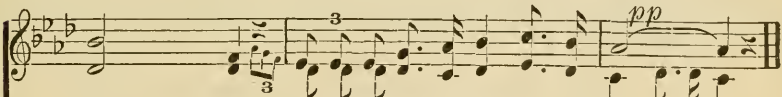
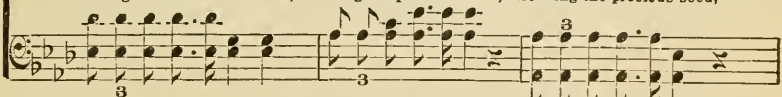


Scattering precious seed by the way.

Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. Sow - ing in the morn - ing,
 Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed,



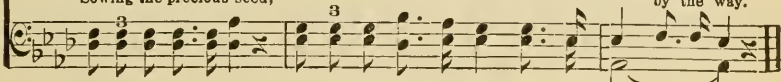
Sow - - ing at the noon - tide, Sow - - ing in the
 Sowing the seed at noon-tide, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed,



ev - - 'ning, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed by the way.....

Sowing the precious seed,

by the way.



No. 52.

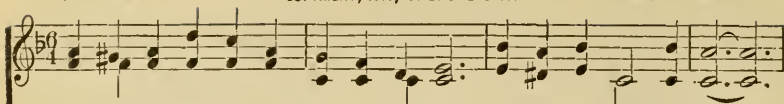
Somebody Needs You.

E. E. Hewitt.

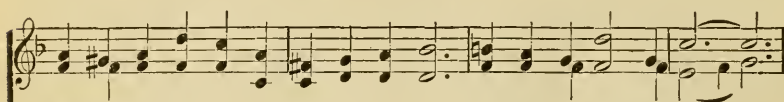
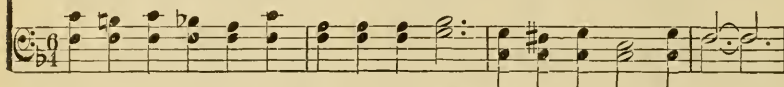
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Chas. H. Gabriel.



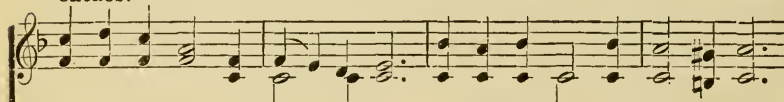
1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Master with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you en-ter the Cit - y of gold, Some one will meet you there;



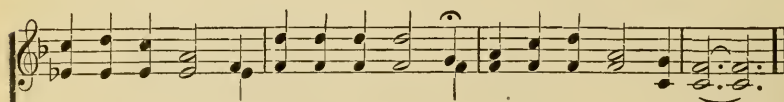
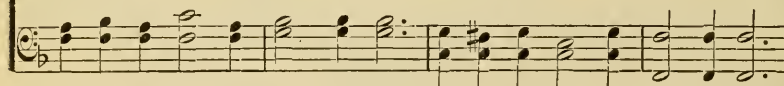
Some one at home or a wand'r'er a - far— Some-bod - y needs your pray'r.
 Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Somebod-y needs your light.
 Bless-ing will fol-low the heart's o - ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
 Some-one to whom the glad sto-ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.



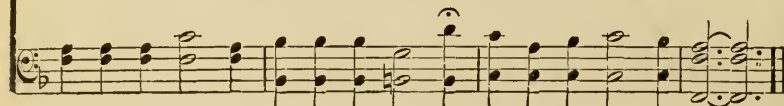
CHORUS.



Somebod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;



Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.



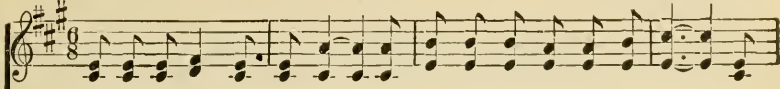
No. 53.

Why Do You Wait?

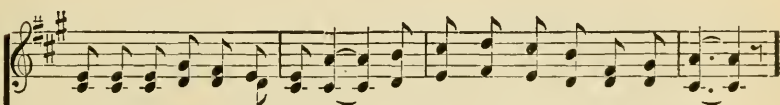
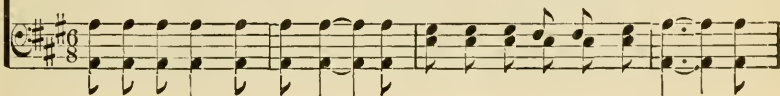
G. F. R.

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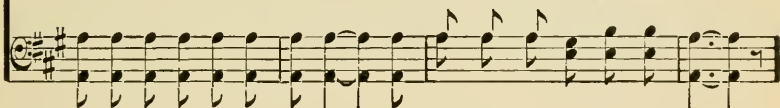
Geo. F. Root.



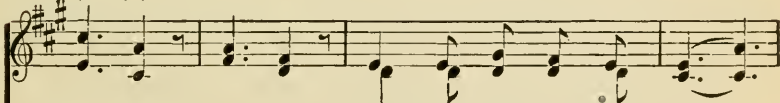
1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with - in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your



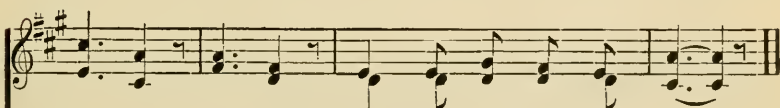
Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you .A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.



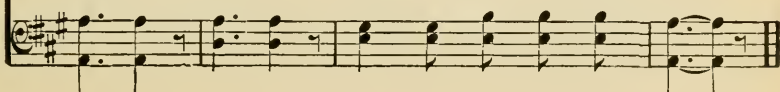
CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?



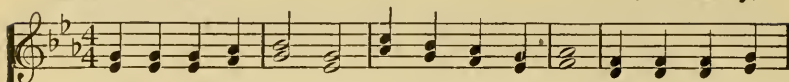
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?



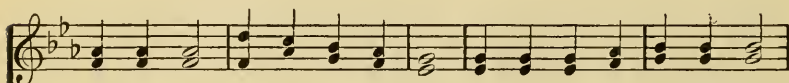
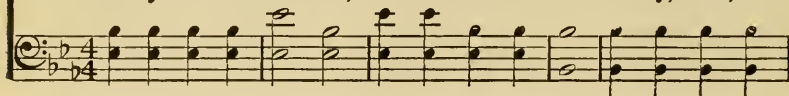
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Marianne F. Heard.

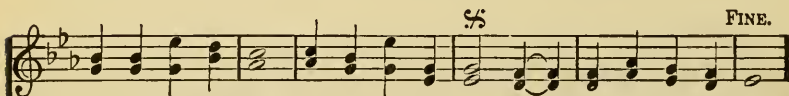
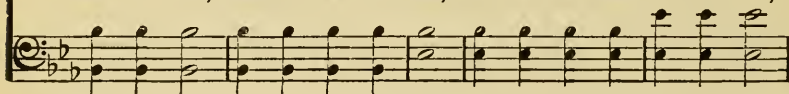
Robert Lowry.



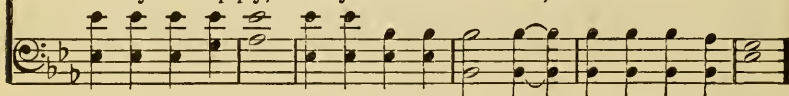
1. An - y-where with Je - sus, says the Chris-tian heart, Let Him take me
2. An - y-where with Je - sus, tho' He lead - eth me Where the path is
3. An - y-where with Je - sus, tho' He please to bring In - to floods or
4. An - y-where with Je - sus; for it can - not be Drear - y, dark, or



where He will, so we do not part; Al-ways sit-ting at His feet,
rough and long, where the dan-gers be; Tho' He tak - eth from my heart
fierc - est flames in - to suf - fer - ing; Tho' He bid me work or wait,
des - o - late, when He is with me; He will love me to the end,



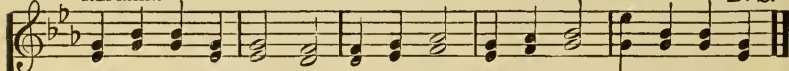
there's no cause for fears; An - y-where with Je - sus in this vale of tears.
all I love be - low, An - y-where with Je - sus will I glad-ly go.
on - ly bear for Him, An - y-where with Je - sus, this shall be my hymn.
ev - 'ry need sup-ly; An - y-where with Je - sus, should I live or die.



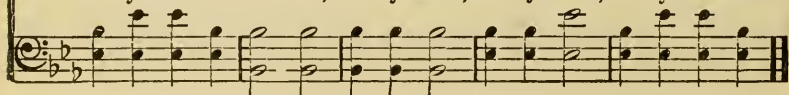
D. S.—Je - sus, I'll fol - low an - y - where.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



An - y-where with Je - sus, an - y-where, an - y-where; An - y-where with



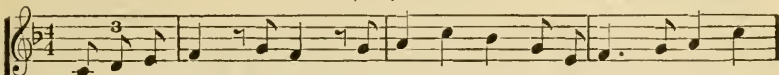
No. 55. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

F. L. B.

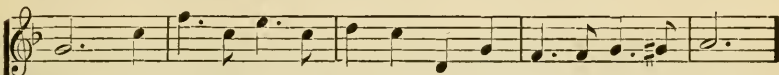
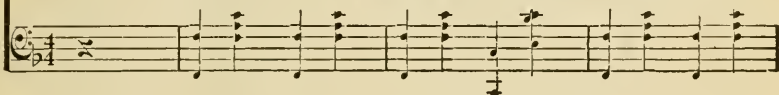
Written expressly for E. O. Excell.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

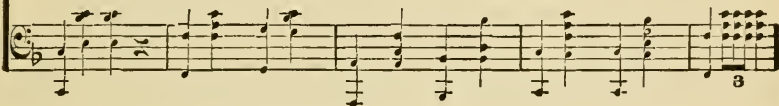
Frank L. Bristow.



1. Joy - ful - ly march a - long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
2. Wan-der-er, far a - way from love to - day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy - ful - ly an - gels bring the sig - net ring Of a Fa-ther's pard'ning
4. Heav-en-ly home! sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty



bound, "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found,"
low, A call from home now bids you "come," A - rise and say "I'll go;"
grace, And roy - al fare, they now pre - pare, Be - fore His smil-ing 'face,
rare, With an-gel throng, join in the song Of joy be-yond com-pare.

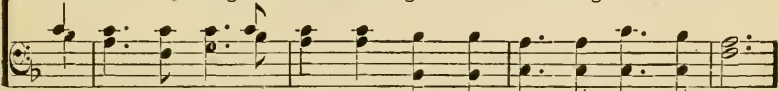


Sing in unison except the D. S.

FINE.



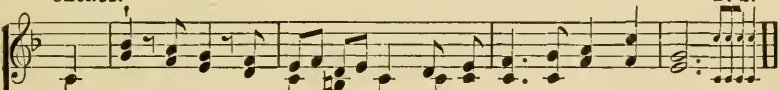
Re - joice! re - joice! with heart and voice; Re - peat the wel - come sound!
A crown of life is wait - ing there, And rai - ment white as snow!
A - way with fears! a - way with tears! Re - ceive His fond em - brace!
"Re-deem - er!" "King" for - ev - er sing The loved ones gath - ered there!



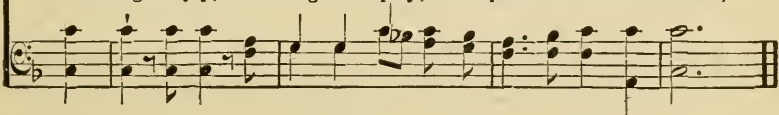
D. S. - Sal - va - tion's come! the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!

CHORUS.

D. S.



With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the wel - come sound;



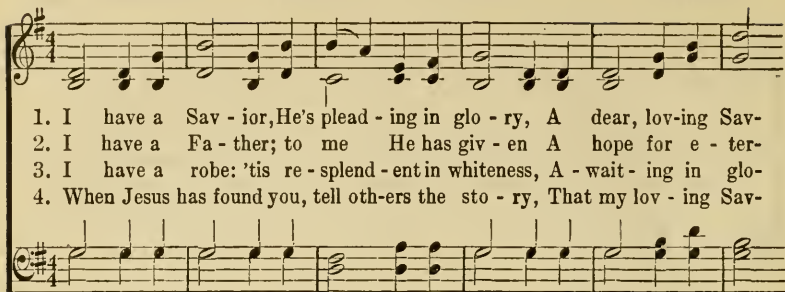
No. 56.

I Am Praying for You.

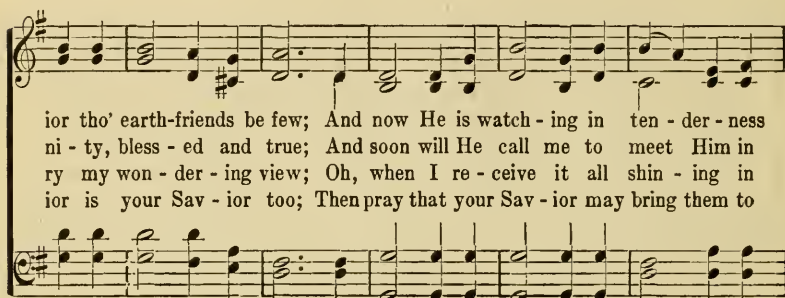
S. O'Maley Cluff.

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Ira D. Sankey.

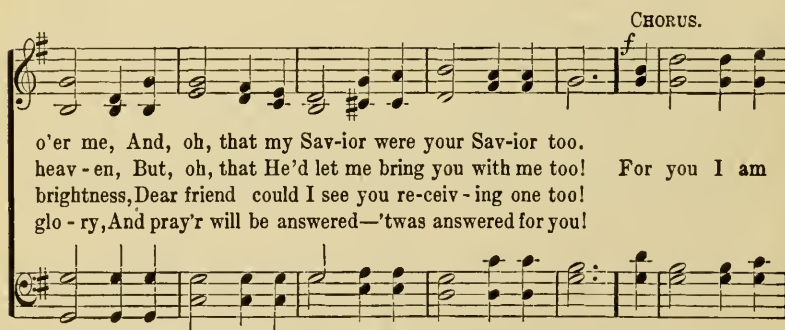


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav -
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter -
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo -
 4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav -

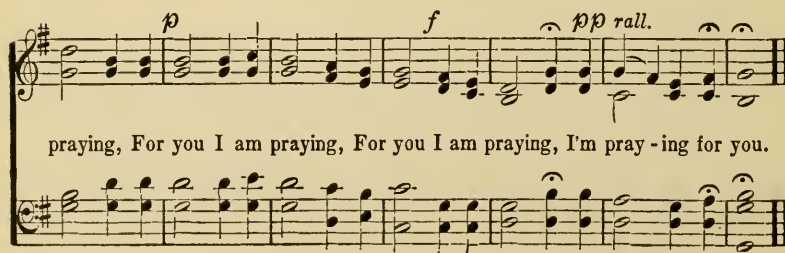


ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
 ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

CHORUS.



o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too.
 heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

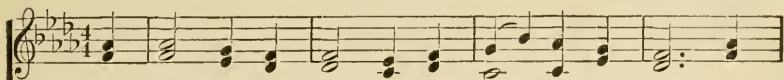


p *f* *pp rall.*
 praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

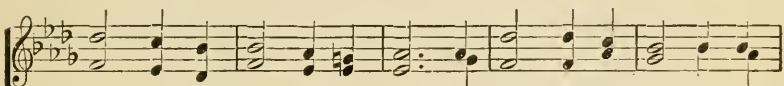
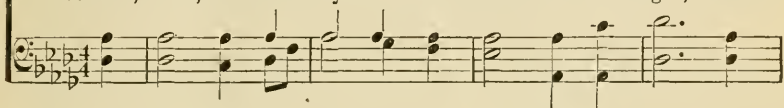
H. G. Spafford.

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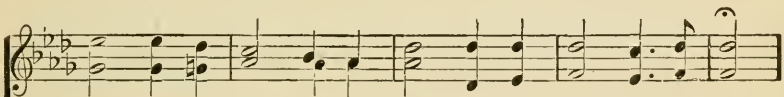
P. P. Bliss.



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



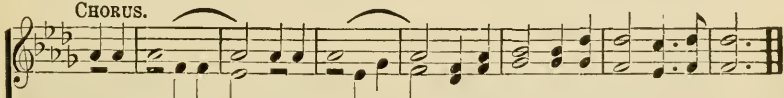
sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the



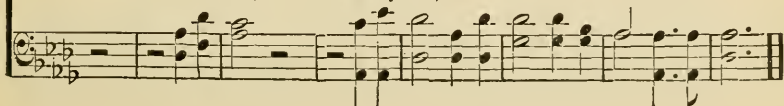
taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



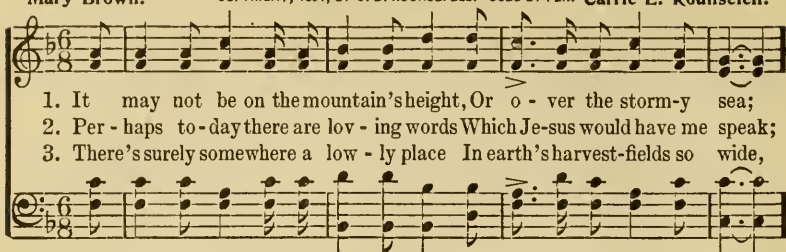
It is well, with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul,



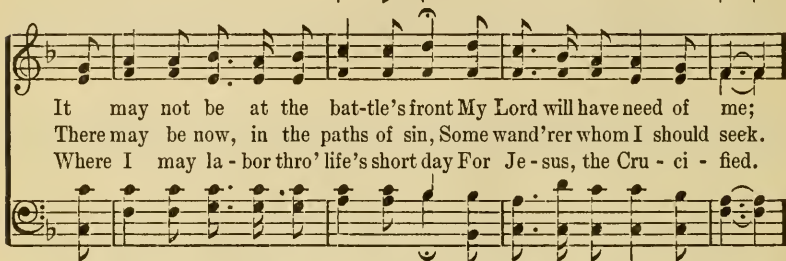
No. 58. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

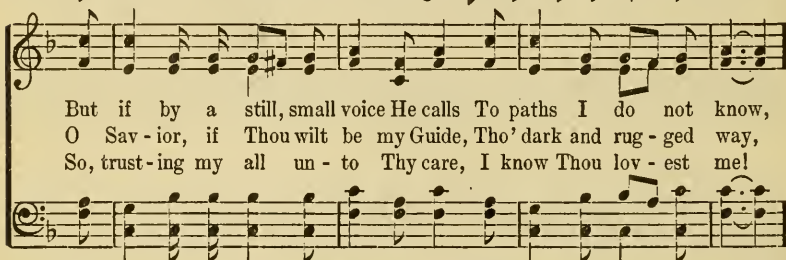
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.



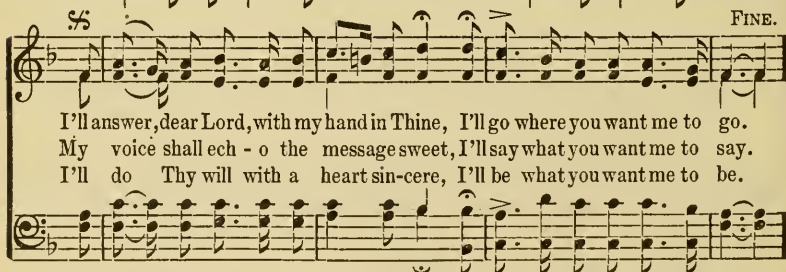
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's sharpest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged way,
 So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

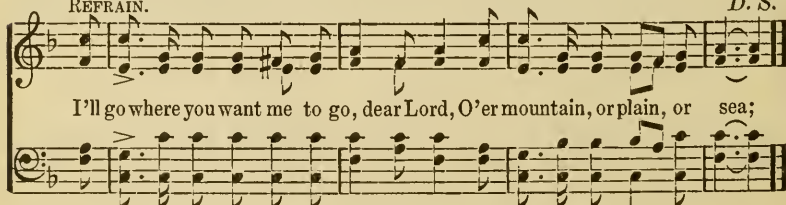


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the messages sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S. - I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

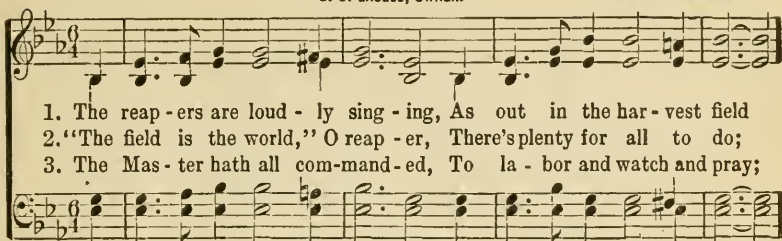


I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

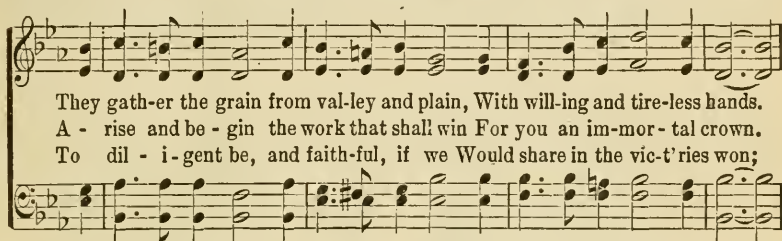
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

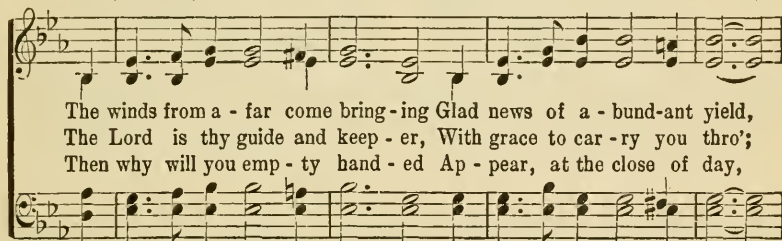
Chas. H. Gabriel.



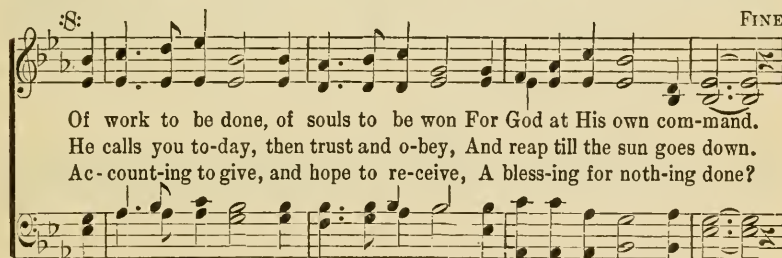
1. The reap-ers are loud-ly sing-ing, As out in the har-vest field
 2. "The field is the world," O reap-er, There's plenty for all to do;
 3. The Mas-ter hath all com-mand-ed, To la-bor and watch and pray;



They gath-er the grain from val-ley and plain, With will-ing and tire-less hands.
 A - rise and be - gin the work that shall win For you an im-mor-tal crown.
 To dil - i - gent be, and faith-ful, if we Would share in the vic-t'ries won;



The winds from a - far come bring-ing Glad news of a - bund-ant yield,
 The Lord is thy guide and keep - er, With grace to car - ry you thro';
 Then why will you emp - ty hand - ed Ap - pear, at the close of day,

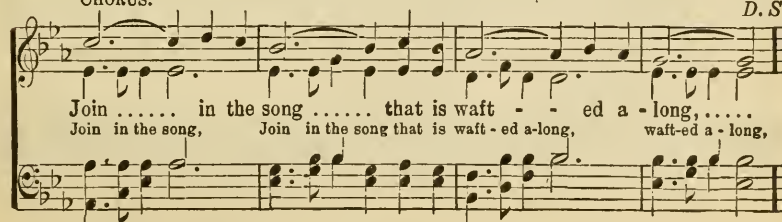


Of work to be done, of souls to be won For God at His own com-mand.
 He calls you to-day, then trust and o-bey, And reap till the sun goes down.
 Ac - count-ing to give, and hope to re-ceive, A bless-ing for noth-ing done?

D.S.--And gath-er the grain from hill and from plain For garner's be-yond the sky.

CHORUS.

D. S.

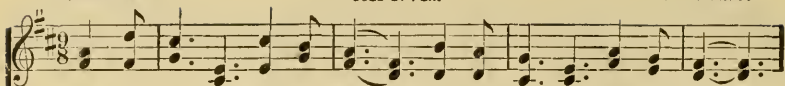


Join in the song that is waft - ed a - long,
 Join in the song, Join in the song that is waft - ed a-long, waft-ed a - long,

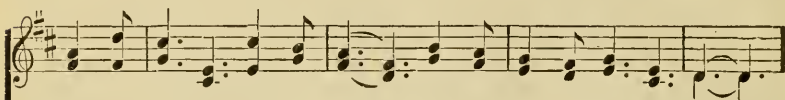
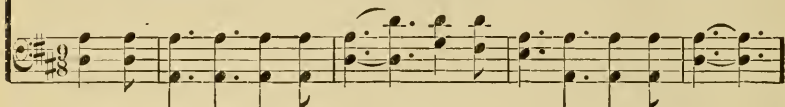
El Nathan.

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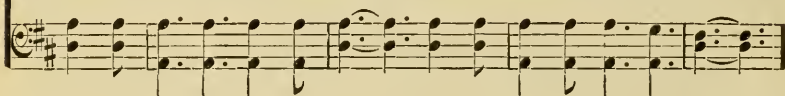
C. C. Case.



1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



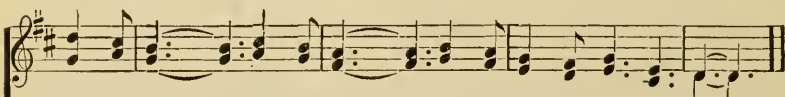
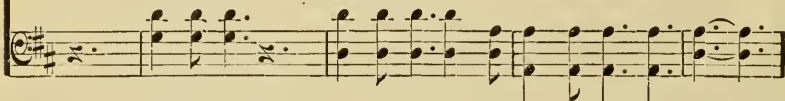
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



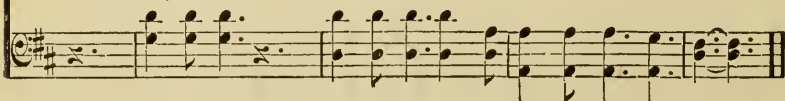
CHORUS



Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



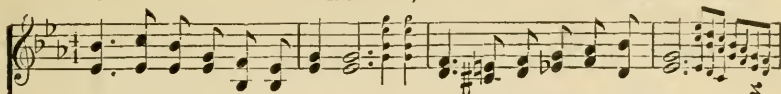
No. 61.

All in All to Me.

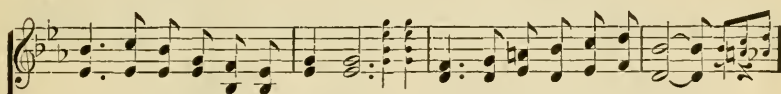
C. H. G.

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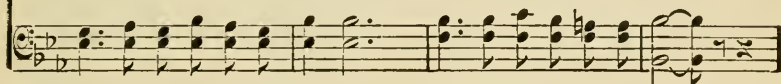
Chas. H. Gabriel.



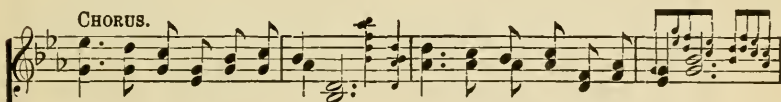
- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. All in all to me is Je - sus! | Ev - 'ry need His grace sup-plies; |
| 2. All in all to me is Je - sus, | Lord, Redeemer, Savior, Friend; |
| 3. All in all to me is Je - sus, | Bless-ed One of Cal - va - ry; |
| 4. All in all to me is Je - sus, | I am His, and He is mine; |



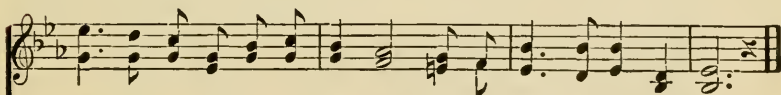
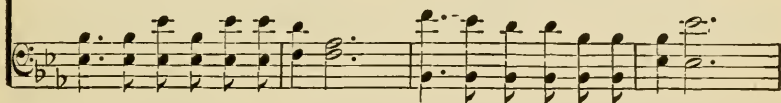
Day by day He guides and keeps me,—	No good thing to me de - nies.
Ten-der Shepherd, He will guard me,	And from ev-'ry foe de - fend.
I will nev-er cease to love Him	Who has done so much for me.
To His love, and in His serv - ice,	Ev - 'ry-thing I now re - sign.



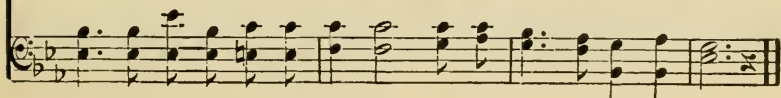
CHORUS.



In His love I am a - bid-ing,	Ev - 'ry-thing to Him con-fid-ing;
-------------------------------	------------------------------------



'Neath His wing my soul is hid - ing,	He is all in all to me.
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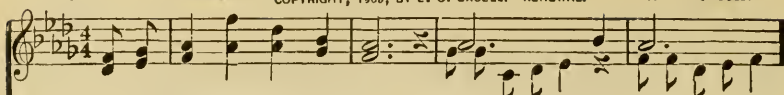


Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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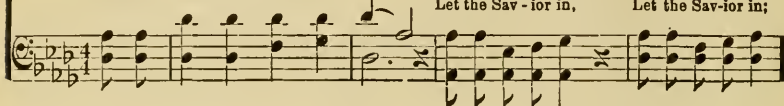
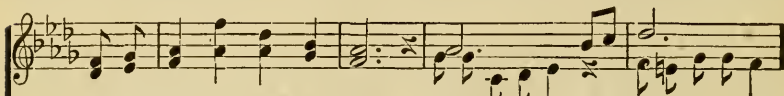
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.




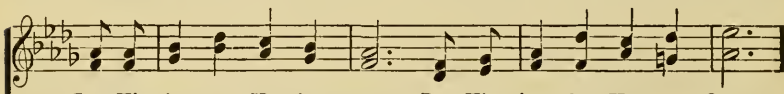
1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

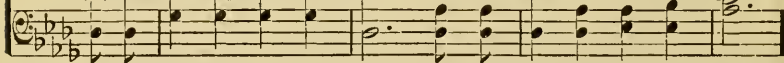



He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak yoursins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,




Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

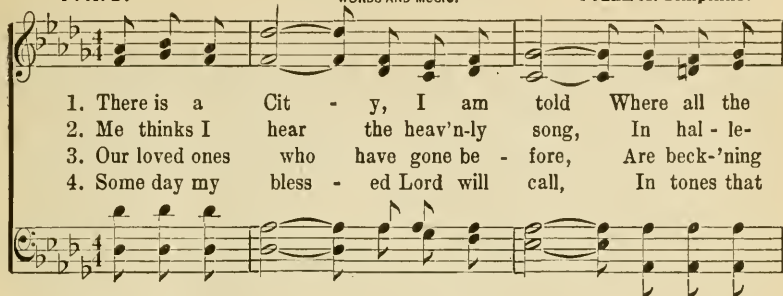
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.



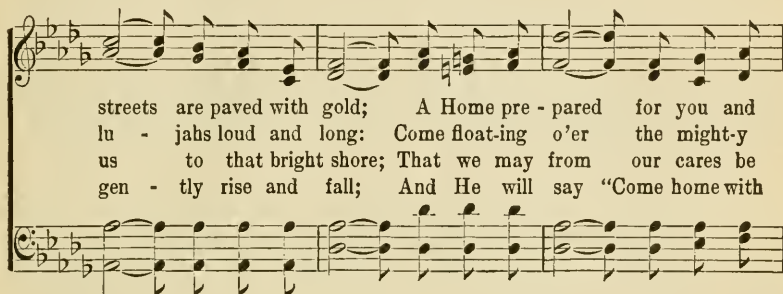
F. A. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

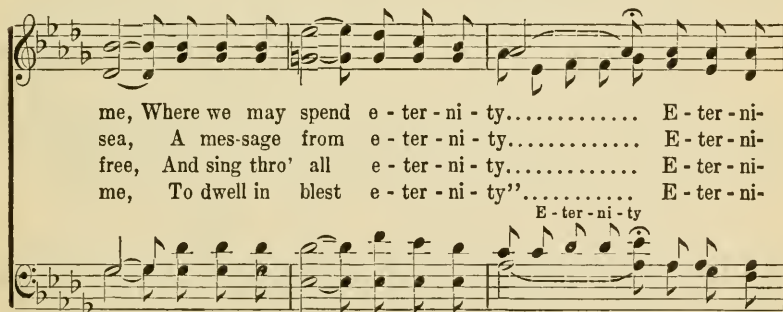
Frank A. Simpkins.



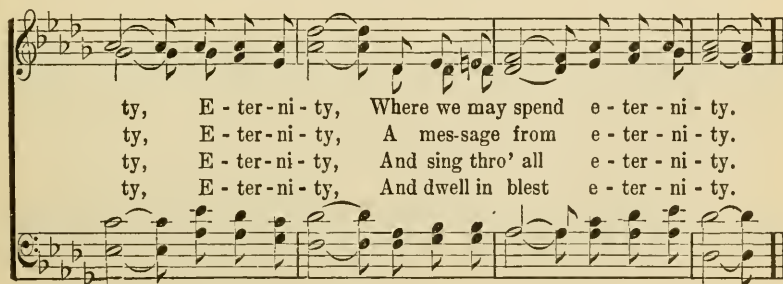
1. There is a Cit - y, I am told Where all the
2. Me thinks I hear the heav'n-ly song, In hal - le-
3. Our loved ones who have gone be - fore, Are beck-'ning
4. Some day my bless - ed Lord will call, In tones that



streets are paved with gold; A Home pre - pared for you and
lu - jahs loud and long: Come float-ing o'er the might-y
us to that bright shore; That we may from our cares be
gen - tly rise and fall; And He will say "Come home with



me, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
sea, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
free, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
me, To dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty"..... E - ter - ni-
E - ter - ni - ty



ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 64.

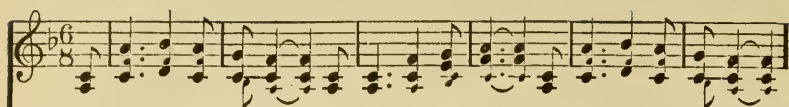
Drifting Away.

To the Evangelist, Wm. A. Sunday.

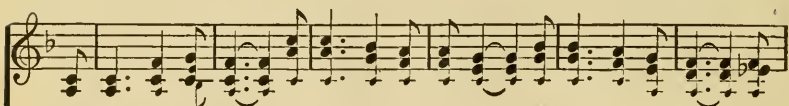
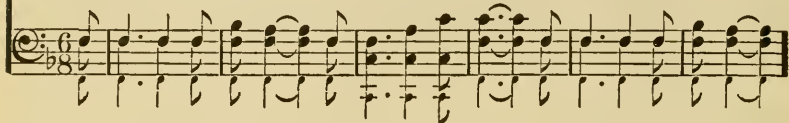
E. A. Barnes.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

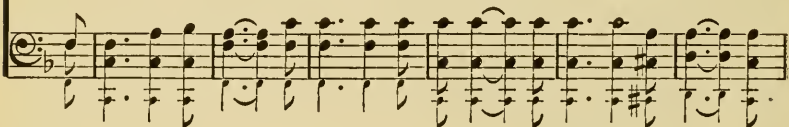
E. O. Excell.



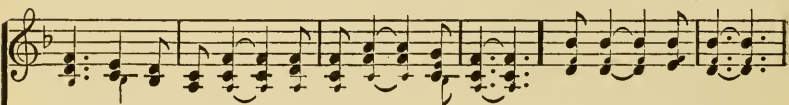
1. From God and His pre-cepts So ho-ly and bright; From paths that are pleasant
2. From words that were spoken When Je-sus was here; From all His kind teachings,
3. From grace that is wait-ing New prospects to give; From love that will help them



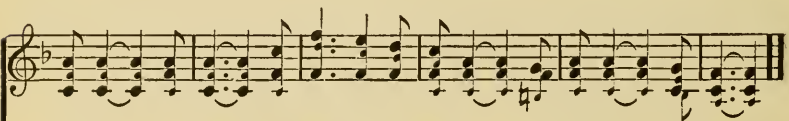
Be-cause they are right; From truths in the Bi-ble That all should o-bey—'Tis
 So sim-ple, so dear; From hope in His fa-vor, That soul-cheer-ing ray—'Tis
 A new life to live; From heaven's bright portals At life's fi-nal day—'Tis



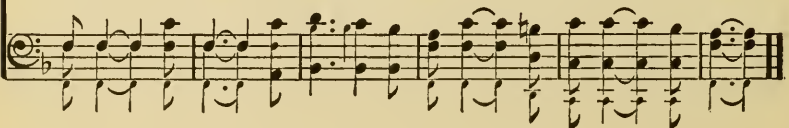
REFRAIN.



sad that so man-y are drift-ing a-way! Drift-ing a-way,



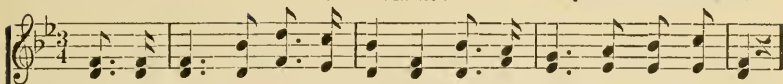
drift-ing a-way, 'Tis sad that so man-y are drift-ing a-way!



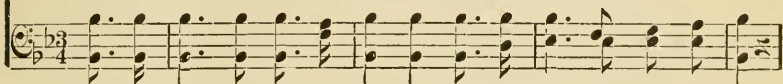
Wm. M. Anderson.

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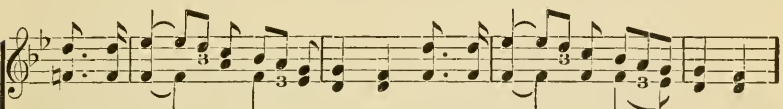
Adapted from Donizetti.



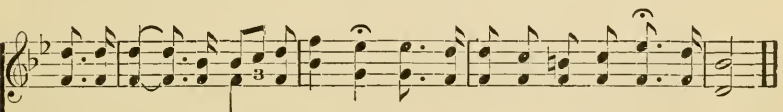
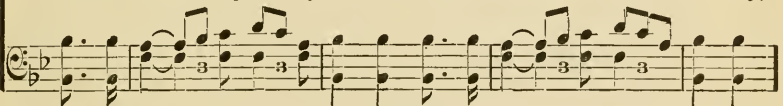
1. Lord, our hearts to Thee are turn-ing, We would wor - ship at Thy throne,
2. Je - sus, Thou art pure and ho - ly, Hal - lowed be Thy ho - ly name,
3. Grant us grace and sweet for-give-ness, We for - give our deb-tors, too;



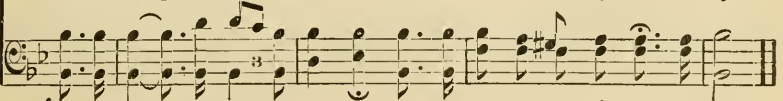
For our love for Thee is burn - ing, We would wor-ship Thee a - lone.
 Let Thy Kingdom in its glo - ry Be for ev - er - more the same.
 Teach our hearts to be un - self - ish, Let us to Thy name be true.



Give us faith to take Thy promise, For on Thee our hopes we lay;
 Give to us our dai - ly por - tion, For on Thee we now de - pend;
 From our hearts keep ev - 'ry e - vil, Take the stain of sin a - way;



As we now approach to wor-ship, Teach our minds and hearts in truth to say.
 Love us free - ly, lead us gen - tly, Thro' the years of life un - to the end.
 And the Kingdom, pow'r and Glo - ry, Shall be Thine, and on - ly Thine for aye.



Charlotte G. Homer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day—I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day—it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,

But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gather'd then.
Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Some day— I can-not tell Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
Some day—but oh, I can - not tell, I can-not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord I pray,

That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some hap-py, hap-py, hap-py day.

No. 67.

He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
 2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
 3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
 The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
 And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to-ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, He knows it all My Fa-ther
 He knows it all, He knows it all.

knows He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
 My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears.

fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
 how fast they fall!—

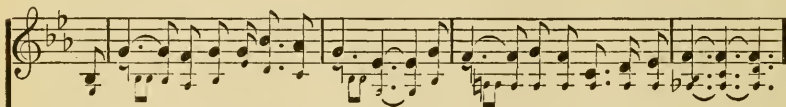
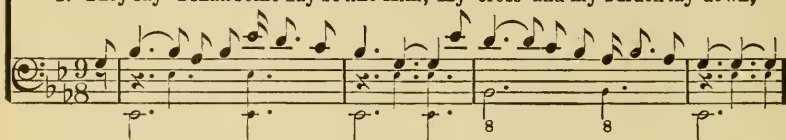
E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

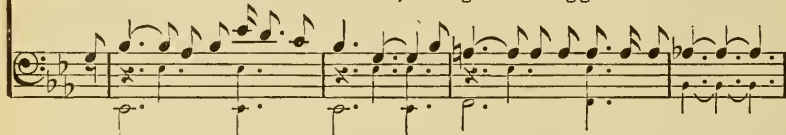
E. O. Excell.



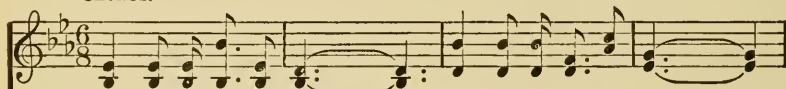
1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;



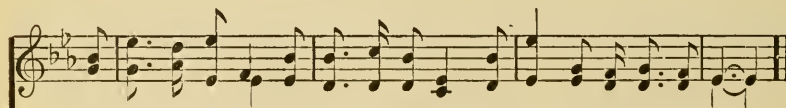
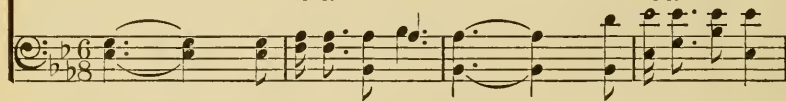
His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
 Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
 His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
 Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.



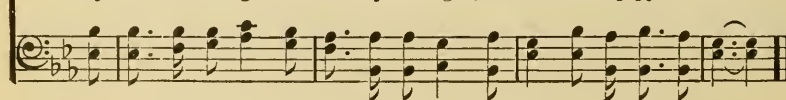
CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him, . . . I am hap-py in Him; . . .
 I am hap-py in Him, I am hap-py in Him;



My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.



No. 69.

His Love for Me.

P. M. Eastwood.

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Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - - sus— Of His
 2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - - dren: "Come, all
 3. You have heard how the blind, as they sought Him, Found their
 4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - - pest—How the

grace flow-ing bound-less and free, But there's no one can tell you the
 ye that are wear - y," said He; So I came, and He gave me the
 sight when He bade them to see; So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been
 words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea; So my soul found the peace that it

ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
 bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
 o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
 longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . .

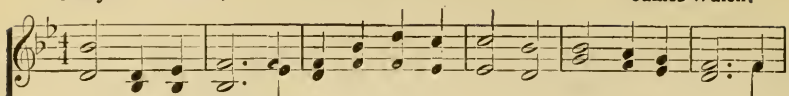
CHORUS.

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;
 Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

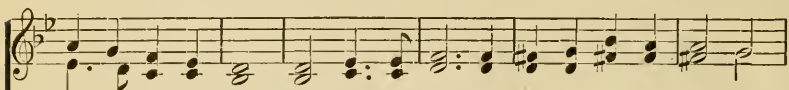
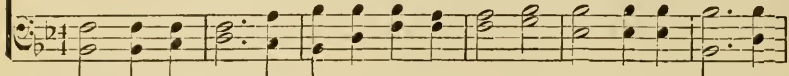
No. 70. O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission.

Mary A. Thomson.

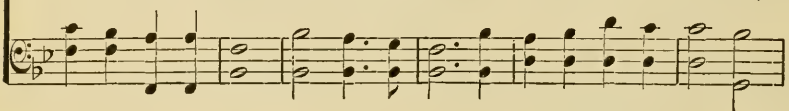
James Walch.



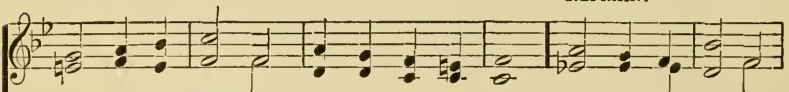
1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how ma - ny thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark-some
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Proclaim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they



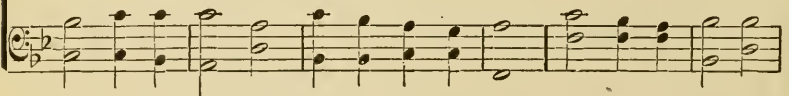
world that God is Light; That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav - ior's dy - ing,
Lord His life laid down; Be - ware lest, sloth - ful to ful - fill thy mis - sion,
live and move, is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,



REFRAIN.



One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings;
Thou lose one jew - el that should deck His crown.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.

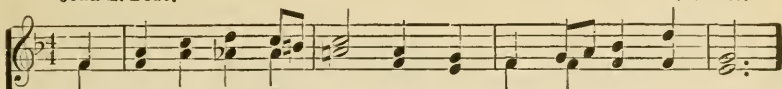


Ti - dings of peace; Ti - ings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.

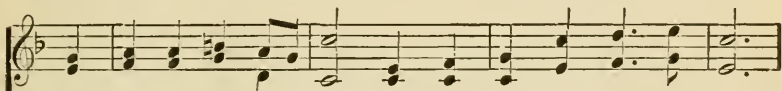
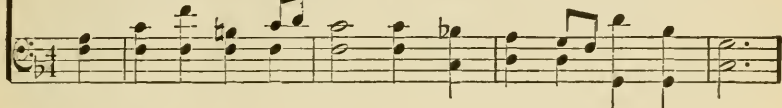


John E. Bode.

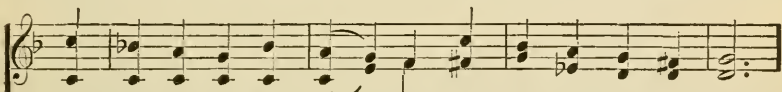
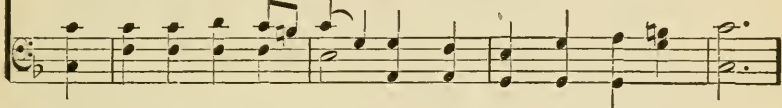
J. W. Elliott.



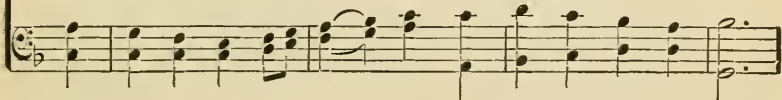
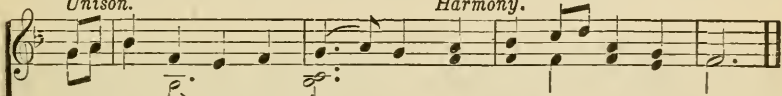
1. O Je - sus I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
 2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
 3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still,
 4. O Je - sus Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee



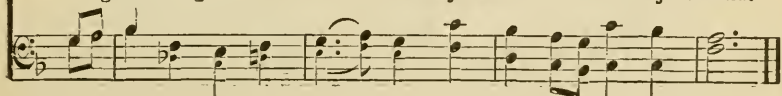
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear:
 A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will:
 That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be;



I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
 My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
 O speak to re - as - sure me, To hast - en or con - trol;
 And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

*Unison.**Harmony.*

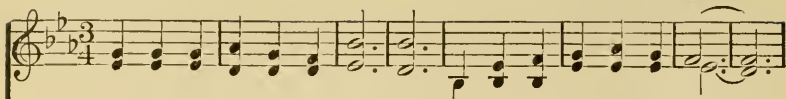
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
 O speak, and make me list - en, Thou Guar - dian of my soul.
 O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.



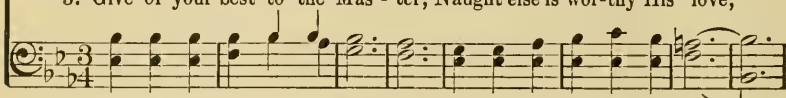
No. 72. Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G.

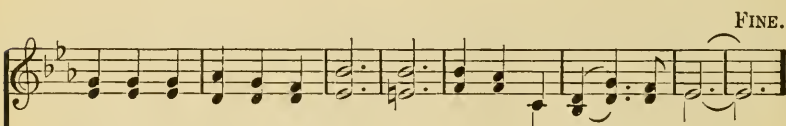
Mrs. Charles Barnard.



1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

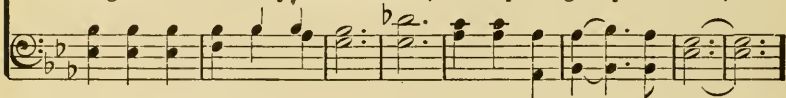


REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

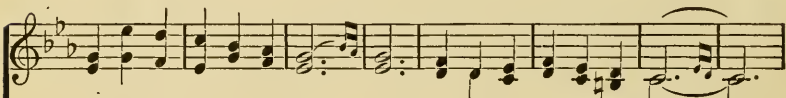


FINE.

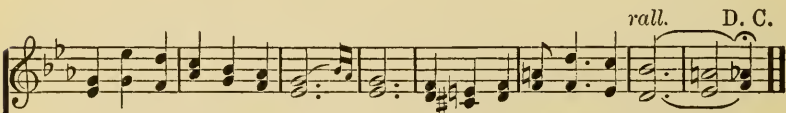
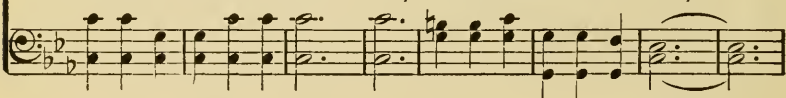
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;



Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

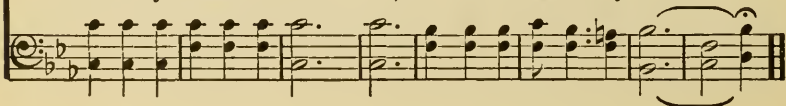


Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;



rall. D. C.

Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

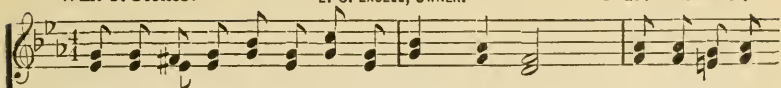


Wm. C. Stokes.

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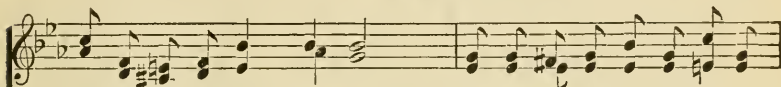
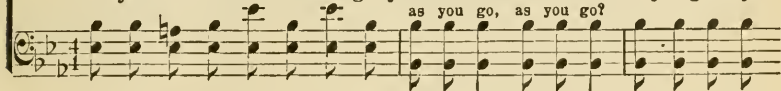
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

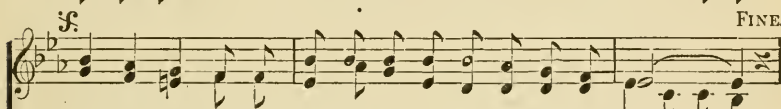
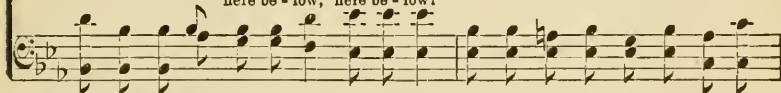


1. Would you have the Savior's presence as you go? Would you have the
2. Would you seek the Fount that cleanseth white as snow? Would you fol-low
3. Would you love the Lord who bought you with His blood? Would you glad-ly

as you go, as you go?



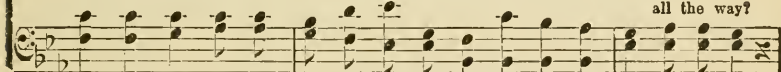
bless-ed fore-taste here be-low? Would you have the Father's blessing
 your Re-deem-er here be-low? Would you have in you a-bid-ing,
 fol-low Je-sus thro' the flood? Would you know your sins for-giv-en
 here be-low, here be-low?



FINE.

day by day? Would you have His spir-it with you all the way?.....
 blessed peace? Would you have from sin's do-min-ion full re-lease?.....
 ev-'ry one? Would you have the Savior's plaudit "Welcome home?"....

all the way?

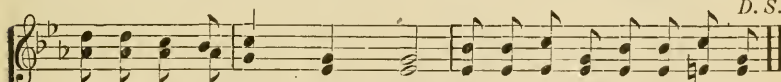
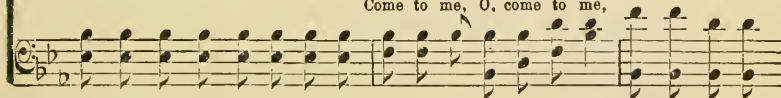


D.S.-and distress'd, Come, and in His love for-ev-er be at rest.....
 be at rest.

CHORUS.

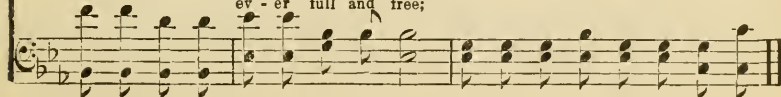


Hear the Sav-ior's in-vi-tation "Come to me," And His of-fer
 Come to me, O, come to me,



D. S.

of sal-va-tion full and free; All ye wea-ry, heav-y la-dened,
 ev-er full and free;



No. 74.

Just To Please Jesus.

Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY GEO. A. FISHER.

Mrs. Geo. A. Fisher.

mf
Moderato.

1. Pay-ing a vis - it to sorrow's abode, Help-ing a burdened one o'er a rough road;
2. Staying at home with the children, perchance, Watching the sick ones oft-wandering glance,
3. Swinging the hammer if duty demands, Plying the needle with quick willing hands,

p

This the sweet tho't, making duty delight, Turning the shadows of gloom into light,
Sweeping and dusting, and tidying home, Deeds not recorded 'neath Fame's painted dome,
Us-ing the pen-cil, the pick, or the pen, Serving my Lord and my own fellow men,

rit.

rit.

Just to please Je-sus, Just to please Je - sus,

No. 75.

Somebody Knows.

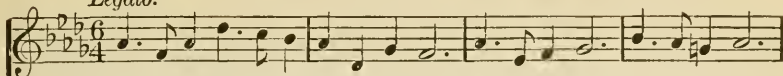
Alfred H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.

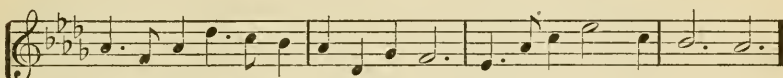
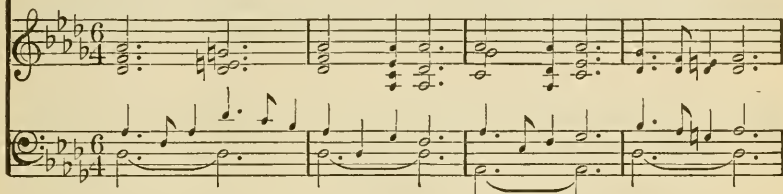
B. D. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

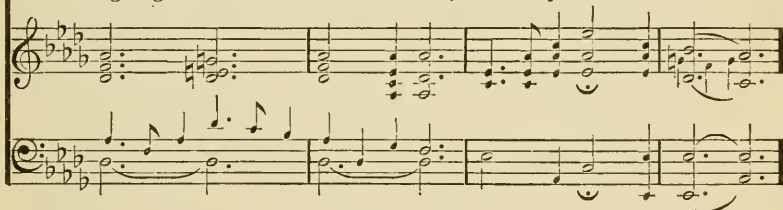
Legato.



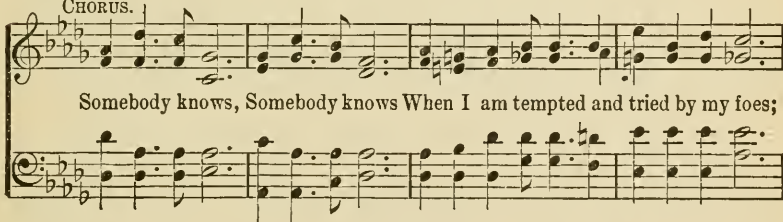
1. Failing in strength when oppress by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;



Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.



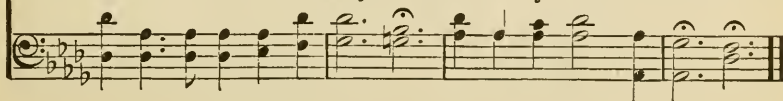
CHORUS.



Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;



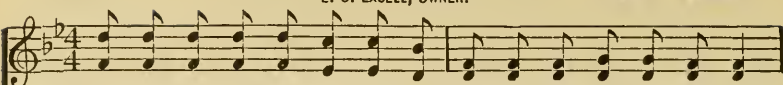
He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows—'t is Je - sus.



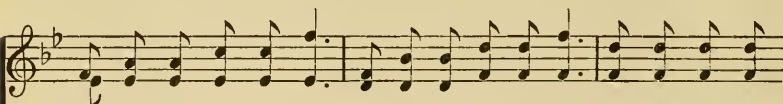
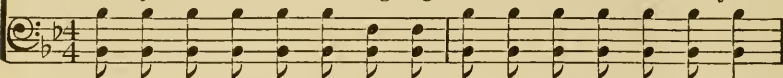
No. 76.

Harvest Song!

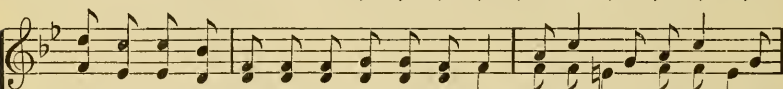
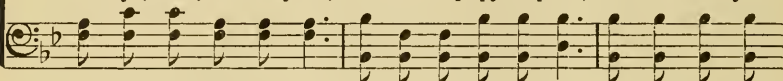
C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

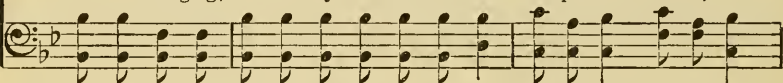
1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
 2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
 3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?



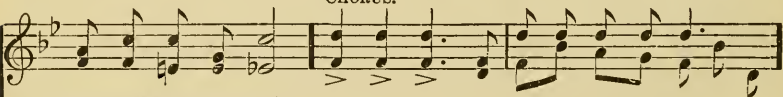
Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
 Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
 Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your



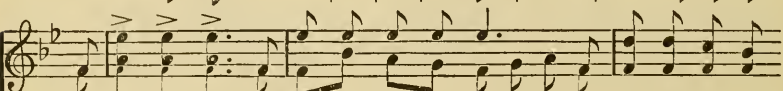
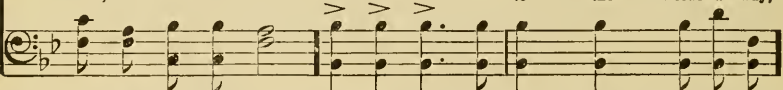
gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
 dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
 sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-lewield: "Reapers are needed, A-



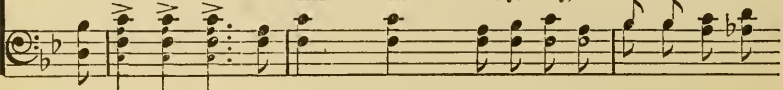
CHORUS.



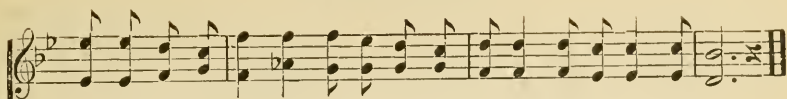
sounds o'er hill and plain.
 who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
 wake, and to the field!" to the fields a-way,



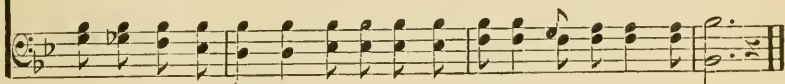
Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
 Mas-ter while you may;



Harvest Song.



night is fall - ing, Hast-en to o - bey, For reapers are needed to-day.



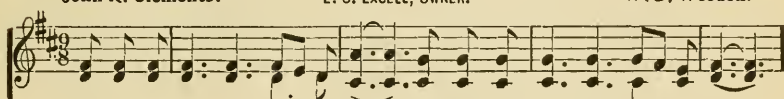
No. 77.

Somebody.

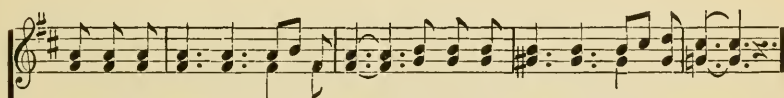
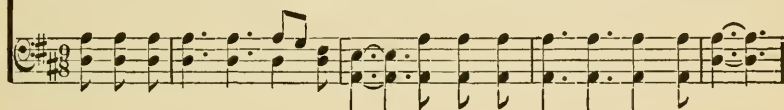
John R. Clements.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

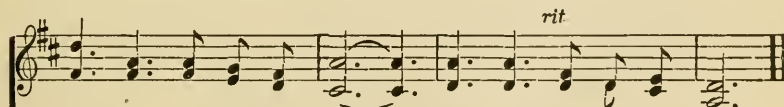
W. S. Weedon.



1. Somebody did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Somebody i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Somebody fill'd the day with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;



Somebody sang a cheerful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Somebody fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
Somebody made life loss, not gain, Tho'tlessly seemed to live in vain,—
Somebody's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—



Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?



No. 78.

Beyond.

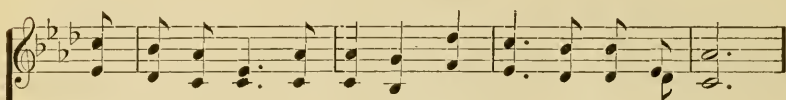
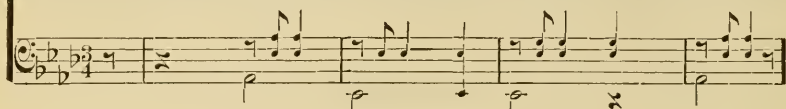
Flora Kirkland.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
USED BY PER.

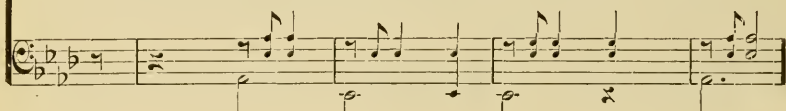
George C. Stebbins.



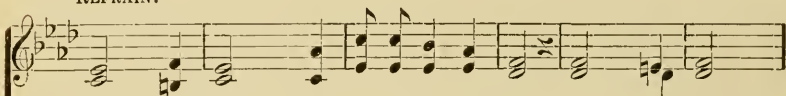
1. Be - yond earth's lat - est sun - set There lies a coun - try bright,
2. Be - yond earth's fi - nal heart-ache There lies a land of peace,
3. Be - yond earth's lat - est suf - f'ring There lies a coun - try fair,
4. O land be - yond the sun - set, Where time shall be no more,



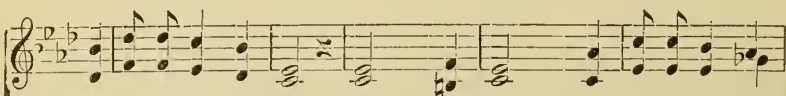
Where fade-less day is glow - ing, That nev - er sinks to night.
 Where sor-row nev - er com - eth, Where pain and troub - le cease.
 Where dwellers are im - mor - tal; No death can en - ter there.
 Some bright, ec-stat - ic morn - ing We'll sight thy peace - ful shore!



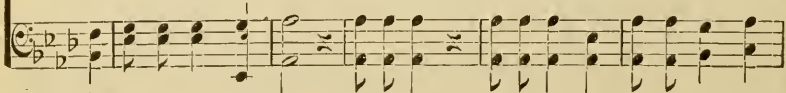
REFRAIN.



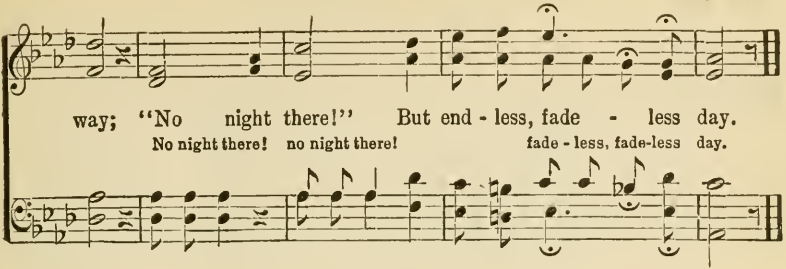
"No night there!" No sor-row and no fears; "No night there!"
 No night there! no night there! No night there! no night there!



No pain, no death, no tears; "No night there!" Where care hath passed a -
 No night there! no night there!



Beyond.



way; "No night there!" But end - less, fade - less day.
 No night there! no night there! fade - less, fade-less day.

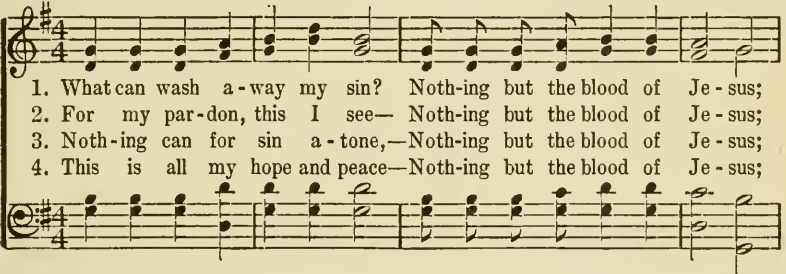
No. 79.

Nothing But the Blood.

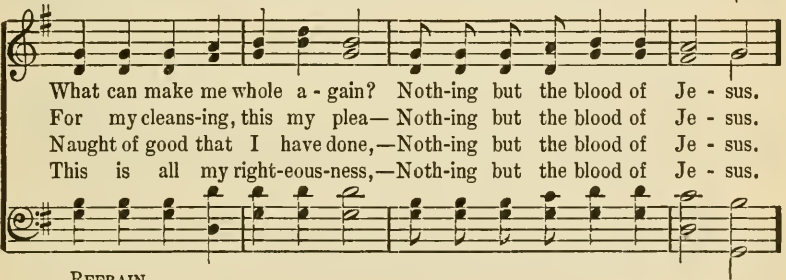
R. L.

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 USED BY PERMISSION

Robert Lowry.

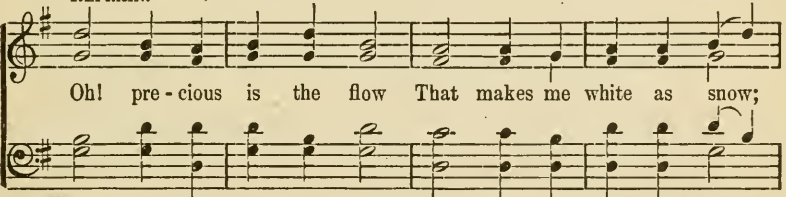


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my par - don, this I see— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone,—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

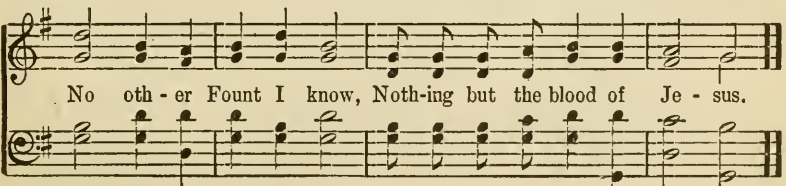


What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my cleans - ing, this my plea— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done,—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right - eous - ness,—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er Fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

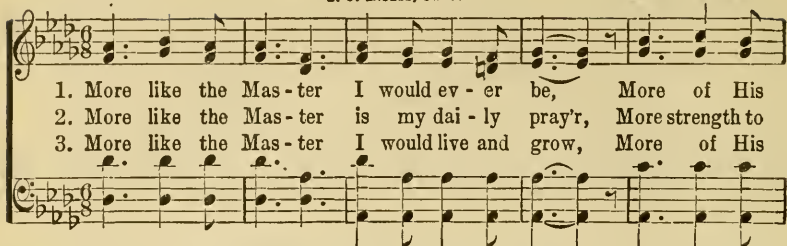
No. 80.

More Like the Master.

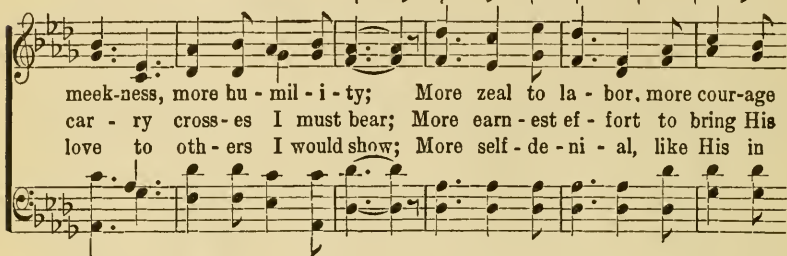
C. H. G.

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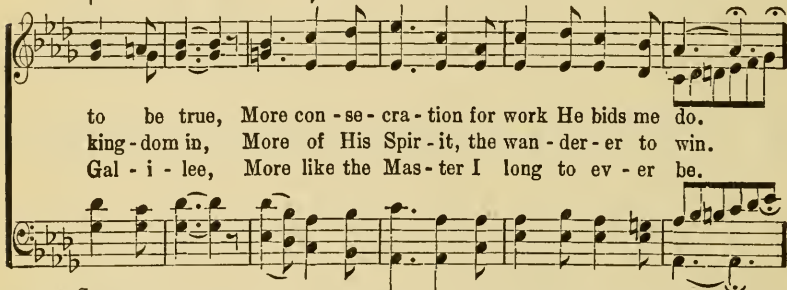
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow, More of His

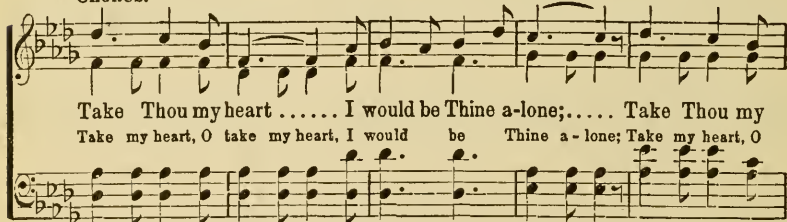


meek-ness, more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age
car-ry cross-es I must bear; More earn-est ef-fort to bring His
love to oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in

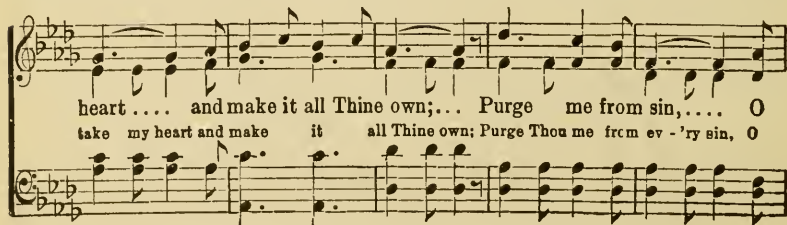


to be true, More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do.
king-dom in, More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
Gal-i-lee, More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be.

CHORUS.

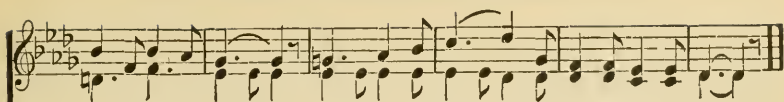


Take Thou my heart I would be Thine a-lone;.... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O

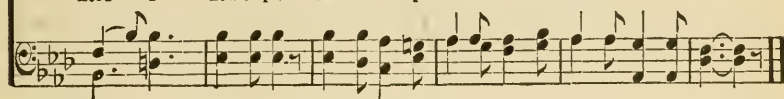


heart and make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev-'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



Lord I now im-plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.
 Lord I now implore Wash and keep me Thine forevermore.



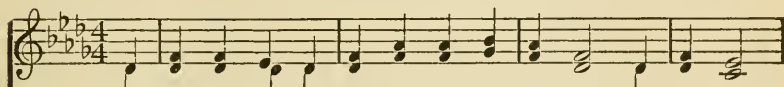
No. 81.

Forgiven.

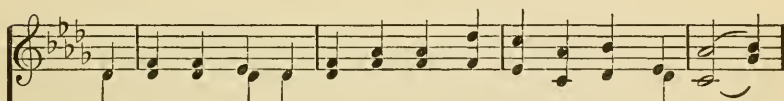
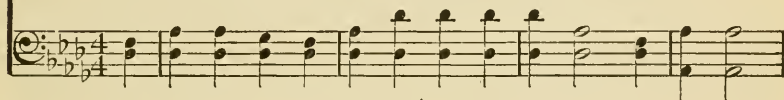
C. H. G.

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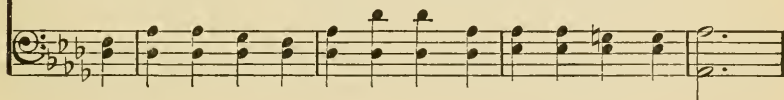
Chas. H. Gabriel.



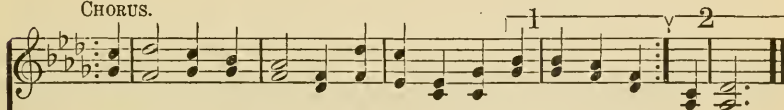
1. A song is ring-ing in my soul, "For-giv-en! for-giv-en!"
2. When first to me the message came, "For-giv-en! for-giv-en!"
3. I'm sing-ing on my way to heav'n, "For-giv-en! for-giv-en!"
4. I'll sing while He shall lend me breath, "For-giv-en! for-giv-en!"



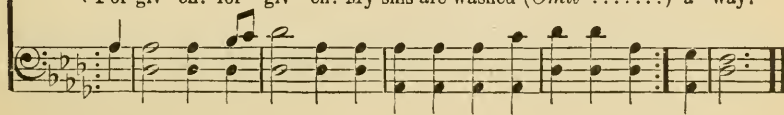
Thro' grace I'm ev-'ry whit made whole, My sins are washed a-way.
 I shout-ed glo-ry to His name, My sins are washed a-way.
 For blest as-sur-ance He has giv'n, My sins are washed a-way.
 And praise Him in the hour of death, My sins are washed a-way.



CHORUS.



{ For-giv-en! for-giv-en! My heart is sing-ing all the time!
 { For-giv-en! for-giv-en! My sins are washed (*Omit*) a-way!

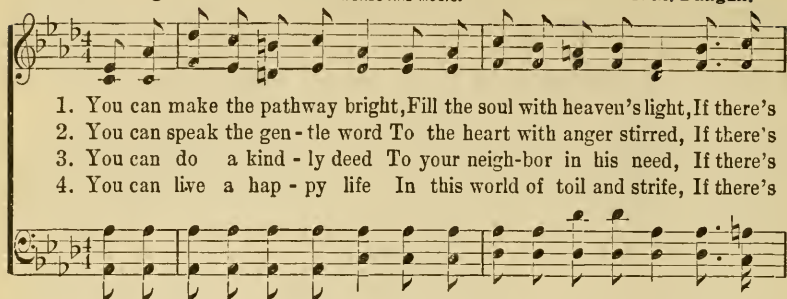


No. 82. If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

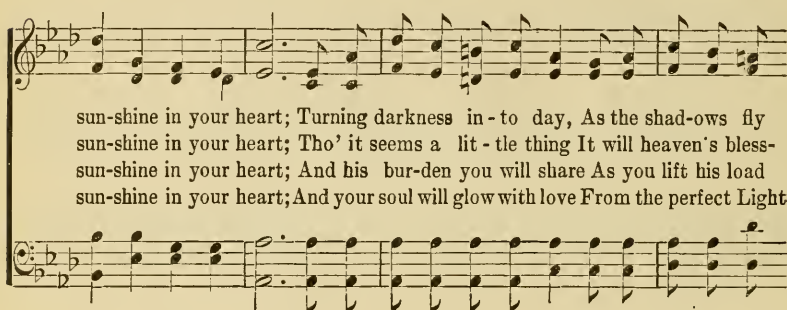
Helen Dungan.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

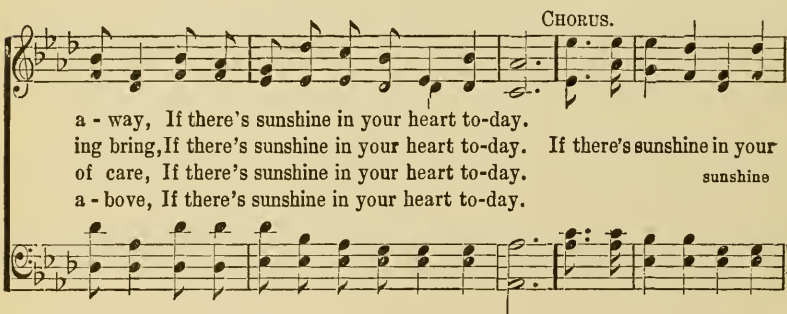
J. M. Dungan.



1. You can make the pathway bright, Fill the soul with heaven's light, If there's
2. You can speak the gen-tle word To the heart with anger stirred, If there's
3. You can do a kind-ly deed To your neigh-bor in his need, If there's
4. You can live a hap-py life In this world of toil and strife, If there's

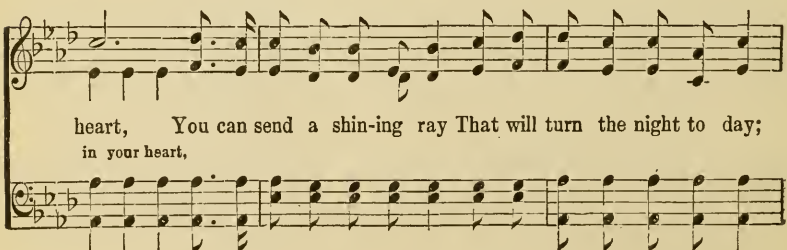


sun-shine in your heart; Turning darkness in-to day, As the shad-ows fly
sun-shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit-tle thing It will heaven's bless-
sun-shine in your heart; And his bur-den you will share As you lift his load
sun-shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love From the perfect Light



CHORUS.

a-way, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
ing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. If there's sunshine in your
of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. sunshine
a-bove, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.



heart, You can send a shin-ing ray That will turn the night to day;
in your heart,

If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

And your cares will all de-part, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
will all de-part,

No. 83.

What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G.

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W. Owen.

1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could our place have taken, High-est of the high tho' he;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-ior? To His scept-re hum-bly bow?

Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for-sak-en Was one of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save you, save you now!

CHORUS.

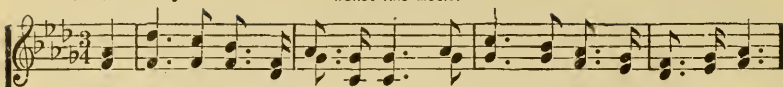
Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!

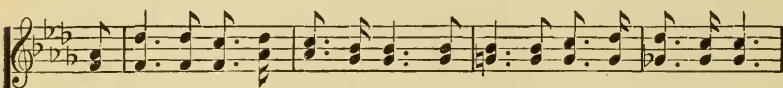
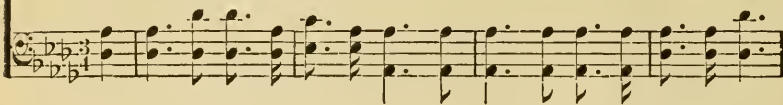
S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

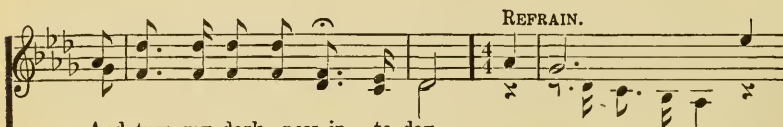
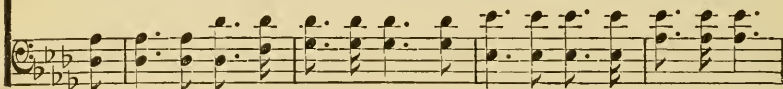
E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,



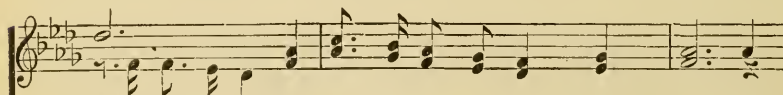
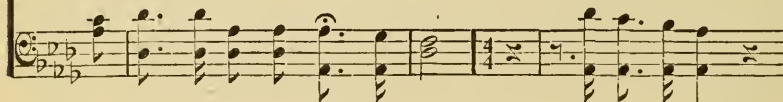
But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



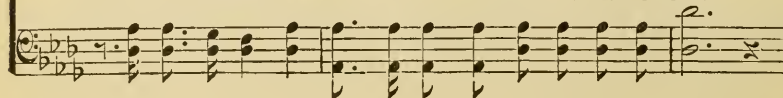
REFRAIN.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

He knows, He
My Fa-ther knows.



knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



My Father Knows.

knows, He knows, And tempers ev'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 85.

Peace to My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O Jes-us, my Sav-ior, All glo-ry to Thee; Sweet peace in be-
2. What heights of en-joy-ment, What rapture is mine; While faith-ful-ly
3. Should sor-row o'er-take me, Thy word is my stay; Should tri-als be-
4. O lov-ing Re-deem-er, What-ev-er Thy will; In tempests or

CHORUS.

liev-ing Thou giv-est to me.
trust-ing Thy promise di-vine. Peace, peace to my soul Flows like a
fall me Thou guidest my way.
sun-shine, I'll fol-low Thee still.

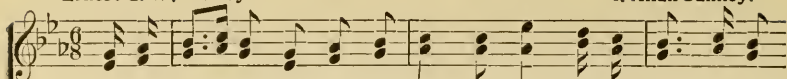
beau-ti-ful riv-er; Peace, hallow'd and pure, Constant a-bid-ing for-ev-er.

No. 86. Perfectly Safe in His Hands.


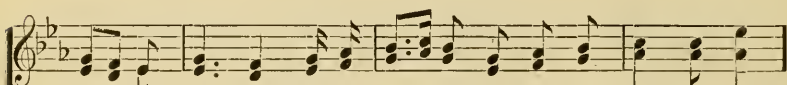
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.

Ernest G. W. Wesley.

I. Allan Sankey.



1. I have found the place where I safe can rest, With-out fear when the
 2. I have found the place where in per - fect peace, 'Mid all sor - rows of
 3. I have found the place where all grace is mine, Where the strength of my
 4. I have found the place where in life's last hour, When all loved ones of

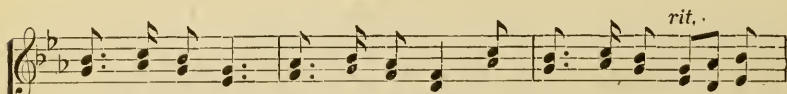
foe as - sails me; In the love of God, I am ev - er blest,
 earth I hide me; In the hands of Christ, where all tears must cease,
 Lord sus - tains me; In His depth-less Life, In His Life Di - vine,
 earth must leave me, He will keep my soul, and His hand of pow'r,




CHORUS.



And the Lord, whom I trust, ne'er fails me.
 Where His mer - cy and joy a - bide me. I am per - fect - ly
 He doth shel - ter and ev - er hold me.
 Thro' the shad - ows of death will hide me.

safe in His hands, Safe in His hands, Yes, safe in His hands; I've



Perfectly Safe in His Hands.

giv'n my - self to Je - sus, I'm per - fect - ly safe in His hands.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major, 4/4 time, with a melody that is simple and hymn-like. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand, providing a harmonic foundation for the voice.

No. 87.

Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major, 6/8 time, with a melody that is simple and hymn-like. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand, providing a harmonic foundation for the voice.

Show'rs, the thirst-y land re - fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me;
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag - ni - fy them all in me;

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major, 6/8 time, with a melody that is simple and hymn-like. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand, providing a harmonic foundation for the voice.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major, 6/8 time, with a melody that is simple and hymn-like. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand, providing a harmonic foundation for the voice.

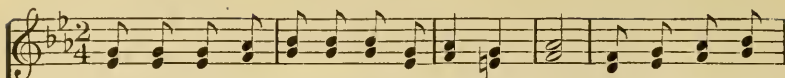
No. 88.

Count Your Blessings.

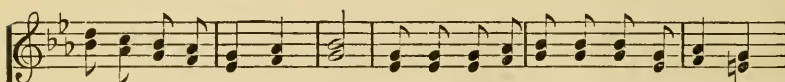
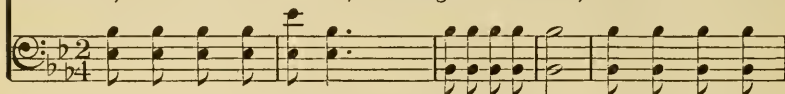
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

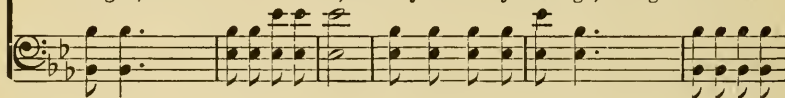
E. O. Excell.



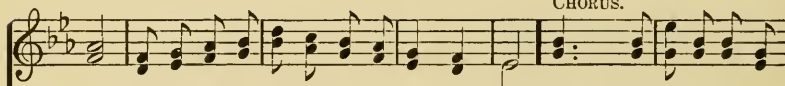
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
 promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

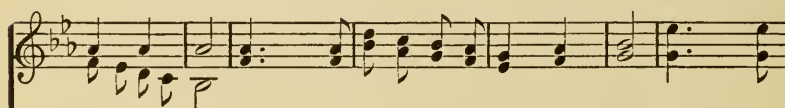
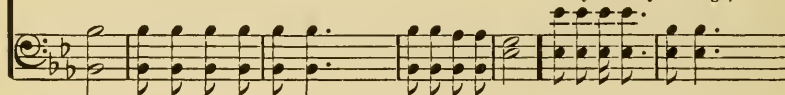


CHORUS.

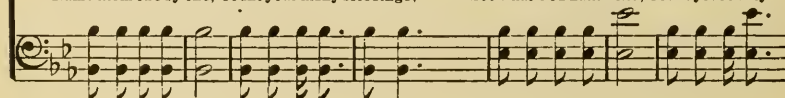


one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
 fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
 buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
 tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,



one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
 Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many



Count Your Blessings.

rit.

blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 89. Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

CHORUS.

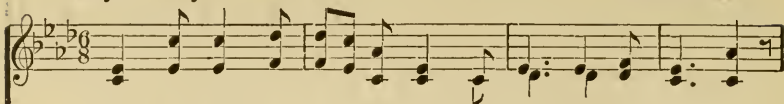
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing

in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Hubert P. Main.



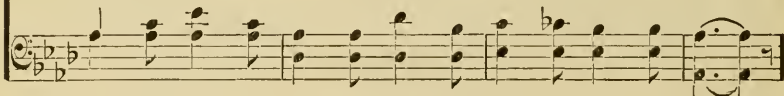
1. Come to Him who still is plead - ing, Haste to re - ceive Him;
2. While the lamp of life is burn - ing, Speed to the mount - ain;
3. While the dews of grace are fall - ing, Soft - ly and ten - der,
4. Still we hear that voice re - peat - ing, "O ye that sor - row,



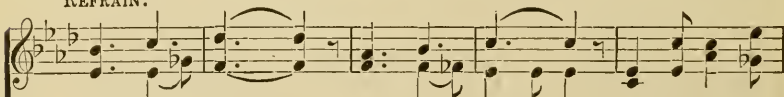
While He yet is in - ter - ced - ing, Can you slight and grieve Him?
 While for rest your soul is yearn - ing, Seek the pre - cious fount - ain;
 While His voice a - gain is call - ing, All to Him sur - ren - der.
 Time is brief, the hours are fleet - ing, Stay not till the mor - row;"



While His love your heart is lead - ing, There is joy for you.
 He who longs for your re - turn - ing Sheds His blood for you.
 On the cross with grief ap - pal - ing Once He died for you.
 Come and share the Mas - ter's greet - ing, Lo! He waits for you.



REFRAIN.



Come, oh, come, Come, oh, come, No one else but
 to - day to - day



Oh, Come To-Day.

He can save you, He the Truth, the Way.

No. 91. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma-n-y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

ff FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.-O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev-er-more to roam,

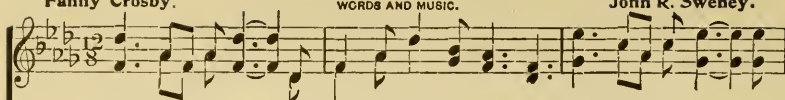
5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

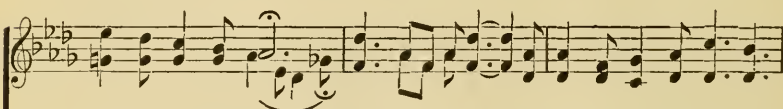
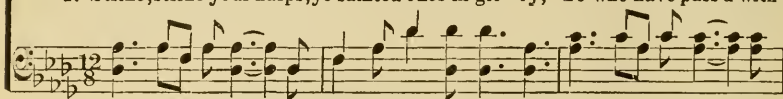
Fanny Crosby.

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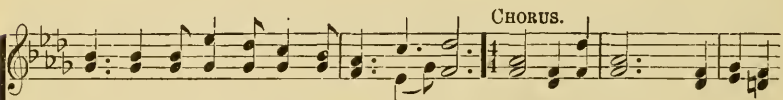
John R. Sweney.



1. Praise ye the Lord, the God of our sal-va-tion, Lift up your hearts and
2. Praise ye the Lord whose truth a-bid-eth ev - er, Trust in His word who
3. Praise Him, ye stars, the arch of night a-dorn-ing, Ye who be - held the
4. Strike, strike your harps, ye sainted ones in glo - ry. Ye who have pass'd with-

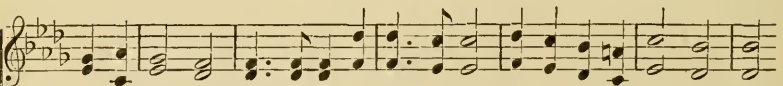


mag - ni - fy His name; Praise ye the Lord with ho - ly ad - o - ra-tion,
marks the sparrows' fall; Hope in His love whose mer-cy faileth nev - er,
new cre - a - tion's worth; Ye who re-joiced to ush - er in the morning,
in the gates of light; Shout, shout a-loud redemption's hallowed sto-ry,

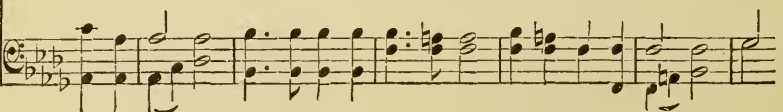


CHORUS.

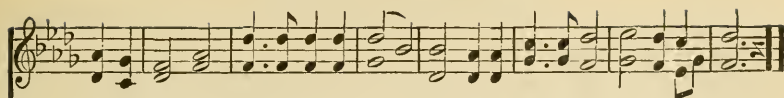
Tell of His pow'r His mighty works proclaim.
Look un - to Him who watcheth o - ver all. Praise ye the Lord, ye an-gel
Bright with the smile that hail'd Messiah's birth. the Lord,
While with the King ye walk in spotless white.



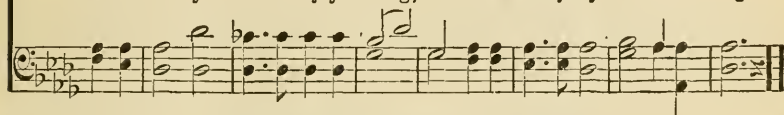
choirs a-dore Him, Cherubim and Seraphim cast your crowns before Him; Proph-



Praise Ye the Lord.



ets and martyrs swell the joyful song, Honor and majesty to Him be-long.



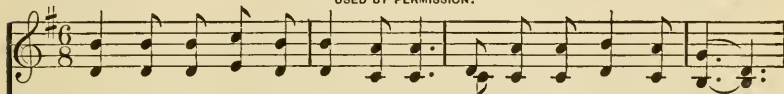
No. 93.

Wonderful Words of Life.

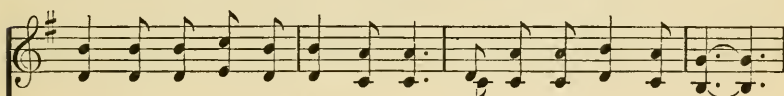
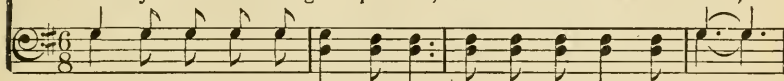
P. P. B.

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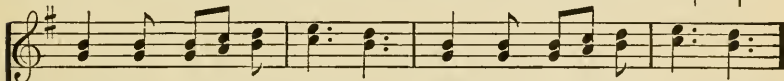
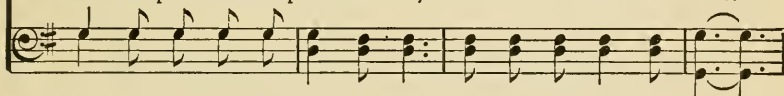
P. P. Bliss.



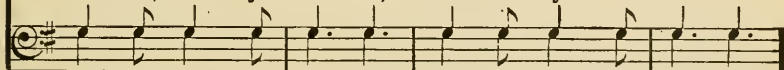
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



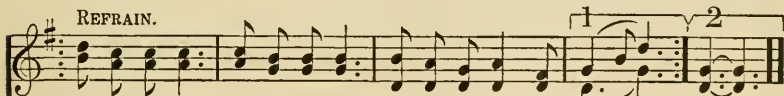
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.



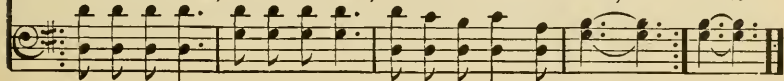
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:



REFRAIN.



Beau-ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.



1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the
 2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To res - cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such

grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
 soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That He should ex - tend His great
 love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a -

me He was cru - ci - fied, That for me a sin - ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
 love un - to such as I, Suf - fi - cient to own, to re - deem and to jus - ti - fy.
 dore at the mer - cy - seat, Un - til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me,
 won - der - ful!

Oh, it is Wonderful.

Enough to die for me; Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me.
won - der - full

No. 95.

More Like Jesus.

J. M. S.

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J. M. Stillman.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and king;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;

I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro - ken heart-ed, With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

REFRAIN.

1 2

More and more like Je-sus, I would ev-er be; . . . My Savior who died for me.
I . . . ev-er would be;

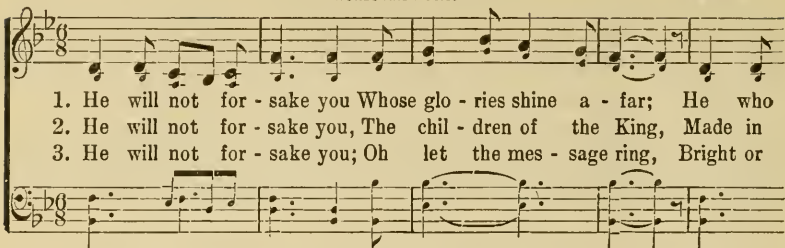
No. 96.

He Will Not Forsake You.

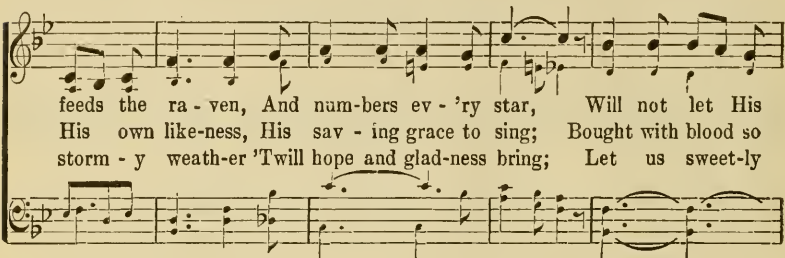
E. E. Hewitt.

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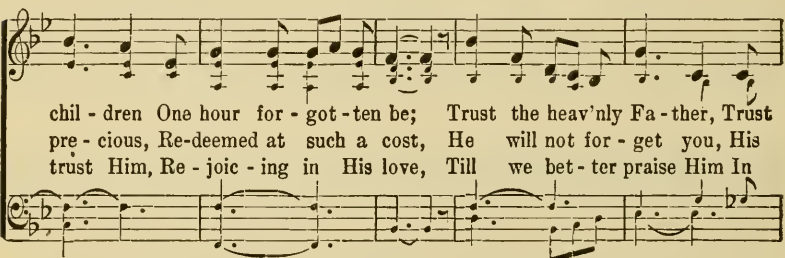
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. He will not for - sake you Whose glo - ries shine a - far; He who
 2. He will not for - sake you, The chil - dren of the King, Made in
 3. He will not for - sake you; Oh let the mes - sage ring, Bright or

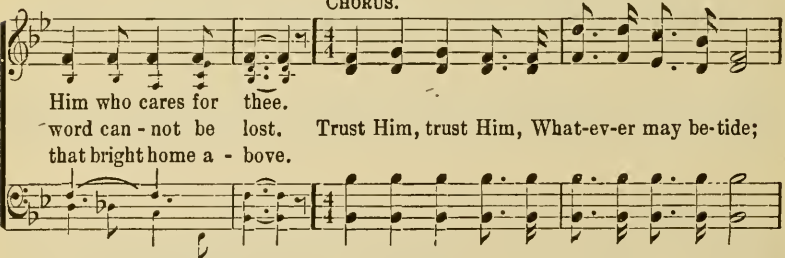


feeds the ra - ven, And num - bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His
 His own like-ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so
 storm - y weath - er 'Twill hope and glad-ness bring; Let us sweet-ly

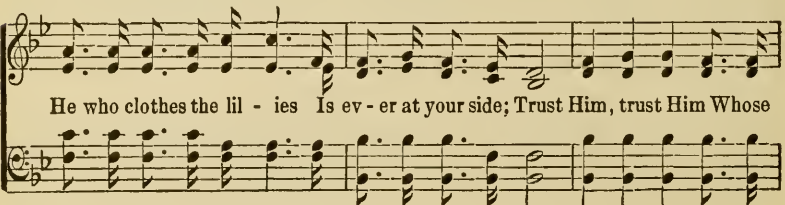


chil - dren One hour for - got - ten be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, Trust
 pre - cious, Re - deemed at such a cost, He will not for - get you, His
 trust Him, Re - joic - ing in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him In

CHORUS.

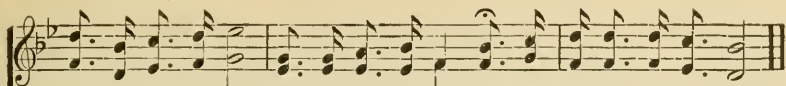


Him who cares for thee.
 word can - not be lost. Trust Him, trust Him, What-ev-er may be-tide;
 that bright home a - bove.

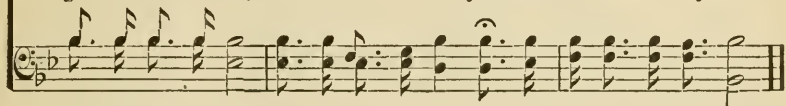


He who clothes the lil - ies Is ev - er at your side; Trust Him, trust Him Whose

He Will Not Forsake You.



glo-ries shine a - far; He will not for-sake you Who numbers ev - 'ry star.

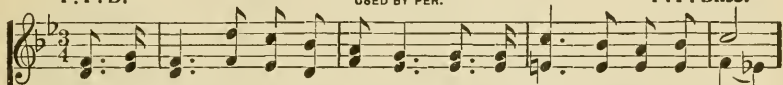


No. 97. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

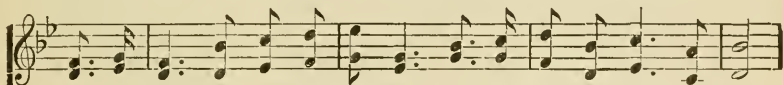
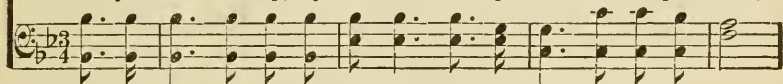
P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

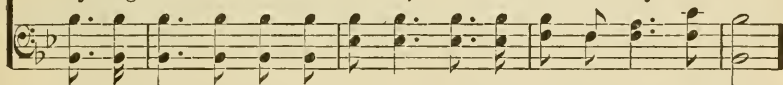
P. P. Bliss.



1. Bright-ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest toss'd,



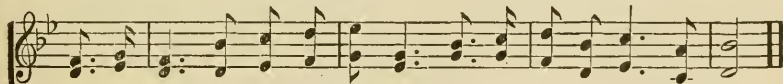
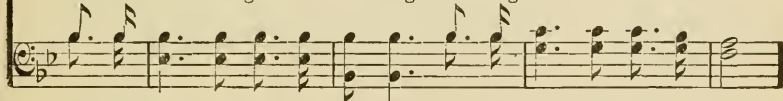
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



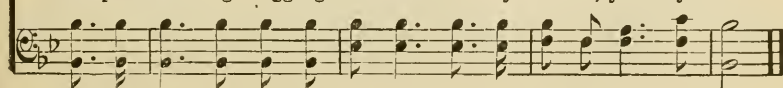
CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



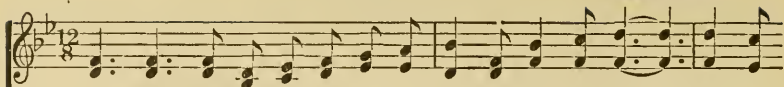
Some poor faint - ing struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.



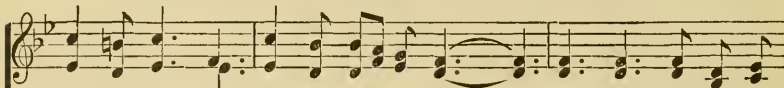
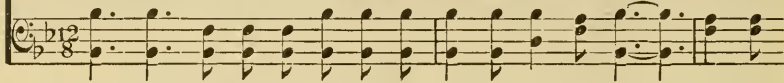
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

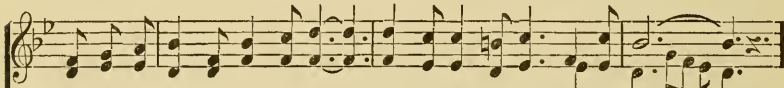
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O

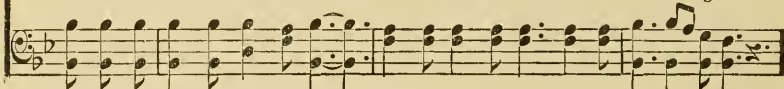


hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
 hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
 hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is
 for thee;

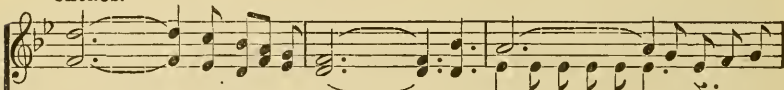


far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . .
 Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . .
 spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . .

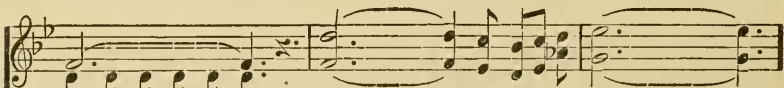
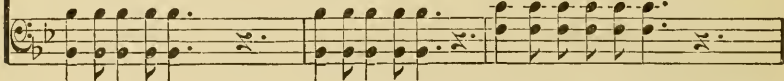
calling still.



CHORUS.



Call-ing now for thee, . . . O wea-ry prod-i-gal
 Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,



come; Call-ing now for thee,
 wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,



Calling the Prodigal.

O wea - - - - - ry prod-i - gal come.
Wea - ry prod - i - gal, come, wea - ry prod - i - gal, come.

No. 99.

Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give,
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you,
3. Life is of-fer'd un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Jesus when He made me whole;

FINE.

'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trusted and He sav'd my soul.

D.S. 'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS.

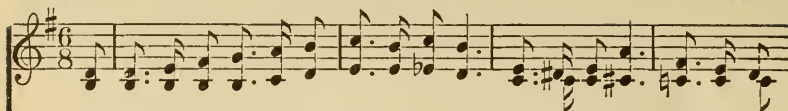
D. S.

"Look and live" . . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
"Look and live," my brother live, "Look and live,"

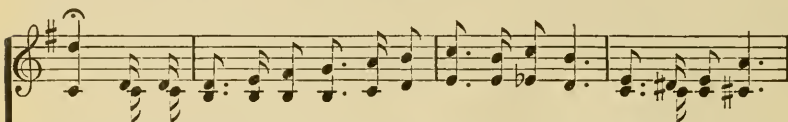
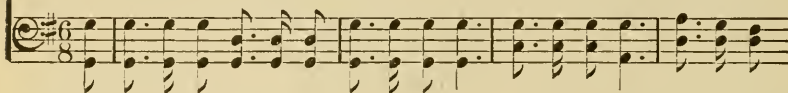
Neal A. McAuley.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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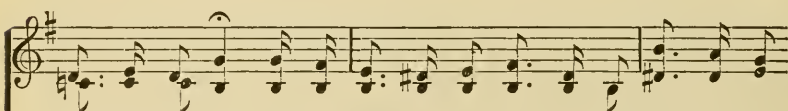
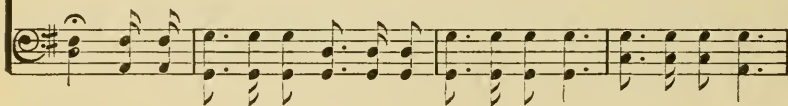
E. O. Excell.



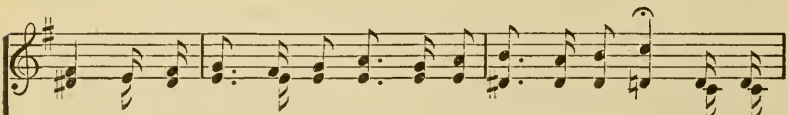
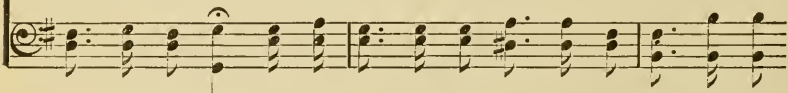
1. I stood by the side of the mur-mur-ing sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-
2. I sailed in a ship on that bil-low-y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-
3. I love to re-call the bright sil-ver-y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-



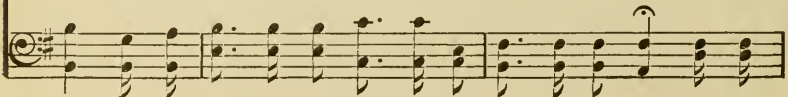
lee; When the sun-shine its beau-ty re-vealed un-to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,
lee; While the voice of the tem-pest was say-ing to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,
lee; For its won-der-ful sto-ry is pre-cious to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,



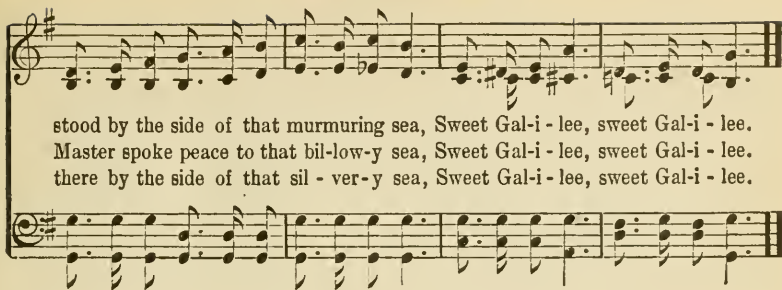
sweet Gal-i-lee; Then I thought of my Sav-ior who years long a-
sweet Gal-i-lee; Then I thought of the hearts who once tossed on the
sweet Gal-i-lee; As it tells of my Sav-ior who came from a-



go Came to tell the glad sto-ry, His love to be-stow, As He
wave, When they cried in their per-il to Him who could save; How the
bove, With the treas-ures of mer-cy and in-fi-nite love, Stand-ing



Sweet Galilee.



stood by the side of that murmuring sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee.
 Master spoke peace to that bil-low-y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee.
 there by the side of that sil-ver-y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee.

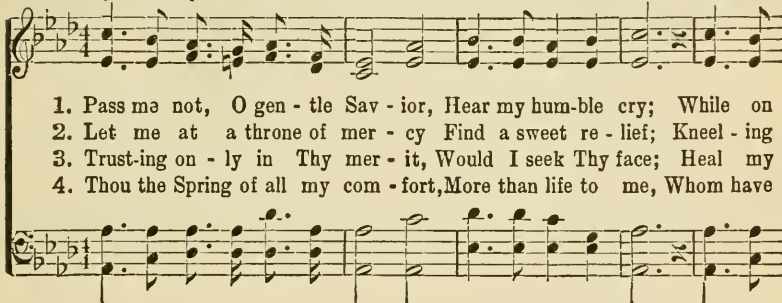
No. 101.

Pass Me Not.

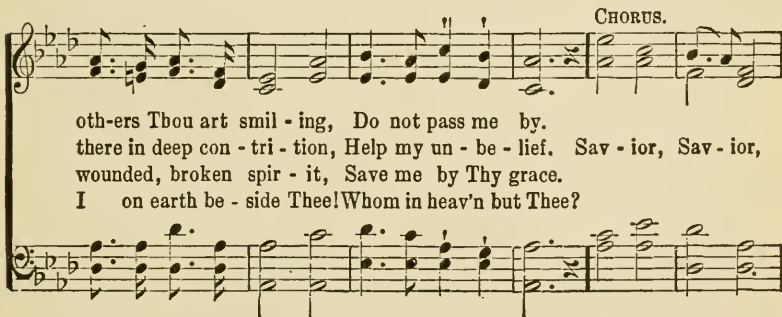
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, RENEWED 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.
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W. H. Doane.

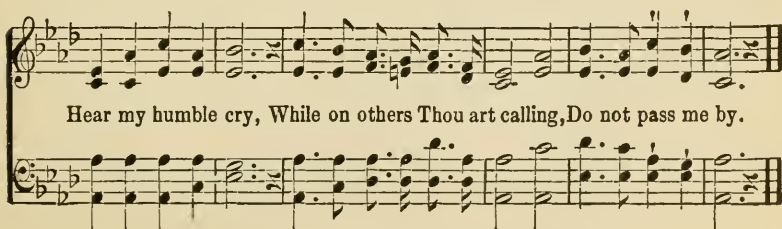


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have



CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior,
 wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
 I on earth be-side Thee! Whom in heav'n but Thee?



Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

No. 102.

Sometime. Somewhere.

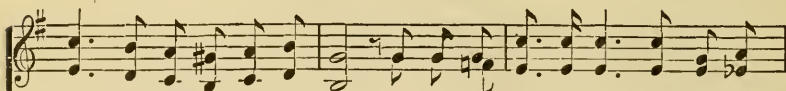
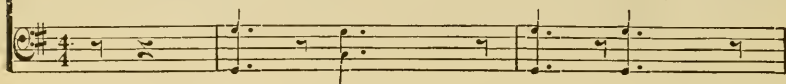
Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams,

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
S. E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

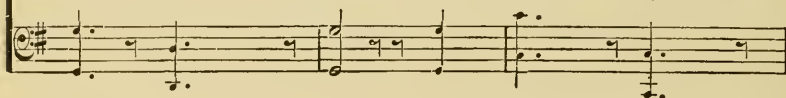
Charlie D. Tillman.



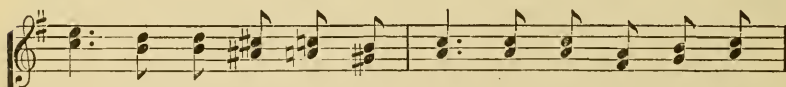
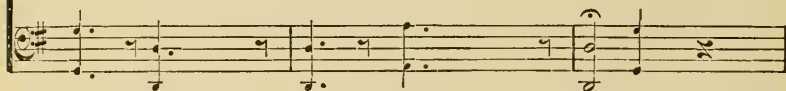
1. Un - an swer ed yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
2. Un - an - swer ed yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un - an - swer ed yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an - swer ed yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swer ed; Her feet were



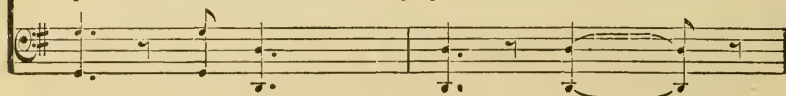
ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith be-gin to fail, is hope de-ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wildest storm pray'r stands un-



part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known, Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. ' If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the lond - est thun - der shock; She knows Om-



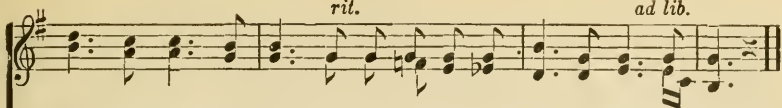
Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your de-
passed since then, do not des - pair; The Lord will an - swer
keep the in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, 'Tt shall be



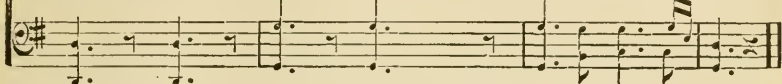
Sometime, Somewhere.

rit.

ad lib.



sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.
you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will an - swer you, sometime, somewhere.
see, sometime, somewhere, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere.
done, sometime, somewhere, "And cries "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."



No. 103.

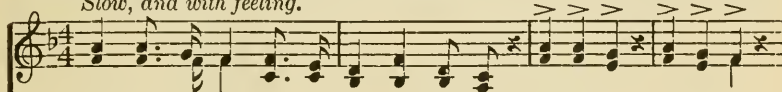
No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

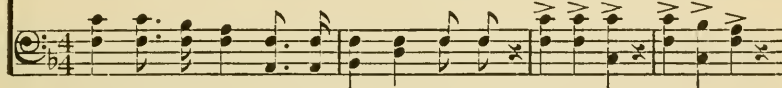
USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

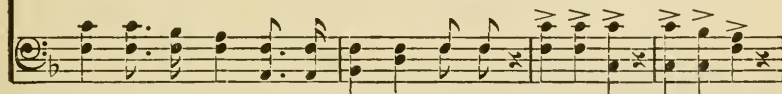
Slow, and with feeling.



1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!



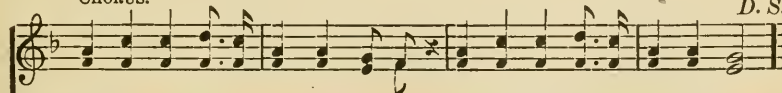
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!



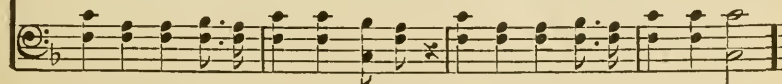
D. S. - There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. S.



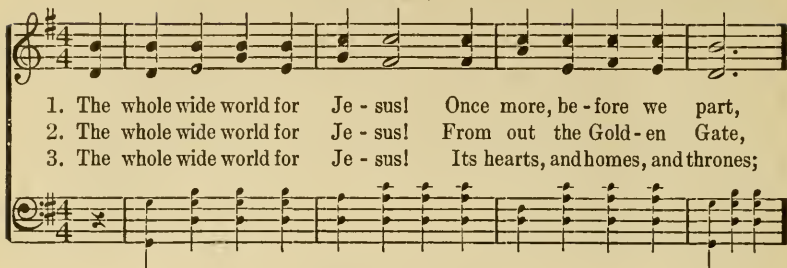
Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;



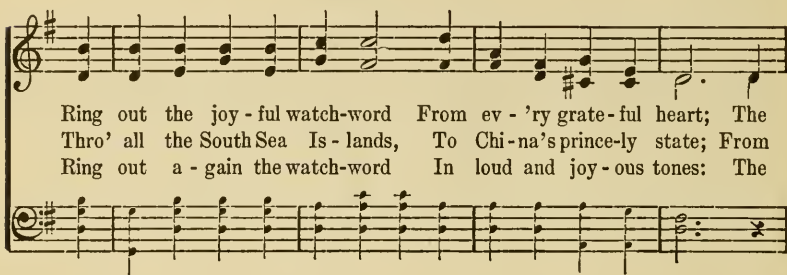
No. 104. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

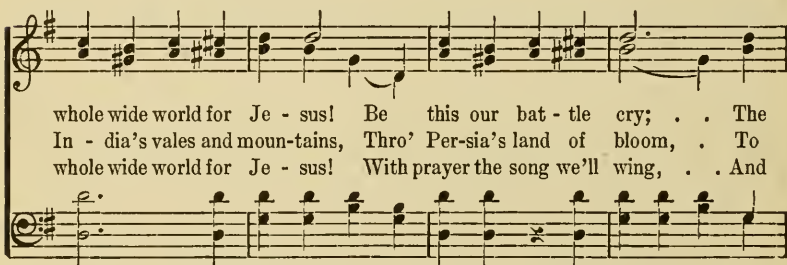
Will L. Thompson.



1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;



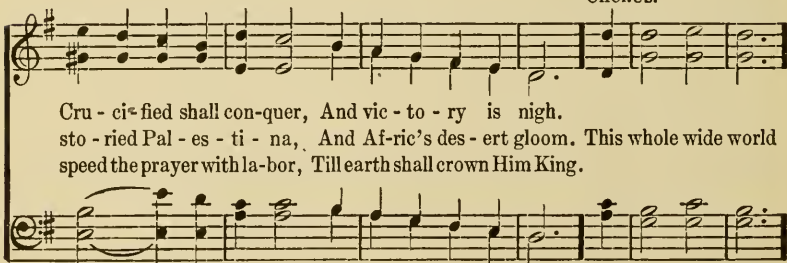
Ring out the joy - ful watch - word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince - ly state; From
Ring out a - gain the watch - word In loud and joy - ous tones: The



whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; . . The
In - dia's vales and moun - tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of bloom, . . To
whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing, . . And

The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and moun - tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

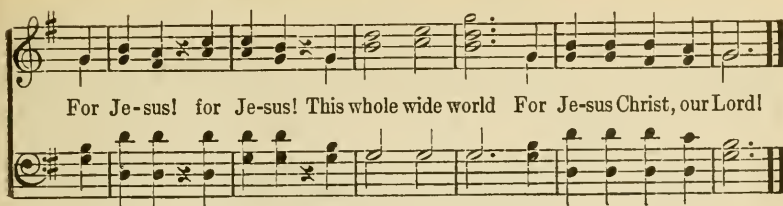
CHORUS.



Cru - ci - fied shall con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af - ric's des - ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with la - bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

cry; . . shall con - quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing, . . with la - bor,

The Whole Wide World for Jesus.



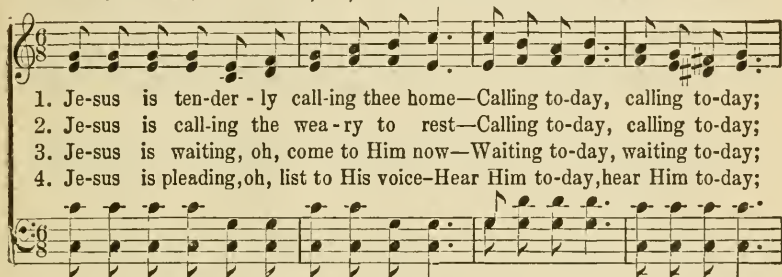
For Je-sus! for Je-sus! This whole wide world For Je-sus Christ, our Lord!

No. 105.

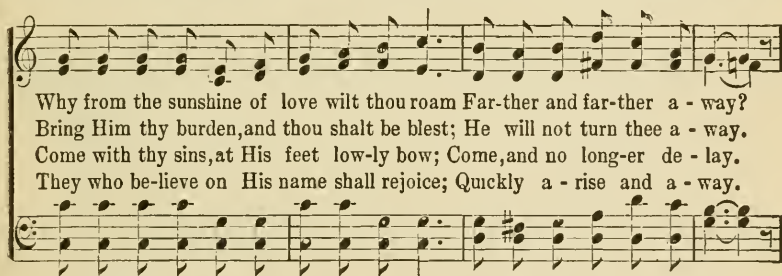
Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. BY PER. George C. Stebbins.

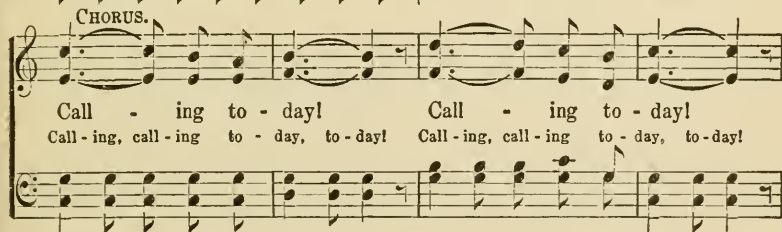


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

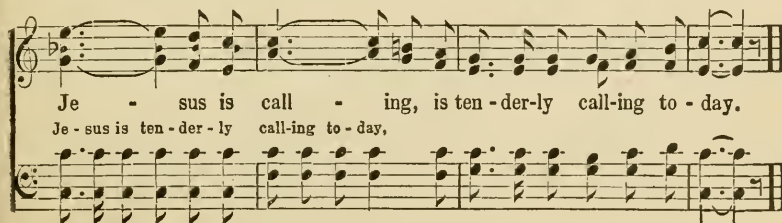


Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
 They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



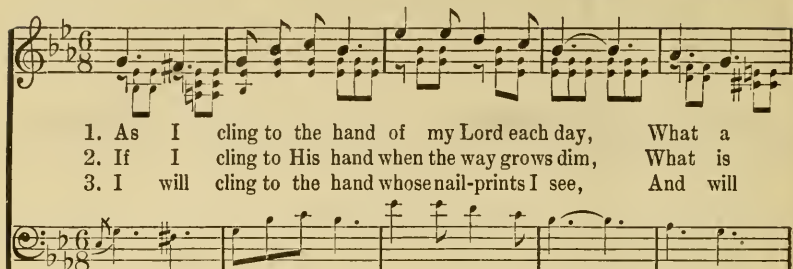
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day,

No. 106. Clinging Close to His Hand.

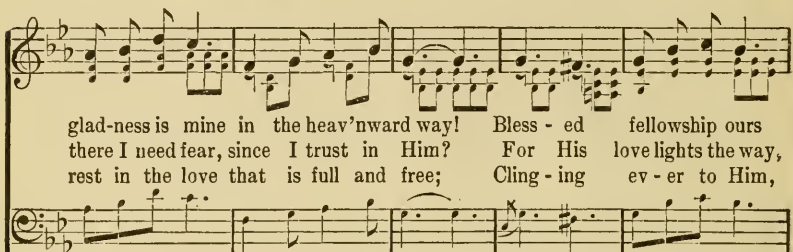
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

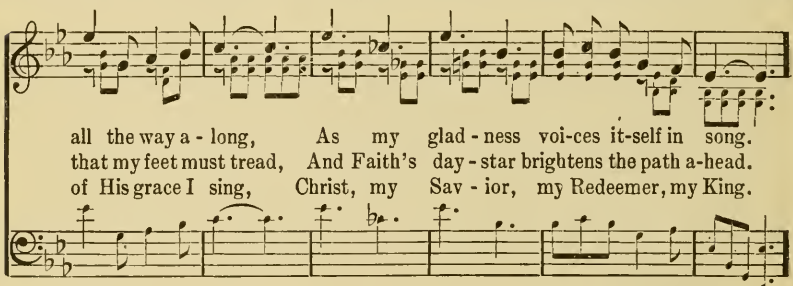
Samuel W. Beazley.



1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, And will

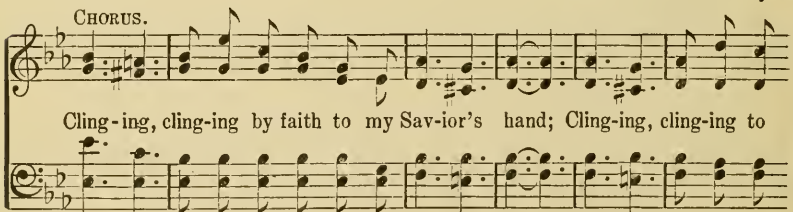


glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! Bless-ed fellowship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? For His love lights the way,
rest in the love that is full and free; Cling-ing ev-er to Him,



all the way a-long, As my glad-ness voi-ces it-self in song.
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day-star brightens the path a-head.
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav-ior, my Redeemer, my King.

CHORUS.

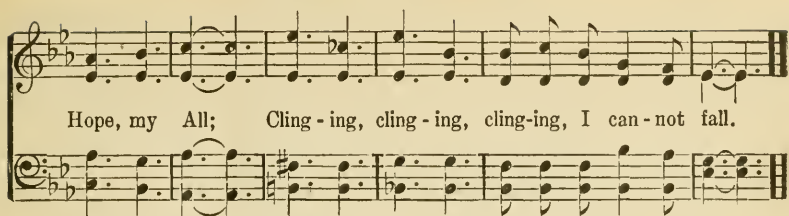


Cling-ing, cling-ing by faith to my Sav-ior's hand; Cling-ing, cling-ing to



Him who my way hath planned; Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my

Glinging Close to His Hand.



Hope, my All; Cling - ing, cling - ing, cling-ing, I can - not fall.

No. 107. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

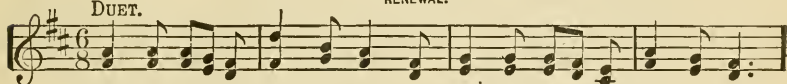
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 80 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go, and empty handed?*"

C. C. Luther.

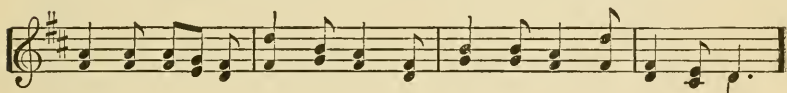
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. B. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

DUET.

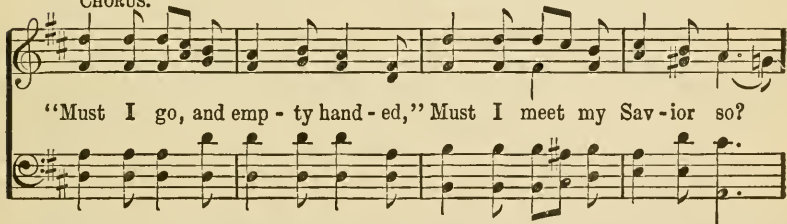


1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

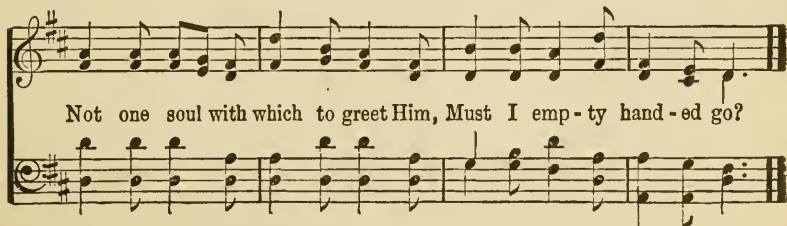


Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.



"Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed," Must I meet my Sav - ior so?

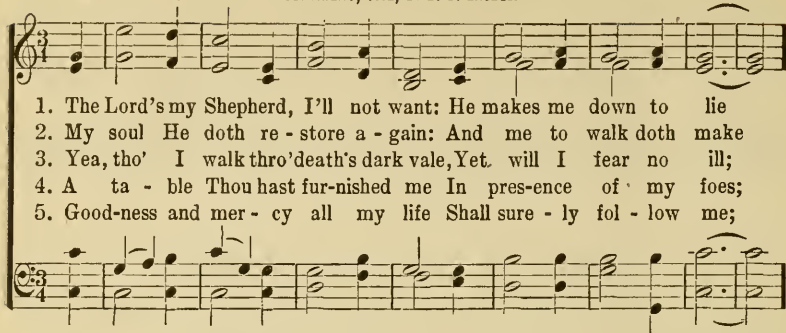


Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?

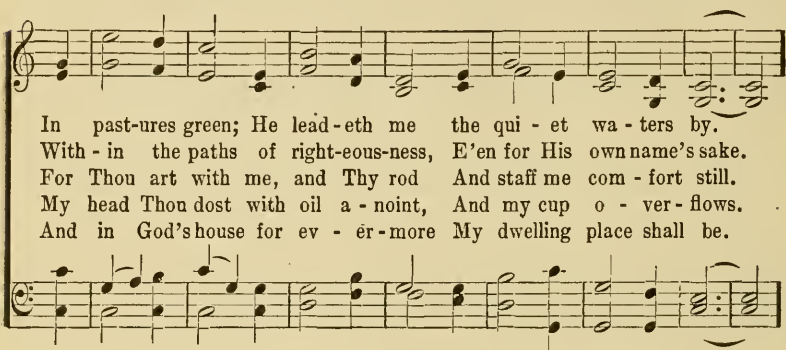
Francis Rous.

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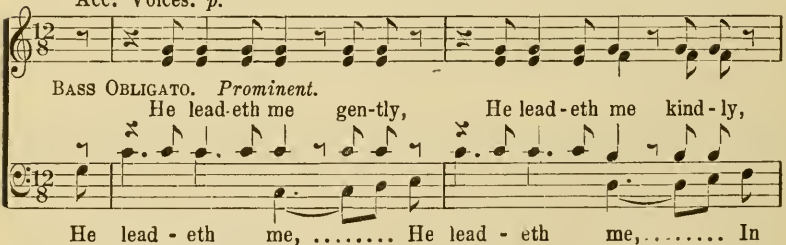
E. O. Excell.



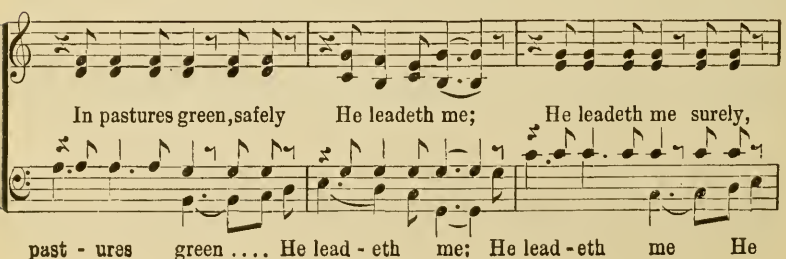
1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
 2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain: And me to walk doth make
 3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
 4. A ta-ble Thou hast fur-nished me In pres-ence of my foes;
 5. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;



In past-ures green; He lead-eth me the qui-et wa-ters by.
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
 My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.
 And in God's house for ev-er-more My dwelling place shall be.

Acc. Voices. *p*.


BASS OBLIGATO. *Prominent.*
 He lead-eth me gen-tly, He lead-eth me kind-ly,
 He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, In



In pastures green, safely He leadeth me; He leadeth me surely,
 past-ures green He lead-eth me; He lead-eth me He

The Lord's My Shepherd,

He leadeth me gen-tly, By His own hand, kindly He leadeth me.

lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me.

No. 109.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ He leadeth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He leadeth me;
 { His faithful follow'r I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

No. 110.

Why Not To-day?

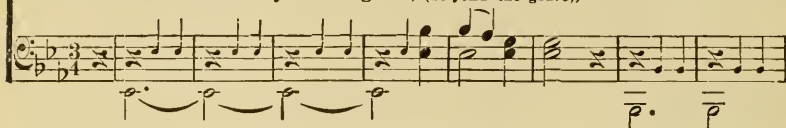
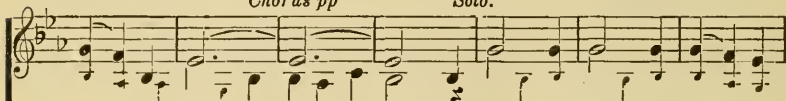
J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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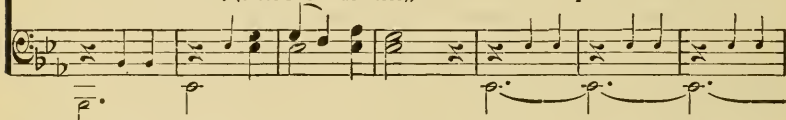
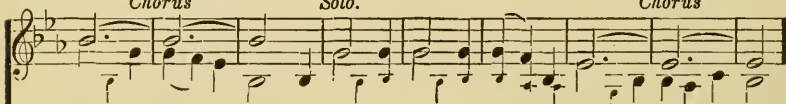
E. O. Excell.

*Solo.**Chorus pp.**Solo.*

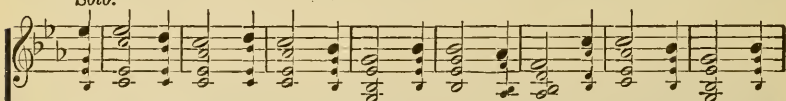
1. You think the house of prayer so sweet, (the prayer so sweet,) So sweet the voice of
2. You think you love God's people now, (you love them now,) You love their com-pan-
3. There is no work be-yond the grave, (be-yond the grave,) There is no la-bor

*Chorus pp**Solo.*

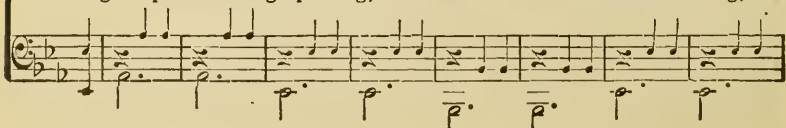
sa - cred song; (so sweet the song;) You turn a - way re-luct - ant
 y to share; (you love to share;) You love be - fore His throne to
 or de - vice, (there's no de - vice,) There is no pow'r can reach to

*Chorus**Solo.**Chorus*

feet, (re-luct - ant feet,) As tho' the hour you would prolong; [the hour prolong;]
 bow, [you love to bow,] And list - en to their humble pray'r; [their humble pray'r;]
 save, [no pow'r to save,] There is no ran-som there or price; [there is no price;]

*Solo.*

And yet your soul is un - for-giv'n, No ti - tle yet have you for heav'n; You
 Why should you pause and hes-i-tate, Un - til per-haps it be too late? You
 No gos - pel word or gospel song, No house of God where Christians throng; You



Why Not To-day?

Chorus.

mean sometime to kneel and pray, Why not to-day? (why not to-day?) Why not to-day?

No. 111.

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

Be-cause He first loved me, And purchased my sal - va-tion On Calv'ry's tree.

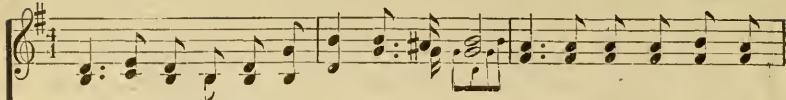
No. 112.

The Evangel Age.

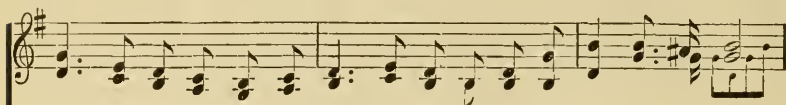
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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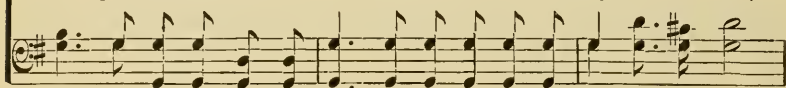
Flora H. Cassel.



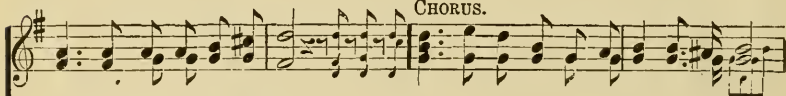
1. O 'tis coming! night is break-ing a - way; 'Tis the dawn-ing of the
2. See the might-y hosts of God in ar - ray, Stron-ger, stron-ger grow-ing
3. O ye slumb'ring ones, a - wake and a - rise! See, the sun is mount-ing
4. O 'tis coming! bringing peace in its train; Sing, O sing the sweet e-



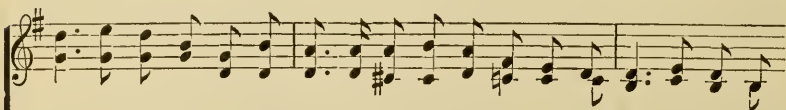
gold - en day, When all the world shall hear the bless-ed word we a - dore,
 ev - 'ry day; Pre-par-ing ev - 'ry-where the com-ing way of the Lord,
 up the skies! Fall in - to line, make read-y for the great Ju - bi - lee
 van - gel strain That ush - ers in the gold-en age, tri-umph-ant in love;



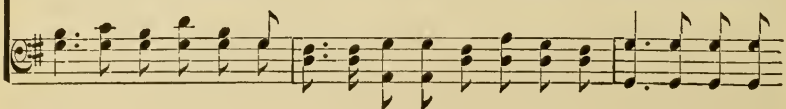
CHORUS.



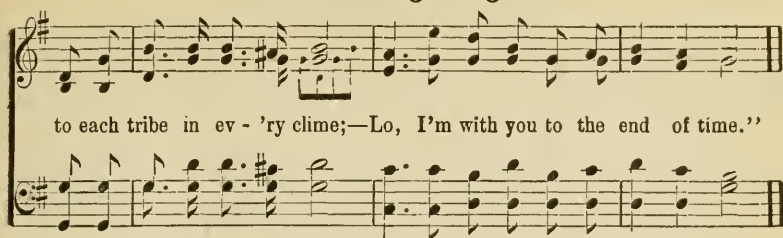
Ech-o-ing from shore to shore.
 Spreading ev'rywhere His word. Sounds the great Evangel's word of command,
 That is coming full and free.
 Sing, ye an-gel host a - bove!



"Go ye in - to ev - 'ry na-tion, ev - 'ry land, And preach the gos-pel message



The Evangel Age.



to each tribe in ev - 'ry clime;—Lo, I'm with you to the end of time."

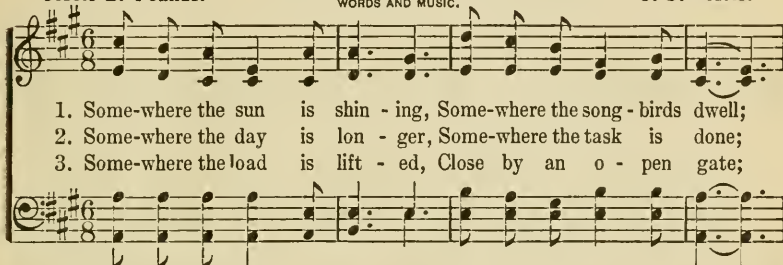
No. 113.

Beautiful Isle.

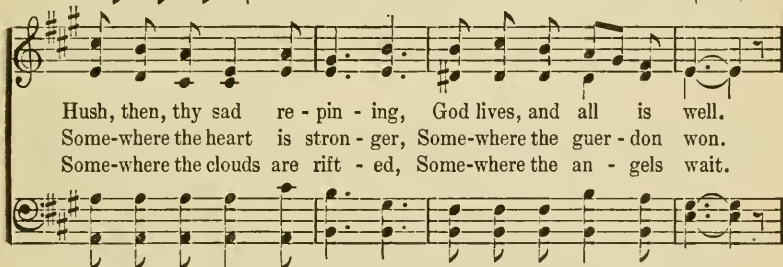
Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.



1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

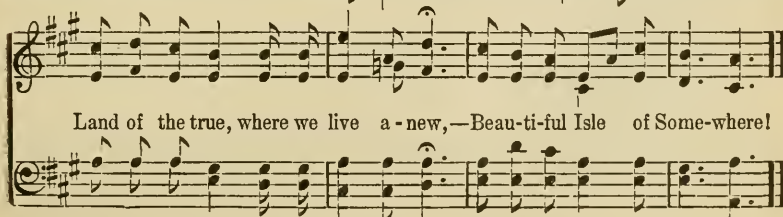


Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.



CHORUS.

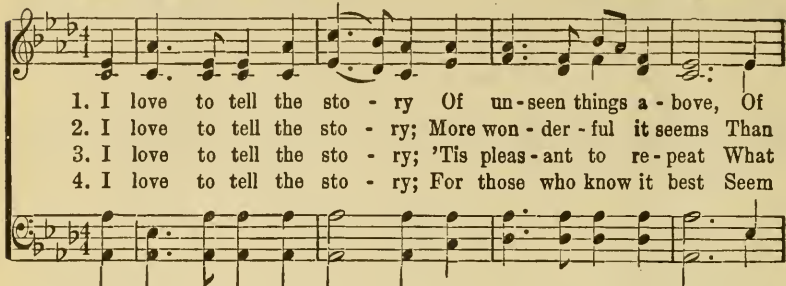
Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,



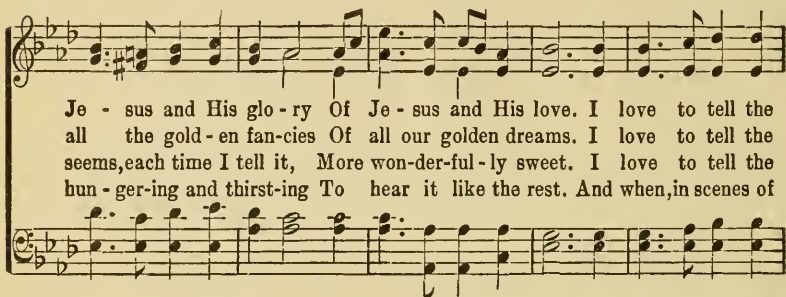
Land of the true, where we live a - new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

Katharine Hankey. Refrain added.

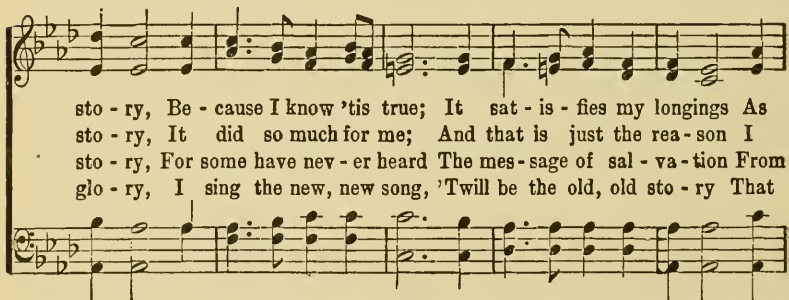
William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

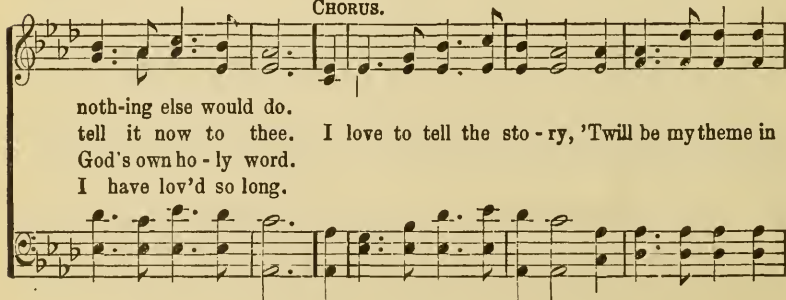


Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of



sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
 sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.



noth - ing else would do.
 tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
 God's own ho - ly word.
 I have lov'd so long.

I Love to Tell the Story.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 115.

Take Time to be Holy?

W. D. Longstaff.

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USED BY PER. OF BIGLOW-MAIN CO.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

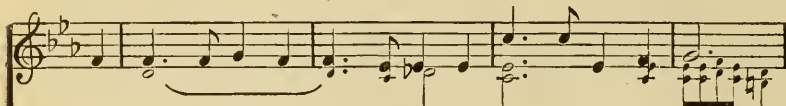
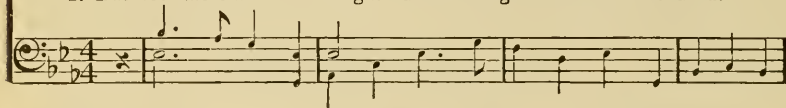
1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul, Each tho't and each

al - ways, And feed on His Word; Make friends of God's chil - dren,
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone; By look - ing to Je - sus,
fore Him, What-ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row,
mo - tive Be-neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it

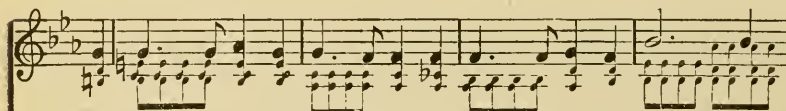
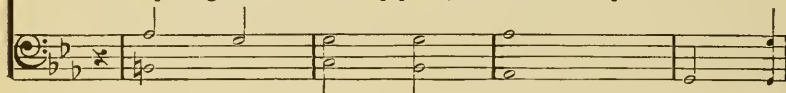
Help those who are weak, For-get-ting in noth - ing His bless-ing to seek.
Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like-ness shall see.
Still fol - low thy Lord, And look-ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
To fount-ains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv-ice a - bove.



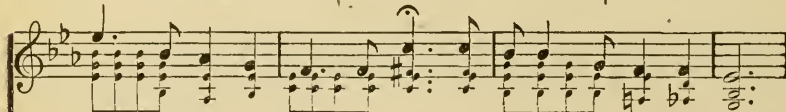
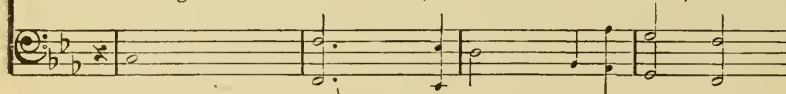
1. Be - hold! One com - eth in the way, In hum - ble gar - ments clad;
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth be - fore:
3. They lead Him forth to Cal - va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die!
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead!



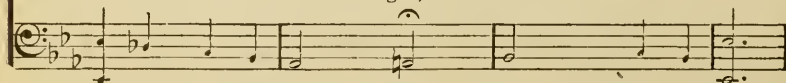
The poor - est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head.
The bur - dened sin - ner hears that voice, And feels his sins no more.
His parch - ed lips are plead - ing now For those who cru - ci - fy!
To weep - ing ones He re - ap - pears, When all their hopes had fled.



The hun - gry, weary, sick and sad In crowds a - bout Him press,— To
He calls the dead to life a - gain, Bids winds and bil - lows cease,— None
His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease,— He
He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The

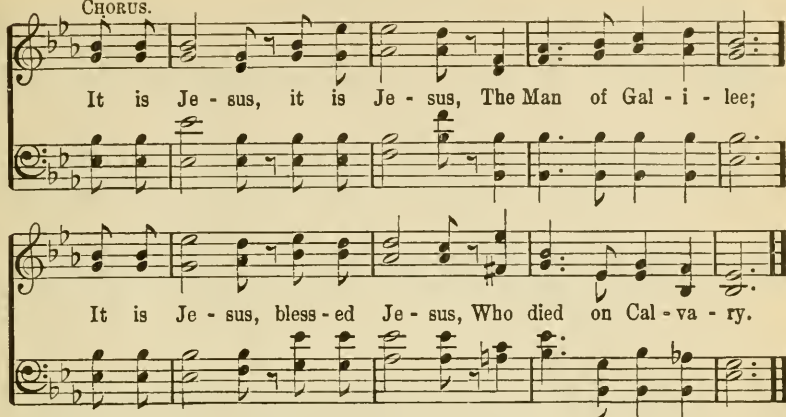


ev - 'ry one He gives re - lief,— What manner of man is this?
oth - er man such works hath done,— What manner of man is this?
suf - fered thus for you and me,— What manner of man is this?
heav'n's re - ceive Him from their sight,— What manner of man is this?



It Is Jesus.

CHORUS.



It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee;

It is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry.


No. 117.

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.



1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad - ed"

2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad - ed,"

3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it, turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al-most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."

lin - g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan - d'rer, come.

but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
 2. Some day I'll see the man-sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
 3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some

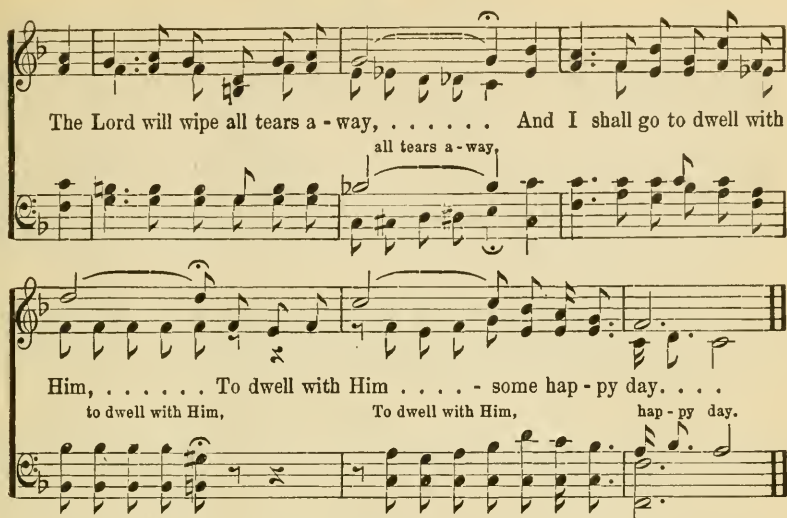
day the world be vanquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
 day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
 day re - ceive, un-meas-ured The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up -

end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
 voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
 on me from that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of

CHORUS.

ceive, at last, my crown. some hap-py day,
 heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, some happy day,
 His un - dy - ing love. some hap-py day,

Some Day.



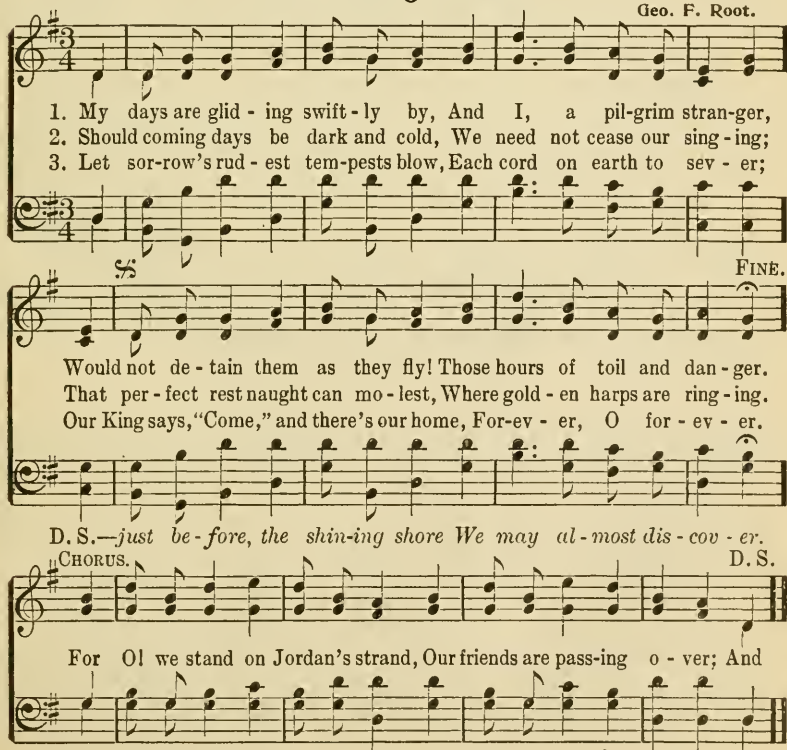
The Lord will wipe all tears a-way, And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a-way,

Him, To dwell with Him - some hap-py day. . . .
to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him, hap-py day.

No. 119.

The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.



1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing-ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pests blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er;

FINE.

Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev-er, O for-ev-er.

D. S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.
CHORUS. D. S.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And

Holy Twilight Hour.

(The Winona Bethany Hymn.)

S. W. B.

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INTRODUCTION.

DUET. *Tranquil style.*

1. When si - lent - ly the night-shades fall, In sa - ble man - tle dressed,
2. When twi-light steals o'er land and sea, And shad-ows come and go,
3. Di - vine-ly sweet is such an hour, When Je - sus draws us near,

And earth in ho - ly calm and peace Is gen - tly lulled to rest,
With si - lent tread 'mid zeph-yrs sweet That gen - tly on - ward flow,
With fond ca - ress and ten - der smile, His lov - ing words to hear;

Cadenza.
There comes from out the stillness deep A whis-per sweet and low,
There seems to be a soft-er strain That whispers to my soul,
But sweet-er far than this't will be, When life's twilight shall come,

That brings in - to the wear - y breast A peace it fain would know.
And Je - sus, heav'n, and all things pure, Come in and take con - trol.
If Je - sus speaks His fond "Well done! Come, reign with me at home."

Holy Twilight Hour.

QUARTET.

Ho - ly twi-light hour, bless-ed twi-light hour, Thro' thy woo-ing,
 Ho - ly twi-light hour, bless-ed twi-light hour, Thro' thy tran-quil

Twilight hour, twilight hour,

Je - sus speaks and bids us "Come"! sweet home.
 dream the [Omit.] heart sings Home, sweet home. . . .

No. 121. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C. for Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Souland bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

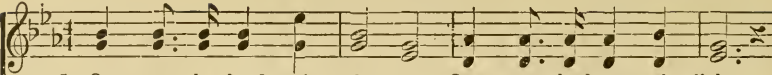
No. 122.

On to the Land of Glory.

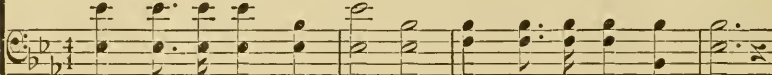
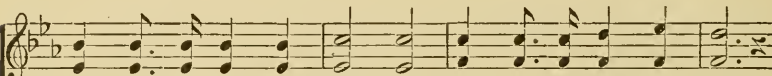
E. E. Hewitt.

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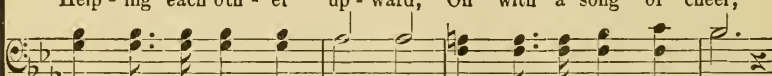
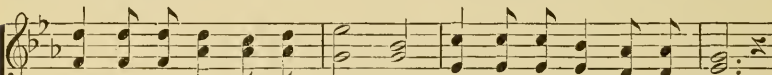
Jno. R. Sweney.



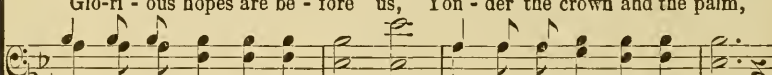
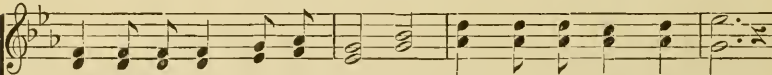
1. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home of light,
 2. Loy - al to Christ our Lead - er, Trust - ing His boundless might,
 3. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home so dear,

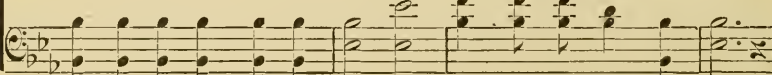
Sing - ing the dear old sto - ry, On to the man - sions bright;
 March - ing in Zi - on's ar - my, Bat - tling for God and right;
 Help - ing each oth - er up - ward, On with a song of cheer;

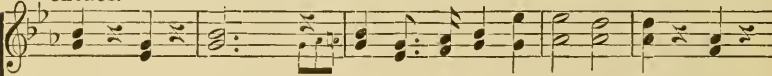
Joy - ful - ly shout - ing ho - san - na, Prais - ing the name of our King,
 Vic - to - ry on - ly thro' Je - sus, This is the watchword of faith,
 Glo - ri - ous hopes are be - fore us, Yon - der the crown and the palm,

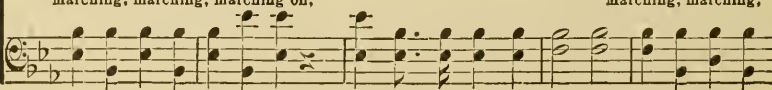
Fol - low - ing af - ter His ban - ner, Glad - ly our voic - es ring.
 Cer - tain - ly He will be with us, With us in life and death.
 Join in the ju - bi - lant cho - rus, Join the thanks - giv - ing psalm.



CHORUS.



On! on! on! On to the land of glo - ry! On! On!
 Marching, marching, marching on, Marching, marching,



On to the Land of Glory.

on! On to the home of light! On! on! on! Singing the
marching on, Marching, marching marching on,

dear old sto - ry; On! on! on! On to the mansions bright.
Marching, marching, marching on,

No. 123.

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To

cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile-ness full - y cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

FINE.

D. S.—That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS.

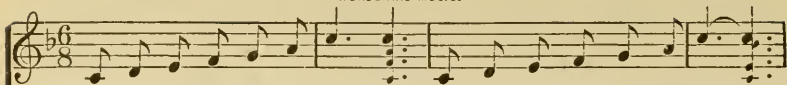
D. S.

I am coming, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood

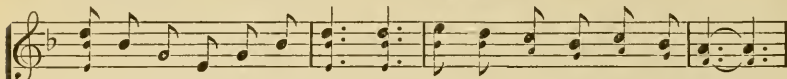
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

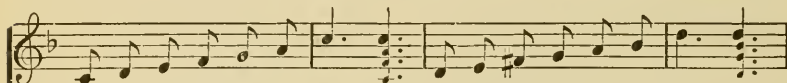
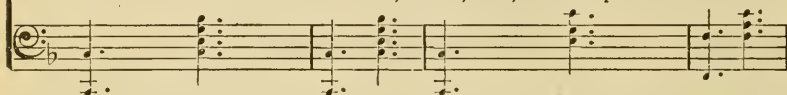
Samuel W. Beazley.



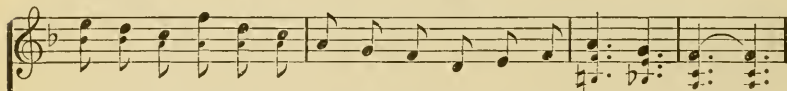
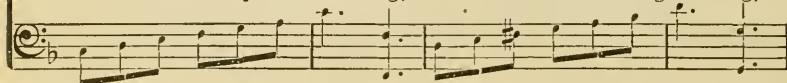
1. Hark to the mu-sic re-sound-ing, Reap-ers are need-ed to-day;
2. Forward with hearts full of glad-ness, Reap-ers, I pray you, make haste;
3. Hark to the song they are sing-ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare;



Fields are all white, to the har-vest Let us be up and a-way!
Grain there is read-y and wait-ing, If not soon gathered, will waste;
Soon will the har-vest be end-ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share.



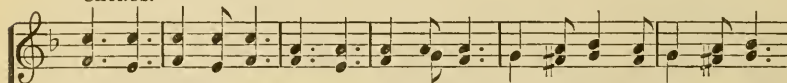
Ev-er the Mas-ter is call-ing, Has-ten! the shad-ows are fall-ing;
Then let us hear you re-ply-ing, La-bor with cour-age un-dy-ing,
Let no one i-dly be dream-ing, Look! look! the harvest is gleam-ing,



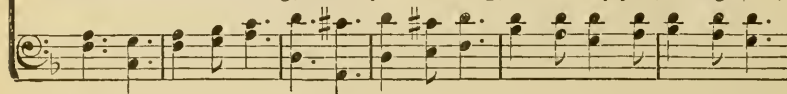
On to the har-vest-field, Gath-er the gold-en yield, Pre-cious sheaves.
Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home.
Join ye the reap-ing band, Lend them a help-ing hand, Ere the night.



CHORUS.



Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng; Forth with joyful, lov-ing heart,



Reapers are Needed.

Brave-ly do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all;

On where the harvest stands, Waiting for will-ing hands Souls to win.

No. 125.

Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

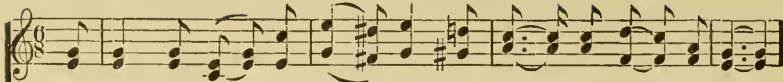
pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
reive the blessing, Come, sin - ner come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come!

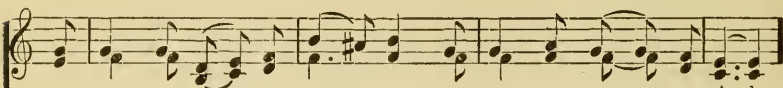
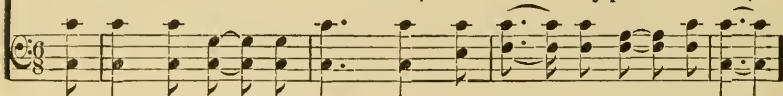
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W. A. Hemphill.



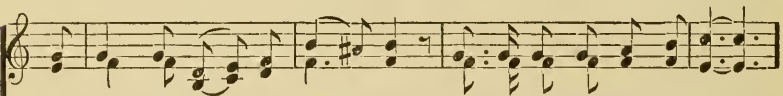
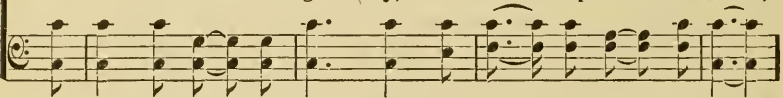
1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temptations are sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mount - ain, For me they pierc'd His side,



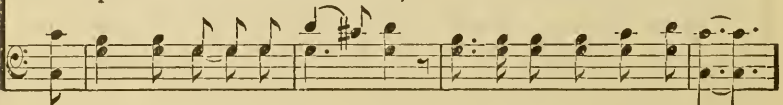
I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
 I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
 My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear,
 For me He open'd that fount - ain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;



I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Tell - ing me still to fight on,
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
 My feet en - tangl'd with bri - ars, Read - y to cast me down,
 For me He wait - eth in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne,



He prom - is'd nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 He prom - is'd nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 My Sav - ior whisper'd His prom - ise, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 He prom - is'd nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.



Never Alone

REFRAIN.

No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev-er a - lone, He promis'd nev-er to

leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone; leave me a - lone.

No. 127.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

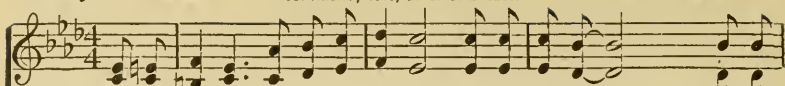
No. 128.

I'm a Pilgrim.

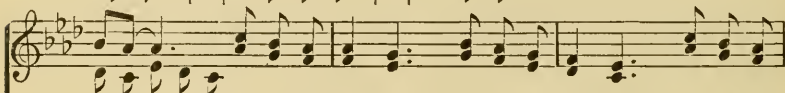
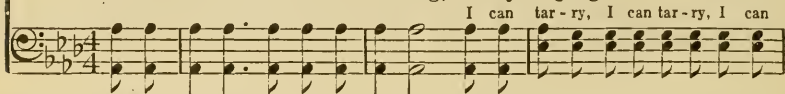
Mary S. B. Dana.

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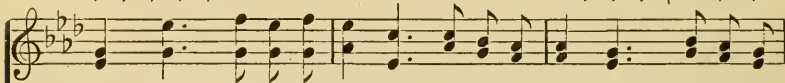
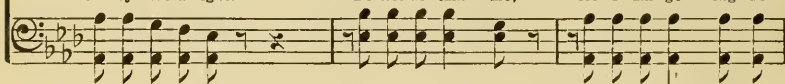
Chas. H. Gabriel.



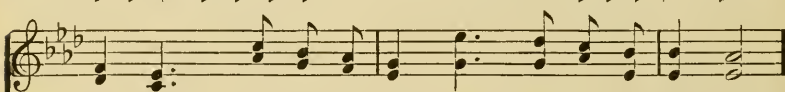
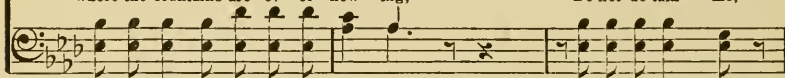
1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry but a
 2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er is the
 3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shining,—O my long-ing heart is



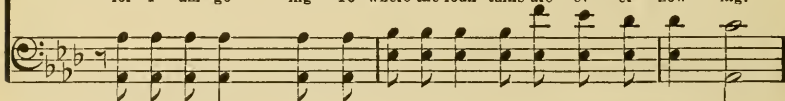
night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
 Light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y
 there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and dreary, I long have
 tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To



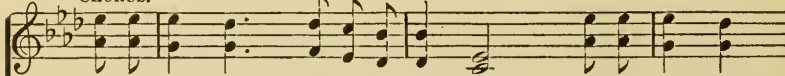
foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing; Do not de-tain me, for I am
 tears there, nor an-y dy-ing; There is no sor-row, nor an-y
 wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y; Here in this coun-try, so dark and
 where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing; Do not de-tain me,



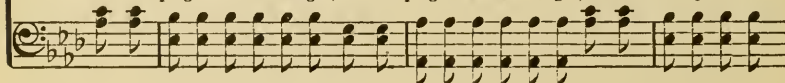
go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.
 sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
 drear-y, I long have wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y.
 for I am go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.



CHORUS.



I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry
 I'm a pil-grim and a stranger, I'm a pil-grim and a stranger; I can tar-ry but a



I'm a Pilgrim.

but a night; I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a
night, I can tar - ry but a night; For I'm a pil - grim and a stran - ger, I'm a

stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.
pil - grim and a stranger,

No. 129.

Jesus, Hide Me.

Fred. Woodrow.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Carl Fischer.

1. O Thou shel - ter from the tem - pest, Hide me till the storm goes by;
2. Thou, O Christ, canst still the tem - pest, Thou canst rule the stormy sea;
3. Life, and death, and tears, and troub - le, All are in Thy might - y pow'r;
FINE.

D. S. - From the gloom - y depths of dark - ness, Sav - ior, hear, O hear my cry.
And the sad and troub - led spir - it Cries a - loud, O Lord, to Thee.
O Thou shel - ter from the temp - est, Hide me in the try - ing hour.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Je - sus, hide me, Je - sus, hide me, Hide me till the storm goes by;

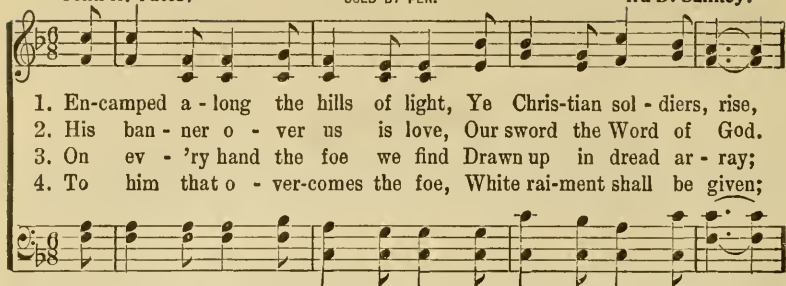
No. 130.

Faith is the Victory.

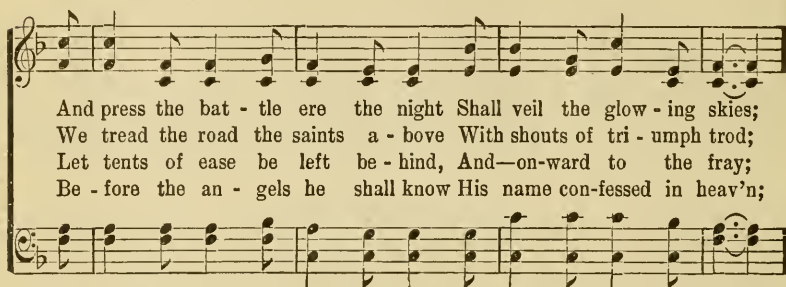
John H. Yates,

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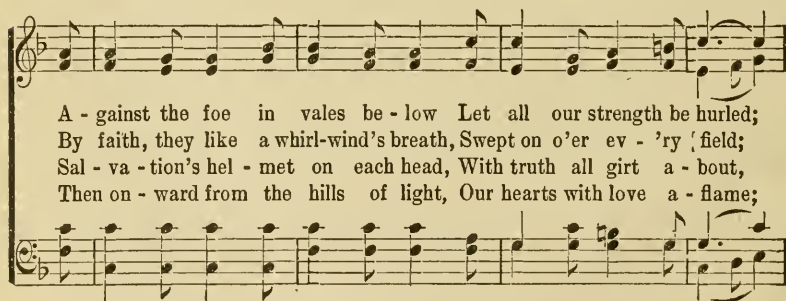
Ira D. Sankey.



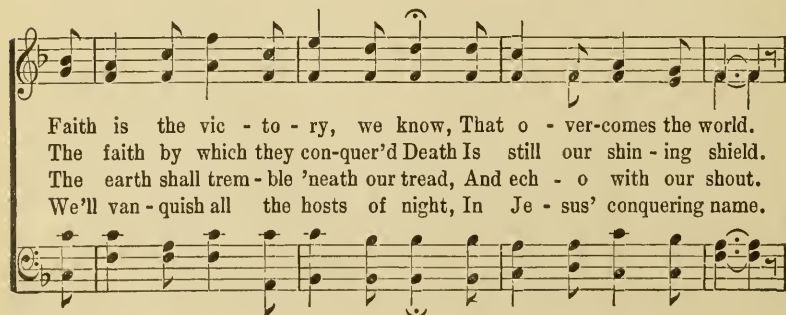
1. En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol - diers, rise,
 2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God.
 3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
 4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be given;



And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
 We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
 Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And—on-ward to the fray;
 Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n;



A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;
 By faith, they like a whirl-wind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
 Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
 Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;



Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
 The faith by which they con-quer'd Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
 The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
 We'll van - quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.

Faith is the Victory.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

No. 131. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;

Cho. - Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;

D. C. for Chorus.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

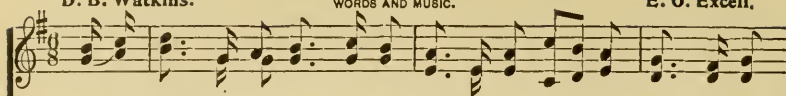
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

No. 132. That Old, Old, Story is True.

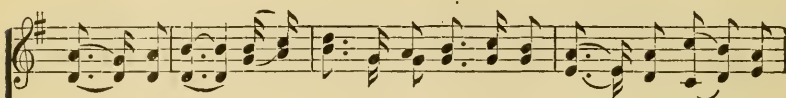
D. B. Watkins.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

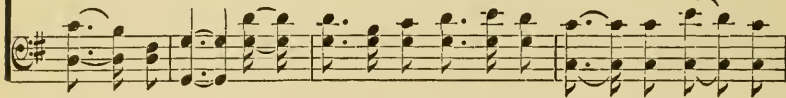
E. O. Excell.



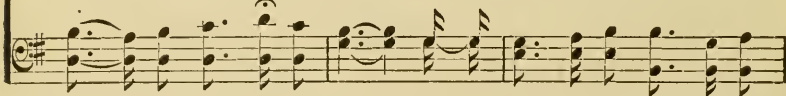
1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis call'd "The sweet
2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en we're told, Tri - umph - ant o'er
4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of peace and good



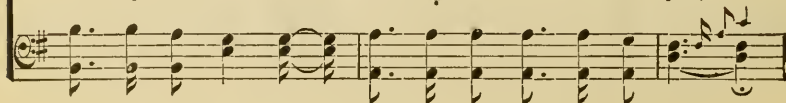
sto - ry of old;" I hear it so oft - en, wher - ev - er I go, That
earth to dwell, To seek for His lost ones, and make them se - cure From
death and hell; He's pre - par - ing a place in that cit - y of gold, Where
will to men; There's no sto - ry to me that is half so sweet, As I



same old sto - ry is told; And I've thought it was strange that so
death and the pow - er of hell; That He was de - spis'd, and with
lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell. Where our kin - dred we'll meet, and we'll
hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in - vites you to come—He will

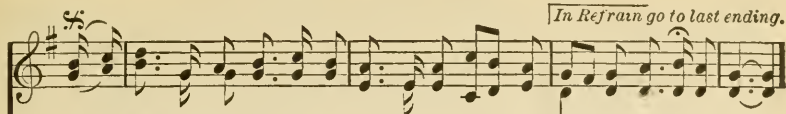


oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were new;
thorns He was crown'd, On the cross was ex - tend - ed to view;
nev - er more part, And oh, while I tell it to you,
free - ly re - ceive, And this mes - sage He send - eth to you,

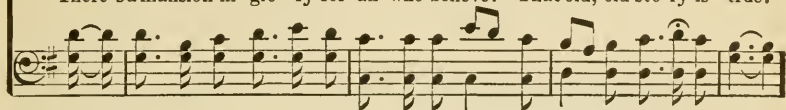


That Old, Old Story is True.

In Refrain go to last ending.

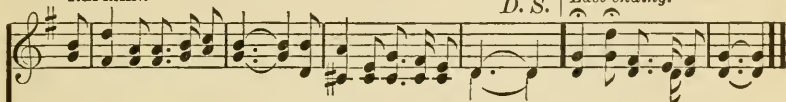


But I've found out the reason they loved it so well, That old, old story is true.
But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old story is true.
It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old story is true.
"There's a mansion in glo-ry for all who believe!" That old, old story is true.

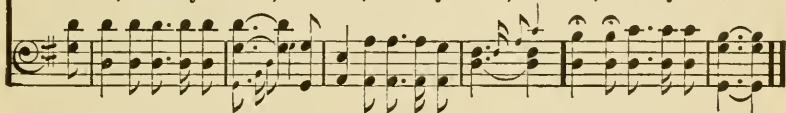


REFRAIN.

D. S. Last ending.



That old, old story is true, That old, old story is true; . . . old, old story is true.



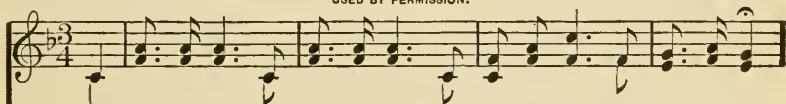
No. 133.

I'll Live For Him.

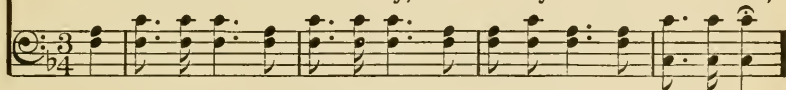
R. E. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
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C. R. Dunbar.

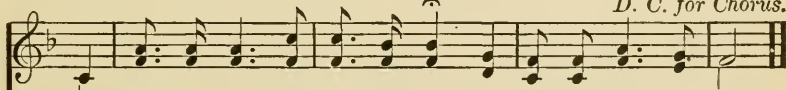


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,



CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D. C. for Chorus.



Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!



I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

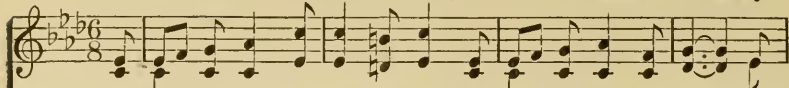
No. 134.

Beyond the Tide.

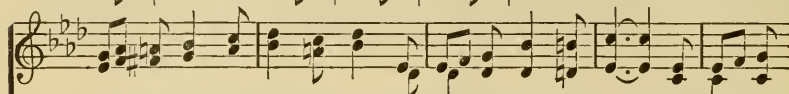
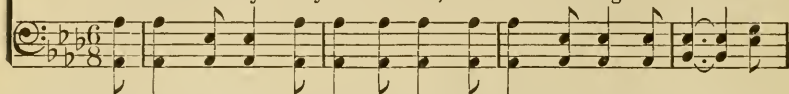
Lizzie DeArmond.

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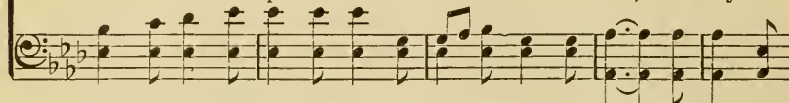
Samuel W. Beazley.



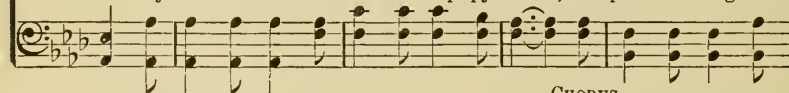
1. If I could fly be-yond the tide, where shines the per-fect day, I'd
2. Tho' angel choirs should welcome sing, one voice a-lone I'll hear, That
3. If I could fly be-yond the tide, the face I'd long to see Would



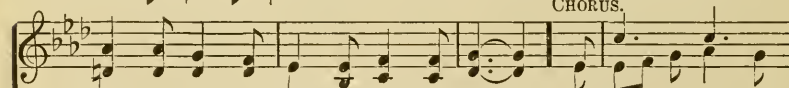
seek the One whose ten-der love has brightened all life's way, And, kneeling
thro' my earth-ly pil-grim-age has filled my soul with cheer; Its mu-sic
be of Him whose presence here makes earth a heav'n for me; Some day with



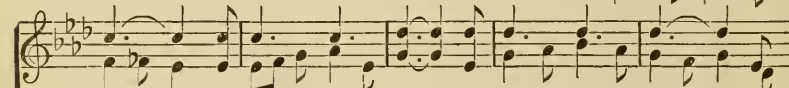
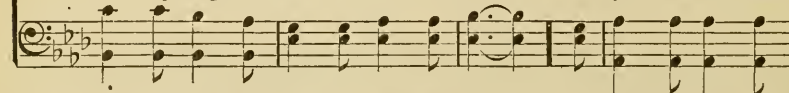
down be-fore His feet, for-get-ting pain and loss, Give thanks that He had
sweet full well I know, but oh, the joy di-vine, To feel, that thro' e-
Christ my Lord I'll rise to E-den's hap-py shore, And prais-es sing un-



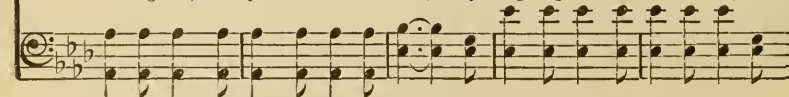
CHORUS.



laid on me the bur-den of His cross. Be-yond the
ter-ni-ty, this bless-ed Lord is mine!
to my King who lives for-ev-er-more. Be-yond the tide, the



tide, . . . the si-lent tide, My long-ing soul, . . . my
roll-ing tide, be-yond the si-lent tide, My long-ing soul would ev-er be,



Beyond the Tide.

longing soul would be, Where I could see the face . . . of Christ my
the bless-ed face of Christ my

Lord, Whose smile makes heav'n for me, Whose smile makes heav'n for me.
Lord, Whose smile makes heav'n for me, for me,

No. 135. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
D. C.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me!

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

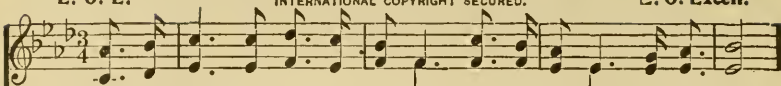
A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

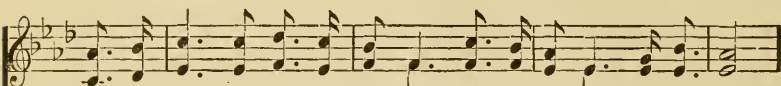
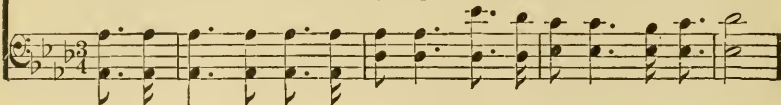
E. O. E.

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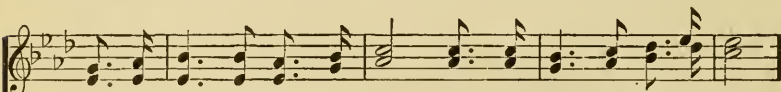
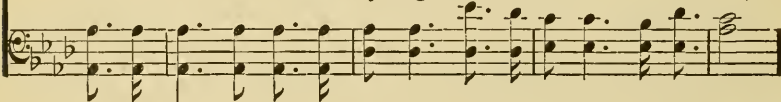
E. O. Excell.



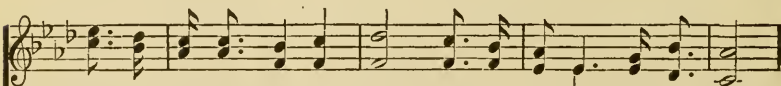
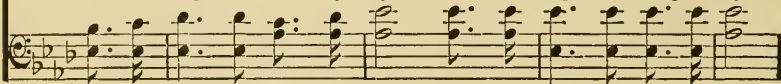
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,



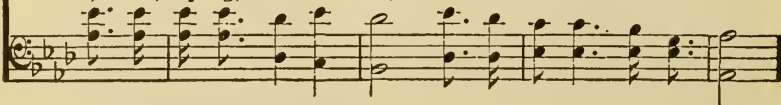
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
 Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
 Ma-n'y souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
 While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;



For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
 Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
 If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
 Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;



They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
 Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
 For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
 Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.



A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.

For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
 For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,

They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.
 Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love?
 For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.
 Go, then, say - ing, "Here am I" With a lit - tle bit of love.

No. 137.

Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

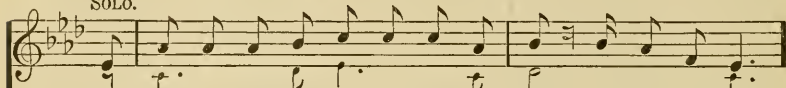
Ophelia G. Adams.

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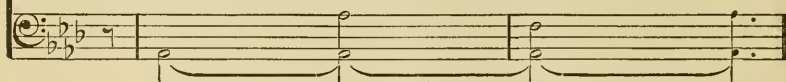
Chas. H. Gabriel.



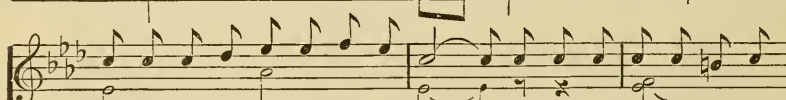
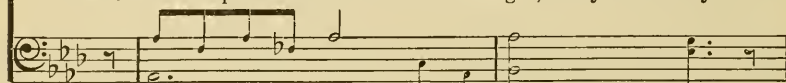
SOLO.



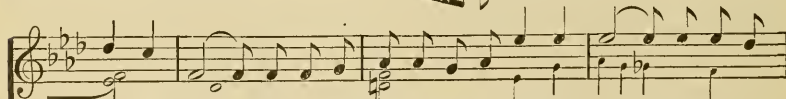
1. You ask me HOW I gave my heart to Christ? O yes, I know!
2. You ask me WHEN I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can tell!
3. You ask me WHERE I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can say!



There came a yearn-ing in my soul for Him, So long a - go. I
The day, and just the hour, in - deed, I now Re - mem - ber well. It
That sa - cred place can nev - er fade from sight, As yes - ter - day. Per -



found earth's fairest flow'rs would fade and die; I wept for something that would
was when I was struggling all a - lone, The light of His for - giv - ing
haps He tho't it bet - ter I should not For - get the place, for I should



sat - is - fy; And, in my grief, somehow I seemed to dare To lift my
Spir - it shone In - to my heart all clouded o'er with sin, That I un -
love the spot; And un - til I behold Him face to face, 'T will be to



I Know.

bro - ken heart to Him in prayer. O yes, I know! And I can tell you
 locked the door and let Him in. O yes, I know! And I can tell you
 me, on earth, the dear - est place, O yes, I know! And I can tell you

HOW; . . I know, I know He is my Sav - ior now.
 WHEN; . . I know, I know He is so dear since then.
 WHERE; . . I know, I know He came and blest me there.

No. 139. Prepare Thy God to Meet.

H. A. N.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

H. H. McGranahan.

1. On ev - 'ry side a voice I hear That lou - der speaketh year by year,
 2. The fall - ing leaf, the fad - ing flow'r, The sink - ing sun at eve - ning's hour,
 3. The funeral train, the toll - ing bell, The grave where, dying, I must dwell,
 4. Where'er I turn, what - e'er I do, This warning mes - sage thrills me thro',

A voice I dare not light - ly treat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
 All ev - er - more to me re - peat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
 My aching heart speaks with each beat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
 In si - lent hall, or nois - y street, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."

No. 140.

The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -

ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam - ing, and col - ors stream - ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

wrong en-gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 141. Do You Give the Lord Your Best.

May Dixon Thacker.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY J. ERNEST THACKER.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Geo. A. Fisher.

Do you give the Lord your best? Do you give the Lord your best?

You will find that He will bless, If you give the Lord your best.

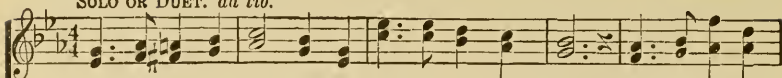
No. 142. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

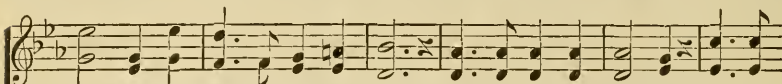
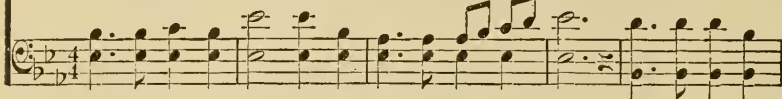
W. L. T.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

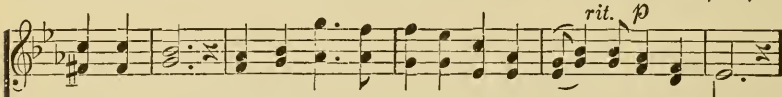
W. L. Thompson.



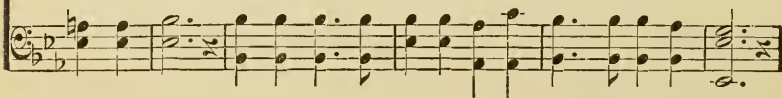
1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est



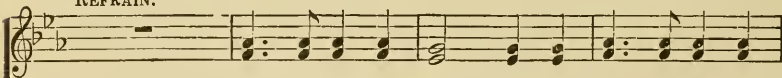
end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from



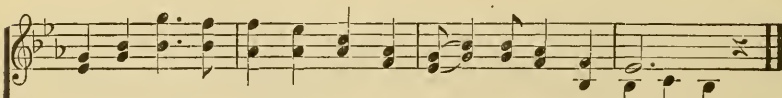
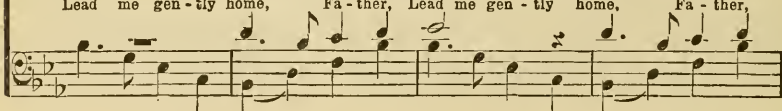
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.



REFRAIN.



Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,



Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.



Children's Songs.

No. 143.

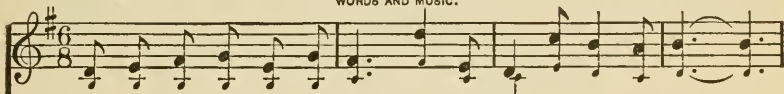
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

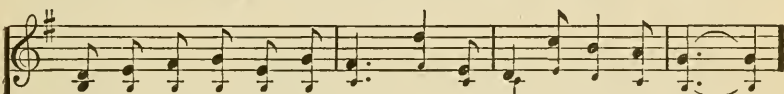
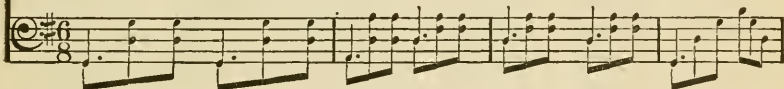
Nellie Talbot.

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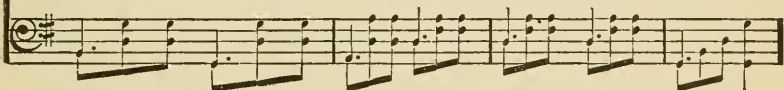
B. O. Excell.



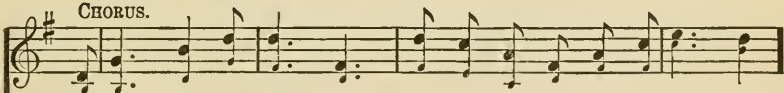
1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



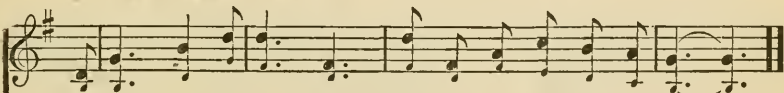
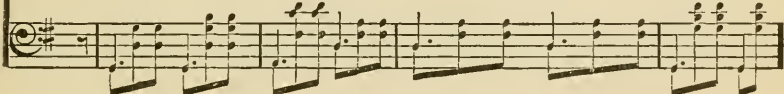
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good-ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



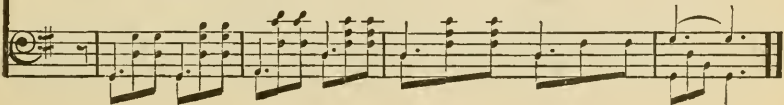
CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



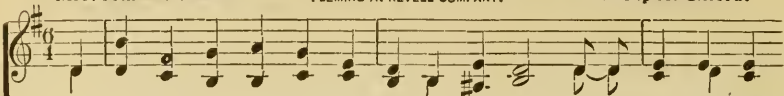
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.



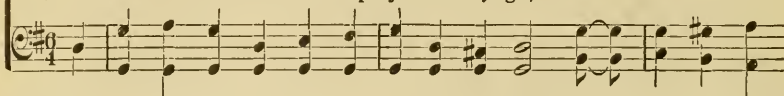
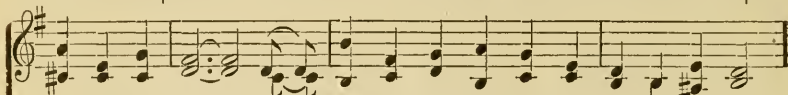
Mrs. Jemima Luke.

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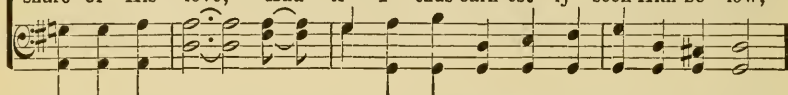
Philip A. Gifford.



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a

here a - mong men, How He call'd lit-tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,
thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
share of His love; And if I thus earn-est - ly seek Him be - low,



CHORUS.



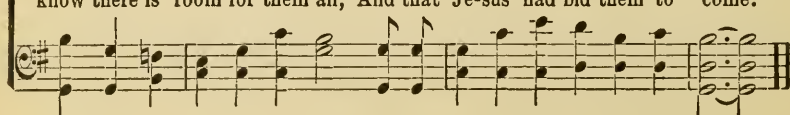
I should like to have been with them then.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me." But thousands and thousands who
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.




wan-der and fall Nev-er heard of that Heav-en - ly Home; I wish they could




know there is room for them all, And that Je-sus had bid them to come.



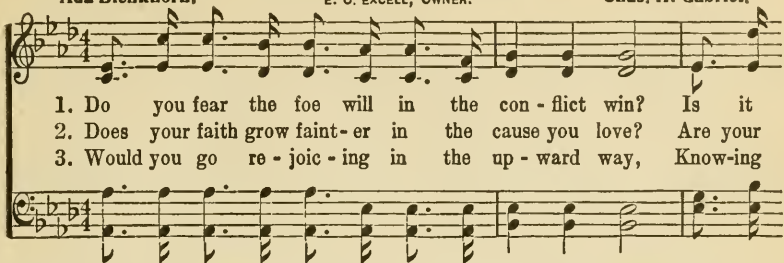
No. 145.

Let the Sunshine In.

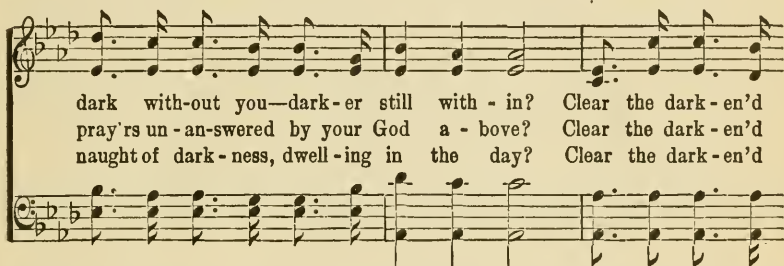
Ada Blenkhorn.

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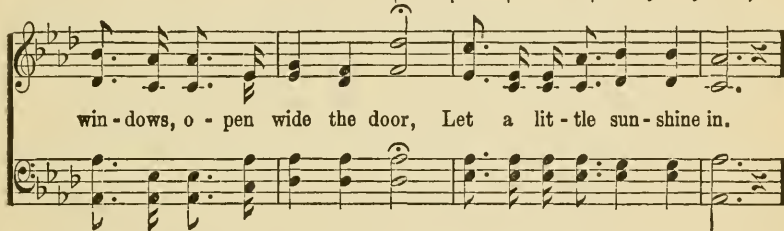
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it
 2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your
 3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing

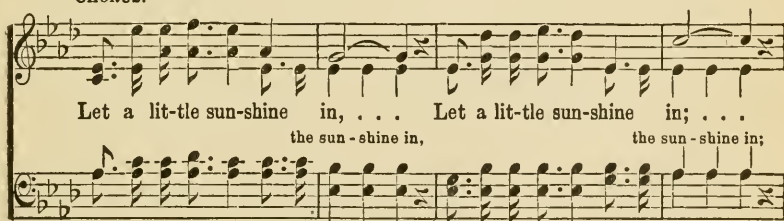


dark with-out you—dark-er still with - in? Clear the dark-en'd
 pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-en'd
 naught of dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-en'd

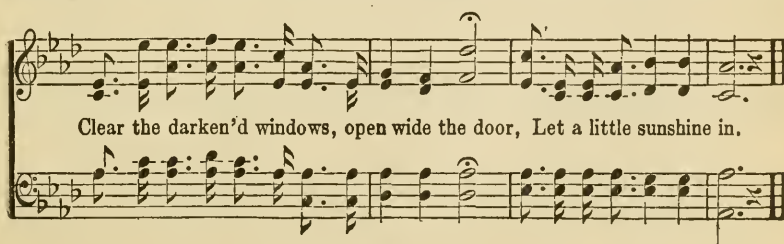


win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

CHORUS.



Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
 the sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;



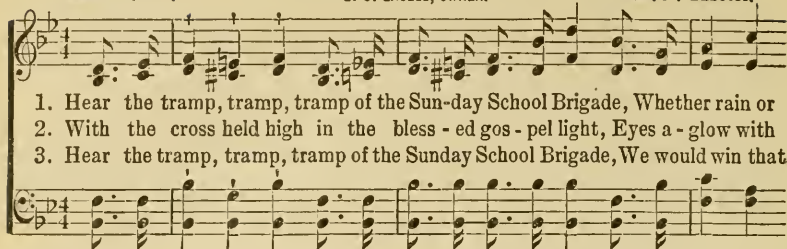
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

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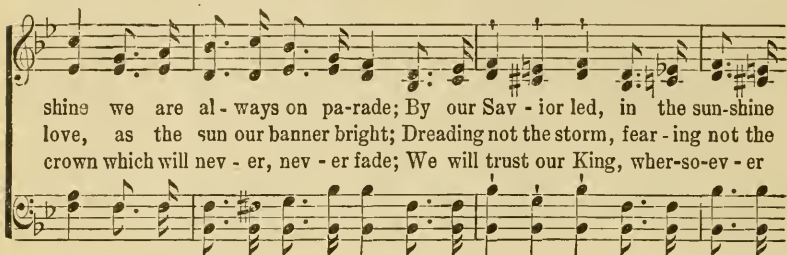
James Rowe.

E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

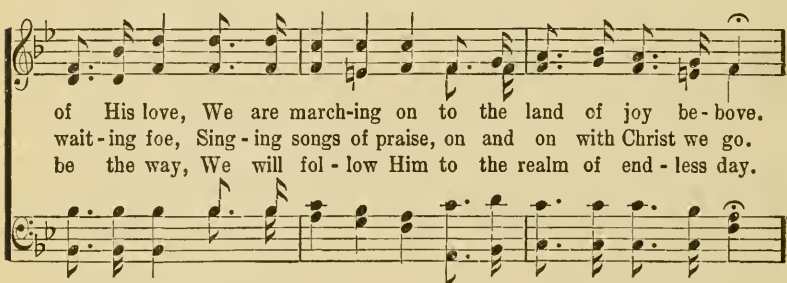
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or
 2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a - glow with
 3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that

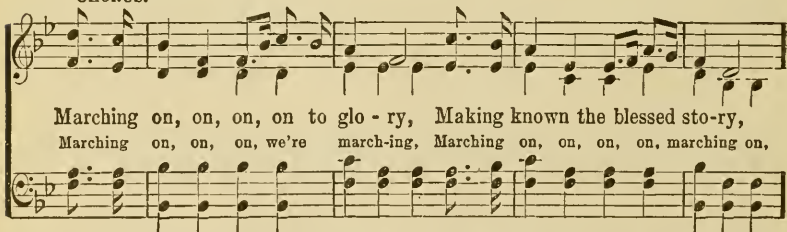


shine we are al - ways on pa -rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine
 love, as the sun our banner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear - ing not the
 crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er

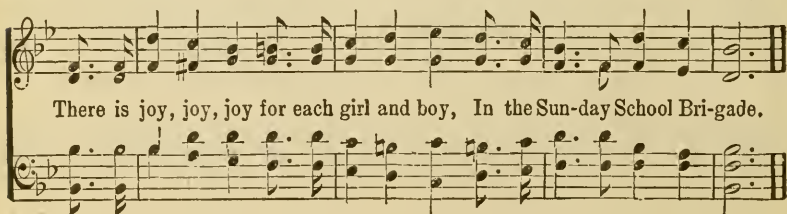


of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy be -bove.
 wait-ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
 be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.



Marching on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Making known the blessed sto -ry,
 Marching on, on, on, we're march-ing, Marching on, on, on, on, marching on,

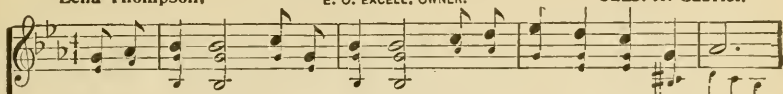


There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Bri-gade.

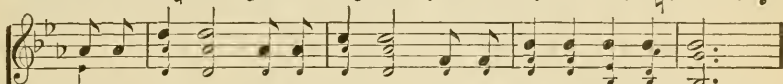
Lena Thompson,

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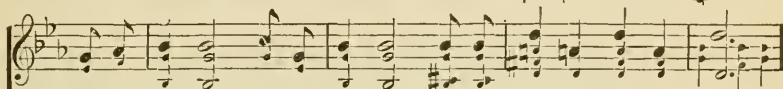
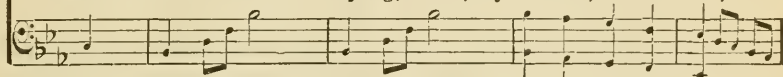
Chas. H. Gabriel.



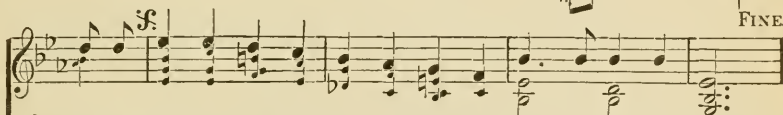
1. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Fighting for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Bravely fight-ing ev-'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o-ver, And we've reach'd the heav'nly shore,



Ev-'ry time we win a bat-tle, He has promised a re-ward;
 With our Sav-ior for our Cap-tain We shall all our bat-tles win;
 We shall hear our Sav-ior say-ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev-er-more;



He has promised ev-'ry sol-dier, If they dare the right to do,
 He has promised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
 You have bravely fought my battles, Bravely fought and no-bly won,



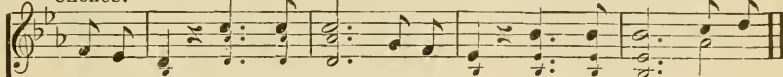
FINE

Promised them a crown of glo-ry, If they fight the bat-tle through.
 So we'll brave-ly march to bat-tle, Pray-ing, sing-ing all the way.
 En-ter in-to joys e-ter-nal—Sol-diers of the Lord, well done!"

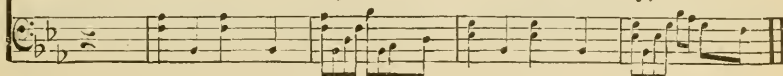


D. S.—ban-ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.

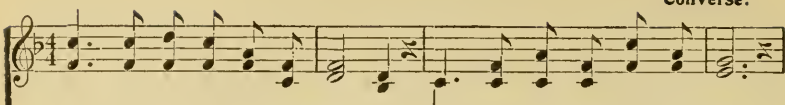
CHORUS.



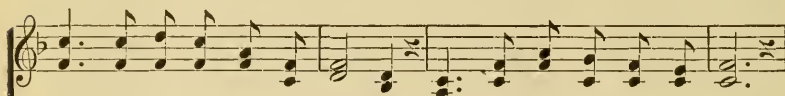
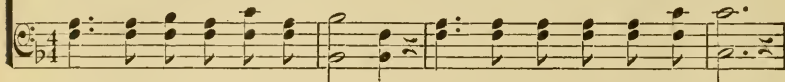
So we march, march a-way, Not a mo-ment's de-lay, 'Neath our



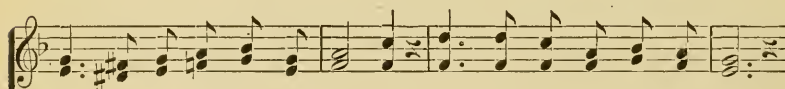
Converse.



1. Do you hear the voic - es call - ing? List - en chil - dren, that you may,
2. Lit - tle arms to moth - er cling - ing, Lit - tle lips of ru - by hue,
3. Do you hear the Sav - ior plead - ing "Suf - fer them to come to me?"



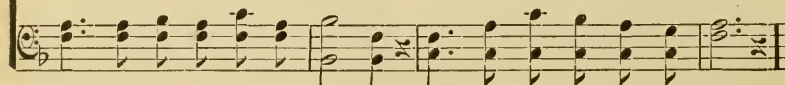
Do you hear the ba - by voic - es, From the land so far a - way?
 Lit - tle hearts that wait for Je - sus, Who will send Him? why not you?
 Bring, O bring my pre - cious jew - els; Gath - er them from land and sea?"



Do you hear the lov - ing Sav - ior, Call - ing you to work and pray?
 Do you know the Sav - ior loves them As He did in days of old?
 Will you send to them the sto - ry Of that Sav - ior and His love?



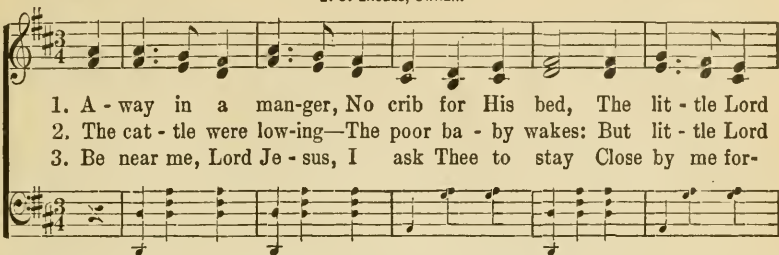
If you wait, some ba - by voic - es Will have died so far a - way.
 Yearns to fold them to His bo - som When they've heard the sto - ry told.
 Tell them how He wants to lead them To the heav'n - ly home a - bove.



Martin Luther.

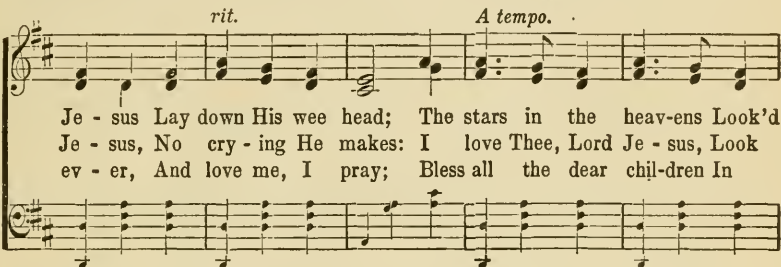
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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
 2. The cat - tle were low-ing—The poor ba - by wakes: But lit - tle Lord
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for—

rit. *A tempo.*

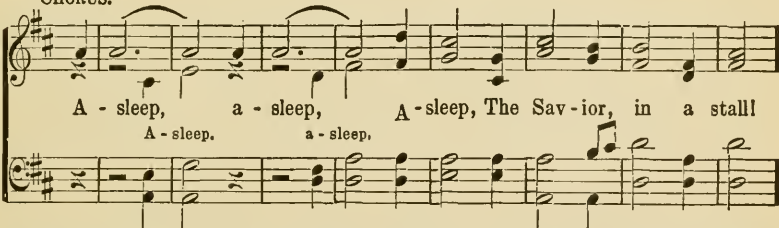


Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav-ens Look'd
 Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
 ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren In

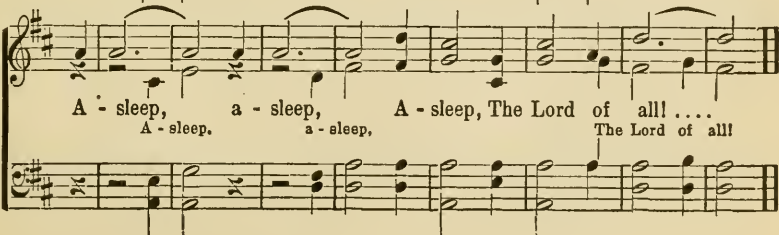


down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A-sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my cradle, To watch lul - la - by.
 Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav-en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.



A - sleep, a - sleep, A-sleep, The Sav-ior, in a stall
 A - sleep, a - sleep,



A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Lord of all!
 A - sleep, a - sleep, The Lord of all!

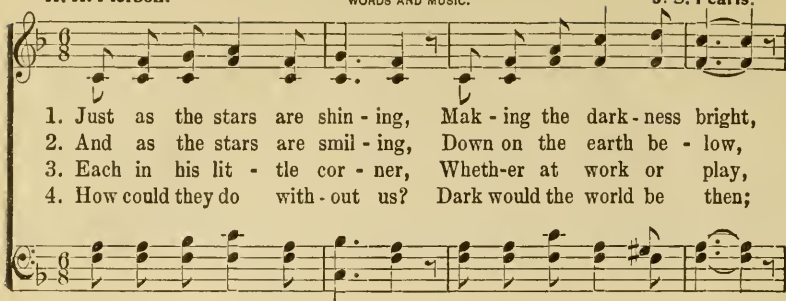
No. 150.

Little Stars.

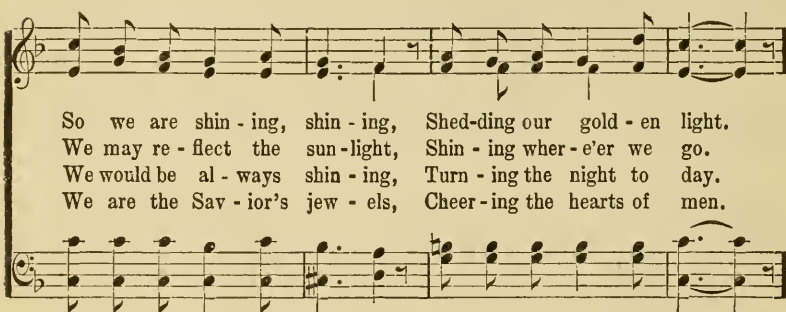
H. H. Pierson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

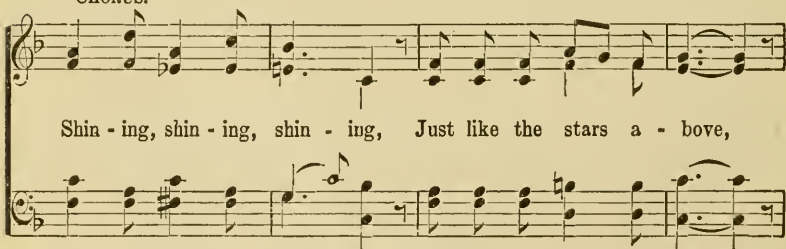


1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
 2. And as the stars are smil - ing, Down on the earth be - low,
 3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth - er at work or play,
 4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

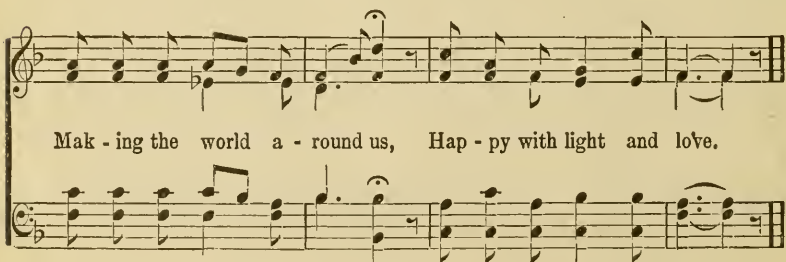


So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed - ding our gold - en light.
 We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
 We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
 We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.



Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,



Mak - ing the world a - round us, Hap - py with light and love.

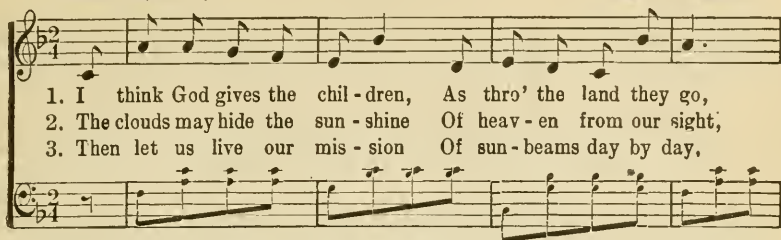
No. 151.

Little Sunbeams.

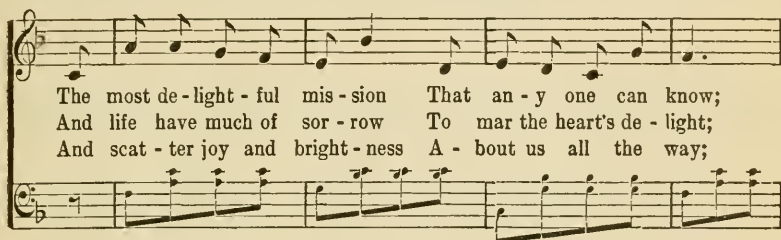
Eben E. Rexford,

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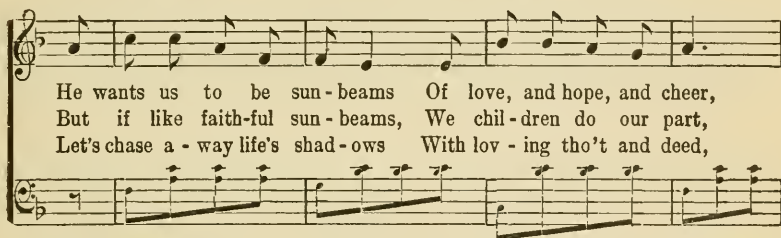
Chas. H. Gabriel.



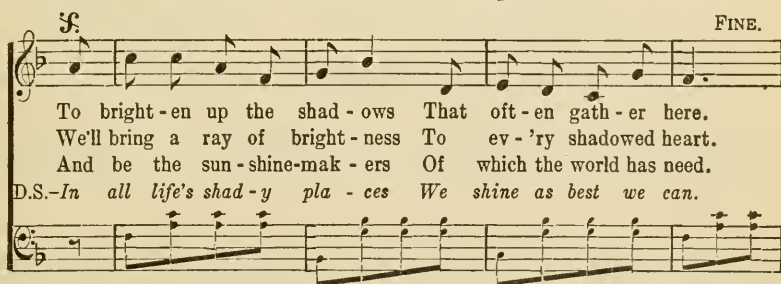
1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heav-en from our sight;
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day,



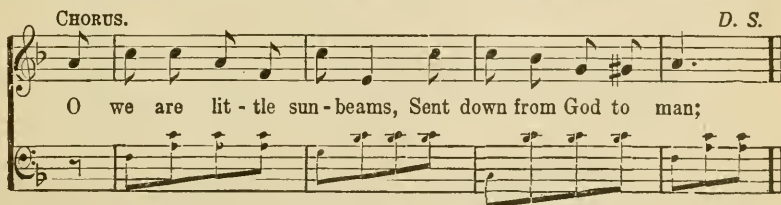
The most de-light-ful mis-sion That an-y one can know;
And life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's de-light;
And scat-ter joy and bright-ness A-bout us all the way;



He wants us to be sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part,
Let's chase a-way life's shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed,



To bright-en up the shad-ows That oft-en gath-er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright-ness To ev-'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun-shine-mak-ers Of which the world has need.
D.S.—In all life's shad-y pla-ces We shine as best we can.

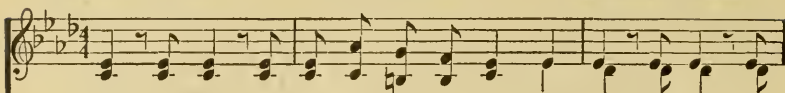


CHORUS. D. S.
O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to man;

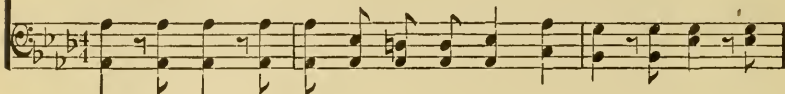
Charlotte G. Homer.

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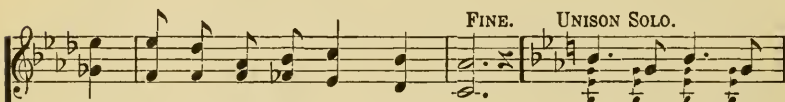
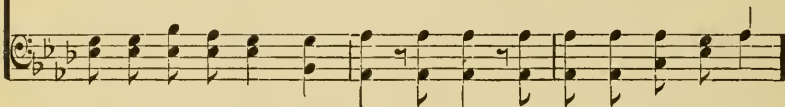
Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.



CHO.-1. March a - long to - geth - er firm and true, For lo, the world is
 2. On we go with ar - mor shin - ing bright, With sword in hand to
 3. True as steel, and loy - al to our King, We'll fight un - til the



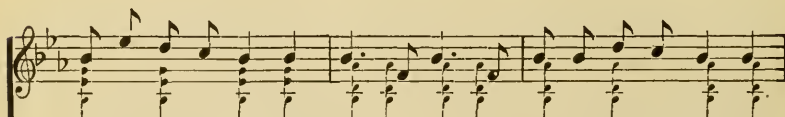
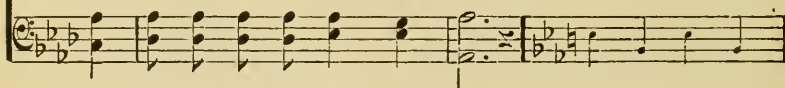
ev - er watch - ing you; Be brave and bold up - on the bat - tle - field,
 bat - tle for the right; U - nit - ed in the serv - ice of the Lord,
 shouts of vic - t'ry ring From north to south, from east and from the west,



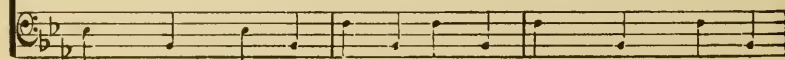
De - ter - mined that the foe shall yield.
 We're march - ing at our Cap - tain's word.
 Till Christ is ev - 'ry - where con - fessed.

UNISON SOLO.

Long and loud the
 Val - iant sol - diers
 Storm the forts of



bu - gle - call is sound - ing! Sin and wrong are ev - 'ry - where a - bound - ing,
 of the Lord are lead - ing, Ear - nest - ly for help the church is plead - ing,
 sin and des - o - la - tion; Sol - diers brave, re - new your ob - li - ga - tion,



The Young People's Army.

D. C. Cho.

“Forward!” all a - long the line re - sound - ing, Bids us march a - way.
 Slow - ly backward see the foe re - ced - ing, Forward march to - day.
 And with earn - est pray'r and sup - pli - ca - tion, Forward march to - day.

No. 153.

Around the Throne.

Annie H. Shepherd.

Henry E. Mathews.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thou - sands of chil - dren stand;
2. What bro't them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood To wash a - way their sin;
4. On earth they sought the Sav - ior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Chil - dren whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py
 Where all is peace and joy and love? How came those chil - dren
 Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and
 So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the

band; Sing - ing glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry be to God on high!
 there, Sing - ing glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry be to God on high?
 clean; Sing - ing glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry be to God on high!
 Lamb; Sing - ing glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry be to God on high!

No. 154.

Jesus Bids Us Shine,

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
 4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that

can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
 knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
 dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
 wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 155.

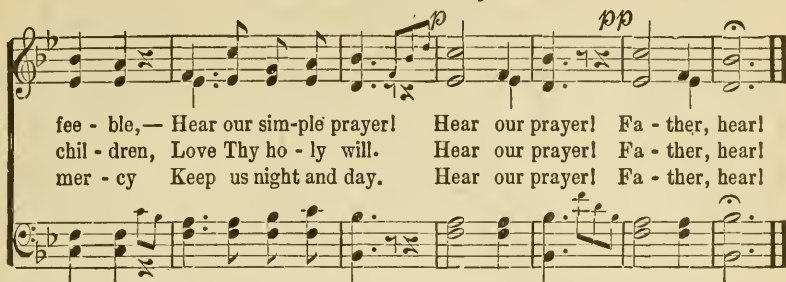
Hear Our Prayer.

Anon.

John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa - ther, Thou whose gen - tle care Tends the young and
 2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
 3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

Hear Our Prayer.

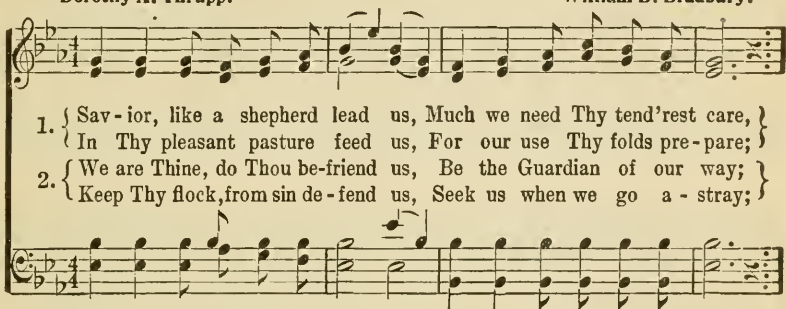


fee - ble, — Hear our sim - ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!
 chil - dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!
 mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!

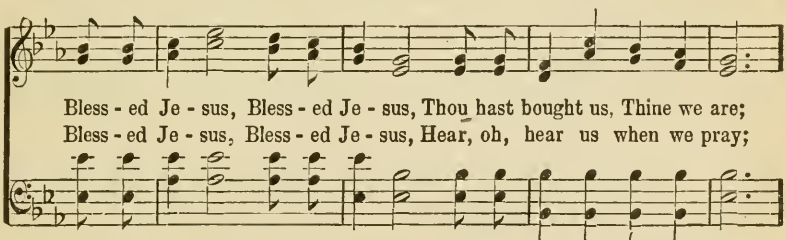
No. 156. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

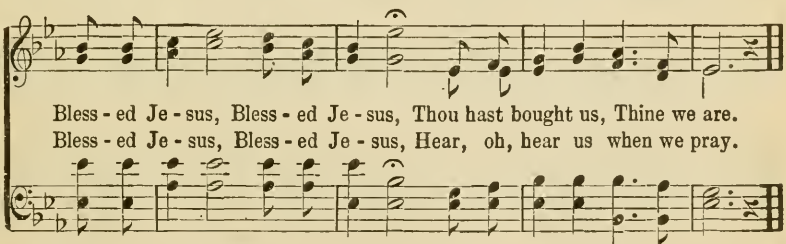
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care, }
 { In Thy pleasant pasture feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare; }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; }



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
 Grace to cleanse and power to free;
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

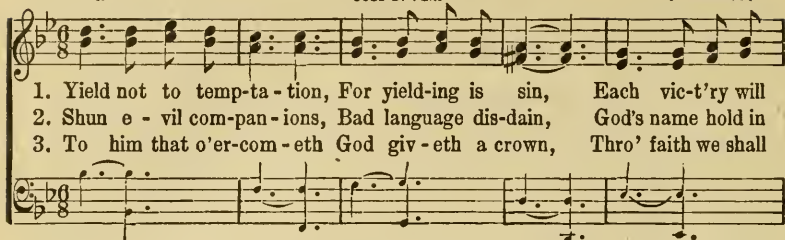
No. 157.

Yield Not to Temptation.

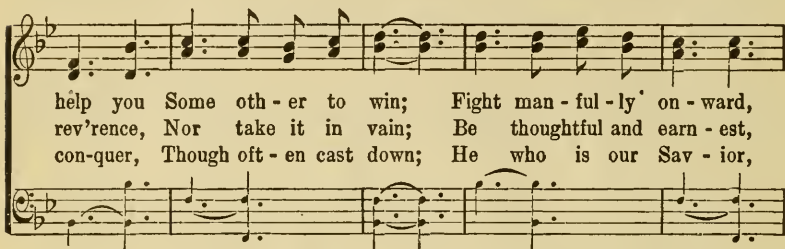
H. R. P.

DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

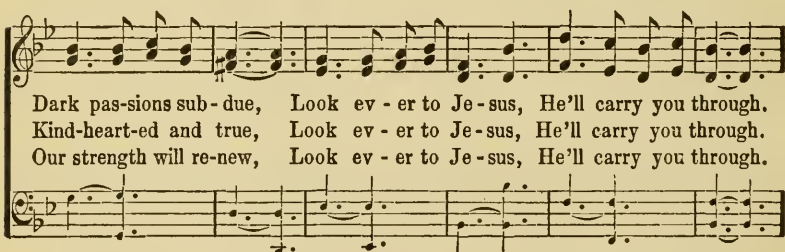
H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

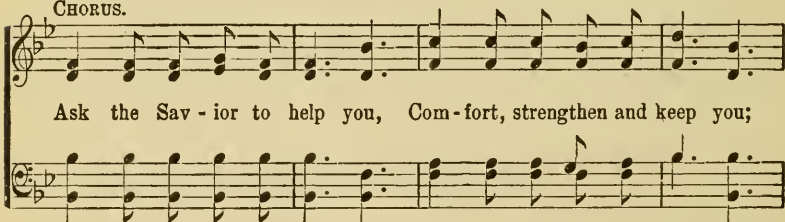


help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly' on-ward,
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

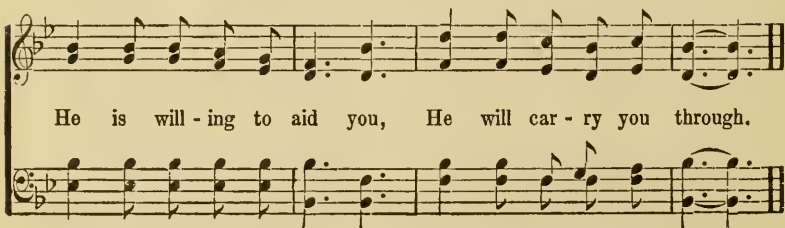


Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Chorus Selections.

No. 158.

Some Other Day.

I. D. K.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Some oth - er day—when por - tals wide Their mys - tic vales un - fold,
2. Some oth - er day, when all the years That swift - ly come and go,
3. Some oth - er day I'll know the pow'r That dealt with me while here,
4. Some oth - er day, so fair and bright, Some day not far a - way,

'Tis then I'll stand by Je - sus' side, And all His love be - hold.
I'll know whence came these bit - ter tears, Tears that for - bid - den flow.
That sent me peace from Love's own bow'r, To take a - way my fear.
Help me till then as in Thy sight, To live for Thee each day.

CHORUS.

'Tis then I'll un - der-stand the past, 'Tis then I'll see and know

Why pleasures come but do not last, Why sor - rows deep - er grow.

No. 159.

All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
 round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
 Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
 crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain: All
 great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
 burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man - u - el!
 All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im-man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail!
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

Hail, Im-man-u-el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! Glo-ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un-to Thee, Now and ev-er-more!
Wis-dom be un-to Thee,

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail,
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im-man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail!

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail, Im-man-u-el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail!
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

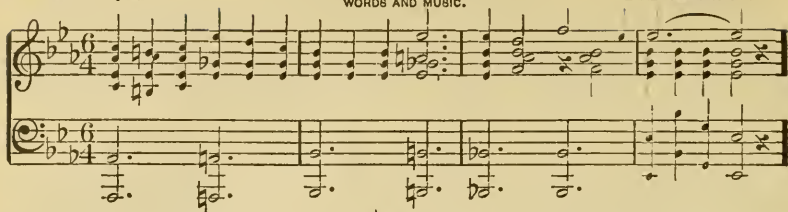
No. 160.

"The Theme Eternal."

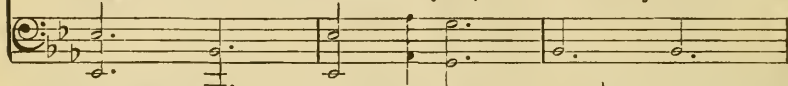
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

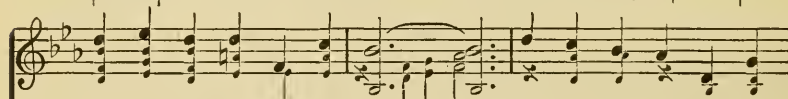
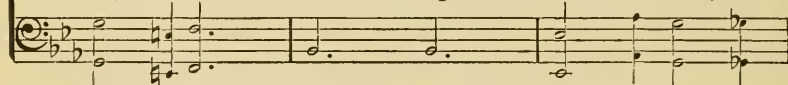
DeLoss Smith.



1. Oh, could my voice make the u - ni - verse ring, Love still my theme should
 2. Had I a thou - sand more years still to live Here in this earth - ly
 3. Soon in the land where the ransomed rejoice, I with my Lord shall



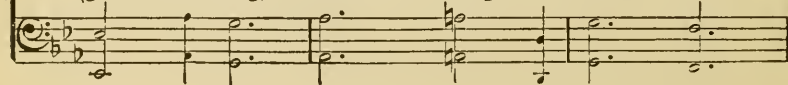
be; More than has ev - er been sung I would sing Of
 place, All to my Sav - ior di - vine I would give, Ex-
 be; Then I shall sing with a far sweet - er voice, In



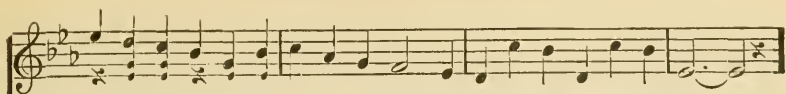
Je - sus who suf - fered for me; Moun - tains and val - leys their
 tol - ling His won - der - ful grace; Stars for my crown should be
 praise of His good - ness to me. There, near the throne of my



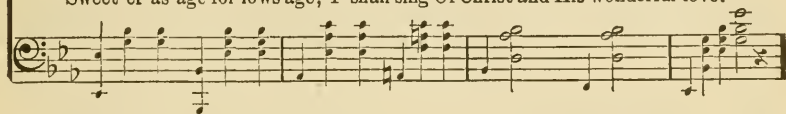
voi - ces should raise, Sun, moon, and stars a - bove,
 ev - er my aim, "More love to Thee" my plea,
 glo - ri - fied King, With all the throngs a - bove,



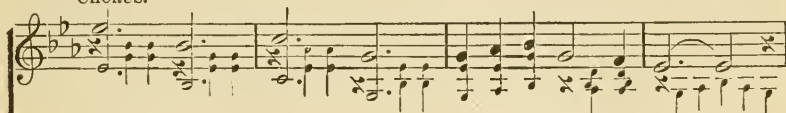
"The Theme Eternal."



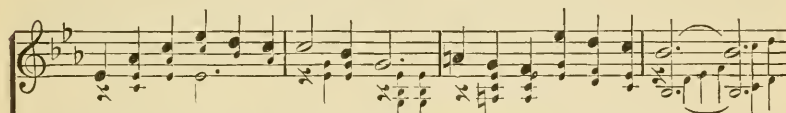
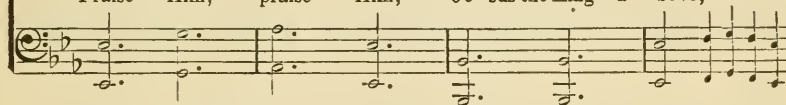
All should repeat thro' the ages my praise Of Christ and His wonderful love.
Sweeter and sweeter my voice should proclaim The Savior who suffered for me.
Sweet-er as age fol-lows age, I shall sing Of Christ and His wonderful love.



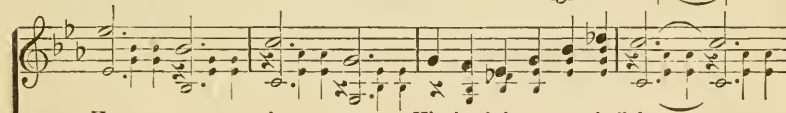
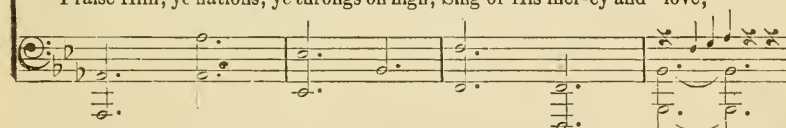
CHORUS.



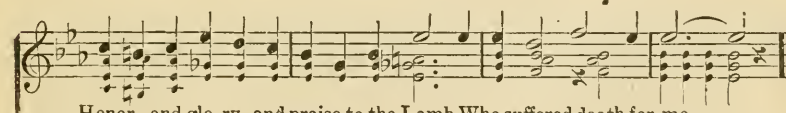
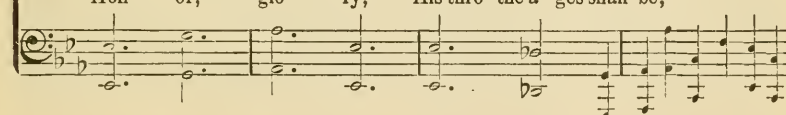
Praise Him, praise Him, Je-sus the King a - bove;



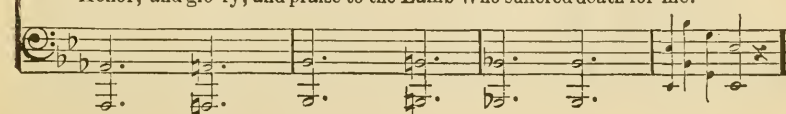
Praise Him, ye nations, ye throngs on high, Sing of His mer-cy and love;



Hon - or, glo - ry, His thro' the a - ges shall be,



Honor, and glo-ry, and praise to the Lamb Who suffered death for me.

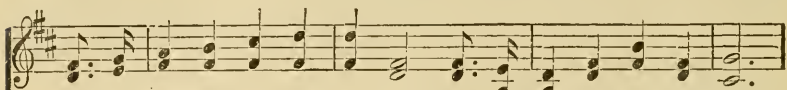


Charlotte G. Homer.

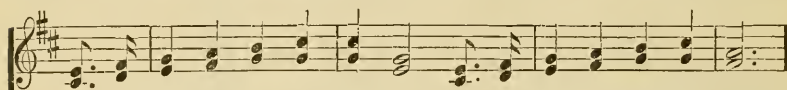
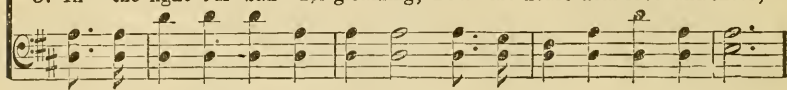
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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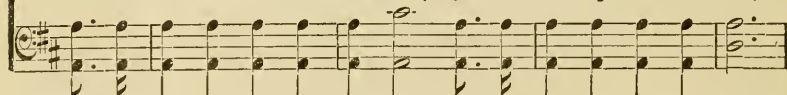
Chas. H. Gabriel.



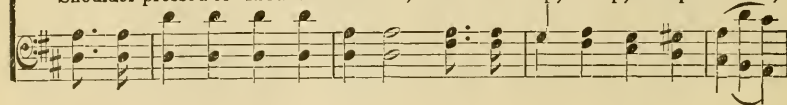
1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com - mand,
2. Ma - ny foes concealed a - bout us, Would in - vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,



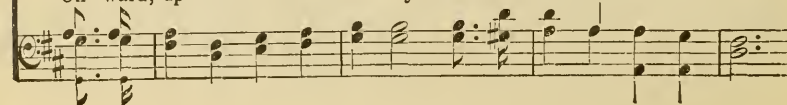
Thro' a strange and hos - tile coun - try, To a bet - ter, bright - er land;
 And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
 And the voice of our Re - deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;



Full e - quip'd, cour - age - ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,
 But our Lead - er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun - ning knows,
 Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,

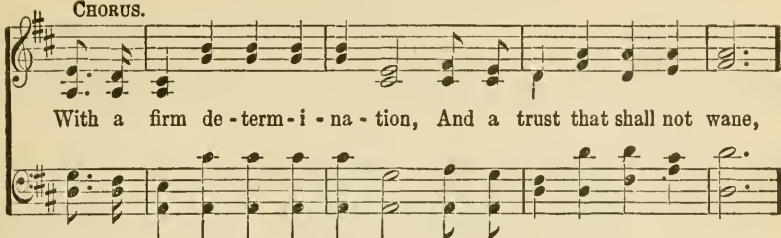


We are march - ing on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.
 And His wis - dom is for - ev - er Proof a - gainst the chief of foes.
 On - ward, up - ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.

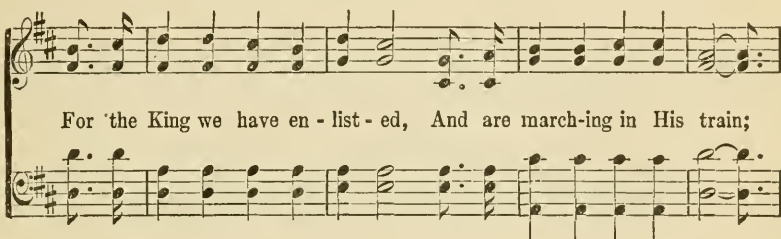


Marching in His Name.

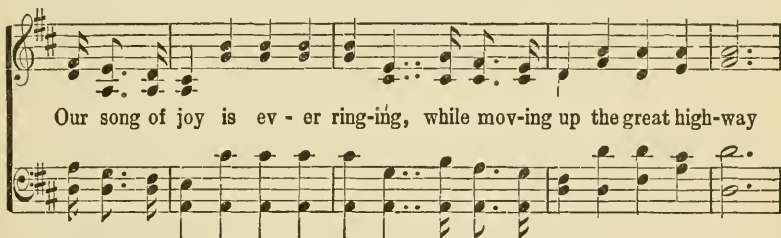
CHORUS.



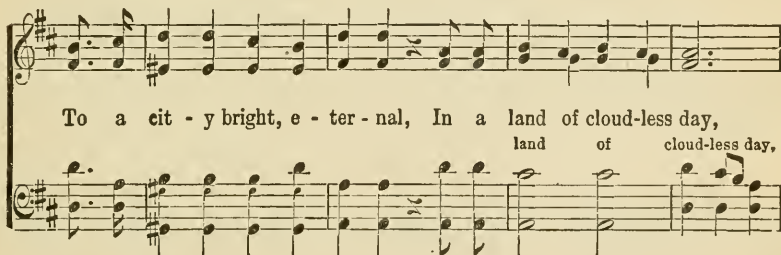
With a firm de-term-i-na-tion, And a trust that shall not wane,



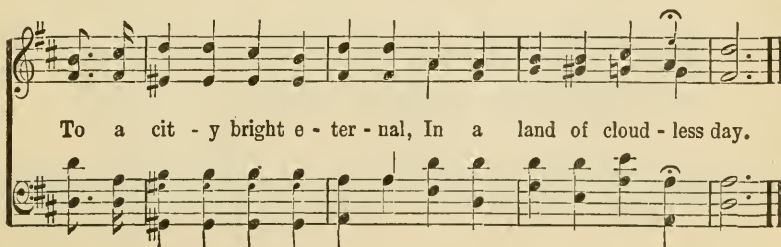
For 'the King we have en-list-ed, And are march-ing in His train;



Our song of joy is ev-er ring-ing, while mov-ing up the great high-way



To a cit-y bright, e-ter-nal, In a land of cloud-less day,
land of cloud-less day,



To a cit-y bright e-ter-nal, In a land of cloud-less day.

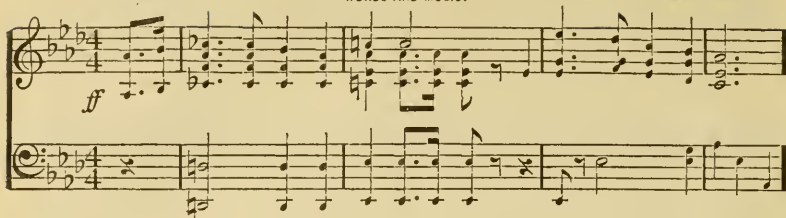
No. 162.

Christ is Leading On.

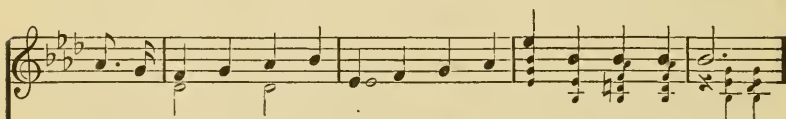
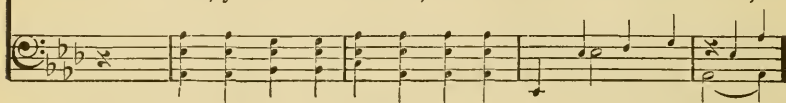
J. F. Williams.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

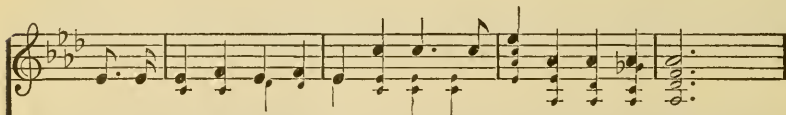
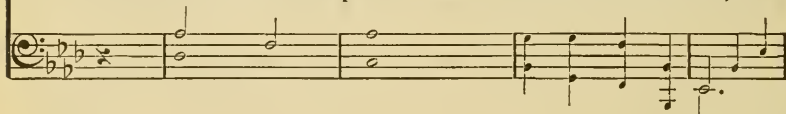
DeLoss Smith.



1. We have heard the cry re-sound-ing from the East and from the West,
2. In the an - nals of the world be - hold the writ - ings of His word;
3. Ere the word of Christ shall fail Him, heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;
4. On-ward then, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, with the truth that makes men free,



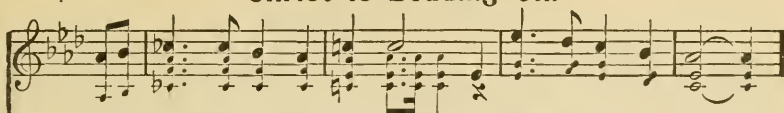
Call - ing val - iant men to serve our King, of all the kings the best;
 In the ep - och - mak - ing bat - tles see the flash - ing of His sword;
 So for one - ness of be - liev - ers we will work, and watch, and pray;
 From the mountains and the prai - ries to the is - lands of the sea;



We en - list to brave - ly bat - tle till the na - tions are pos - sessed,
 God is swift - ly crush - ing Sa - tan thro' the strength of Christ the Lord;
 We shall see and share the vic - t'ry of that glad tri - um - phant day,
 Un - to God shall be the glo - ry, un - to faith the vic - to - ry!



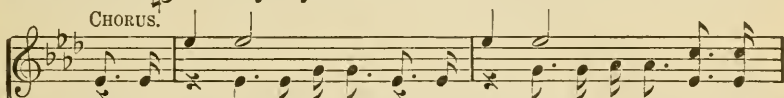
Christ is Leading On.



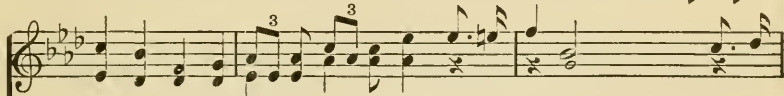
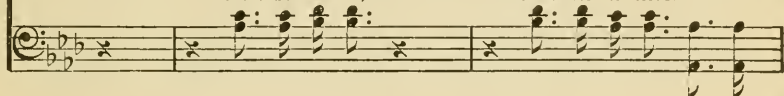
For Christ, our great Commander, for Christ, Im-man-u - el.
 Sin's might - y host shall trem-ble, for venge-ance is our God's.
 When Christ shall con-quer Sa - tan, and come in peace to reign.
 All hail the name of Je - sus, all hail Im-man-u - el!



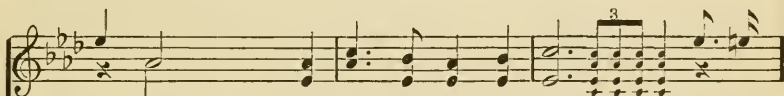
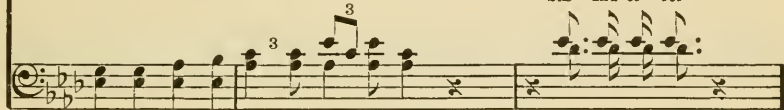
CHORUS.



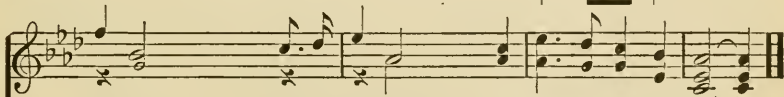
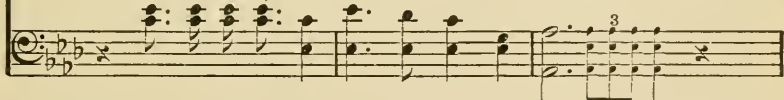
Shout ho - san - na, Christ vic - to - rious! See His
 Shout ho-san-na, Christ vic-to-rious!



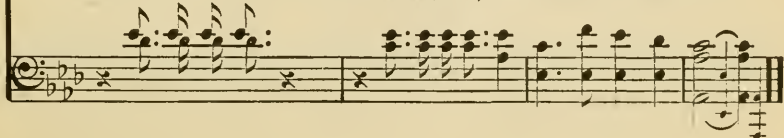
ban-rer proud-ly wav-ing o - ver us! Sin and er - ror fall be-
 Sin and er - ror



fore us, For Christ is lead-ing on; Sin and
 fall be-fore us,



er - ror fall be-fore us, For Christ is lead-ing on.
 Sin and er - ror fall before us,



No. 163.

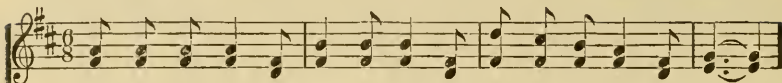
Gather We Here.

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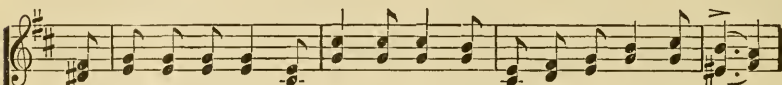
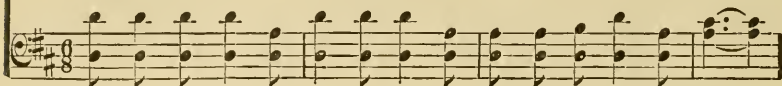
John R. Clements.

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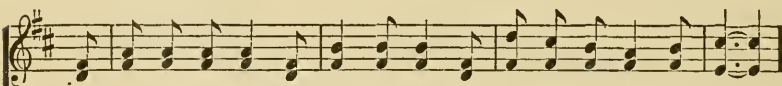
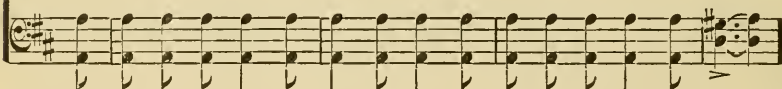
Chas. H. Gabriel.



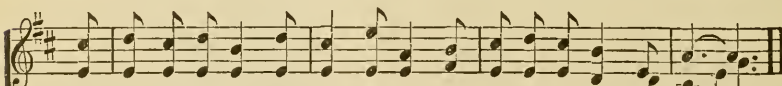
1. Gath-er we here to praise the Lord, And tell of His love and pow'r;
2. Gath-er we here to learn His will, To know what for each He's plann'd;
3. Gath-er we here to press His cause, To hearts to His love un - known;



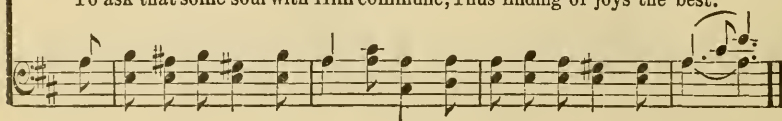
With heart and with voice in sweet ac-cord, To wait in His courts this hour.
 To learn from His word His way un - til We leave our days in His hand.
 To bid ma - ny more o - bey His laws, And Him as the Sav - ior own.



We sing of a love so wondrous true It suf-fered past all com - pare;
 To make for our lives a trust - ful place In calm or in storm to hide;
 To pave the way for His entrance soon, To hearts that are now un - blest;



A love beyond depths e'en angels knew, Which heaven was glad to share.
 All safe un-till we be-hold His face, When reach'd is the other side.
 To ask that some soul with Him commune, Thus finding of joys the best.



Gather We Here.

CHORUS.

Sing the beau - ti - ful song, Tell of the Sav - ior's
Sing the beau - ti - ful song, the song That tells of love, the

love; . . . Speed the mes - sage a - long,
Sav - ior's love; O speed, O speed the mes - sage a - long, And

Let it fill heav-en's high arch a - bove; Christ our
The Christ our Lord we

Sav - ior we praise, Joy - ful - ly, cheer - ful - ly we
join to praise, So joy - ful - ly, cheer - ful - ly, we

Sing the song we up-raise, Christ our Redeemer to Thee! . . .
Sing a-loud, the song up-raise, O Christ our Lord to Thee, to Thee!

No. 164.

Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
 2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
 3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom-age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
 Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n-ward way;
 Love Him, serve Him, who rul-eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
 Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
 Up to heav-en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Grown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for - ev - er reign!
 Glo - ry to Je - sus who con-quers our ev - 'ry foe!
 Laud and a - dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

CHORUS.

Sing ho - san - nas, loud let the joy - ful an - thems ring,

Laud and wor - ship Him whom the an - gels a - dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King,

Glo-ry to God in the high - est— Glo-ry for - ev - er - more!

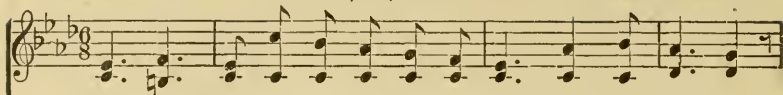
No. 165.

A Song of Victory.

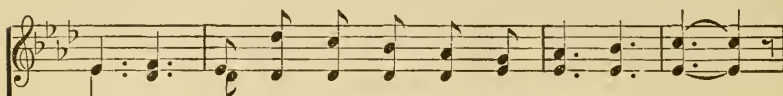
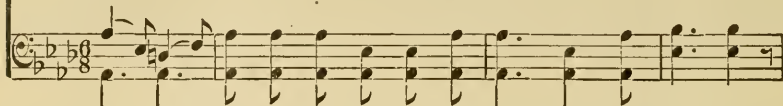
Charlotte G. Homer

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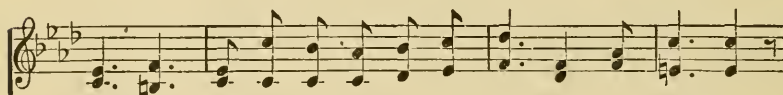
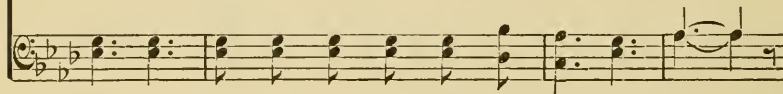
Chas. H. Gabriel.



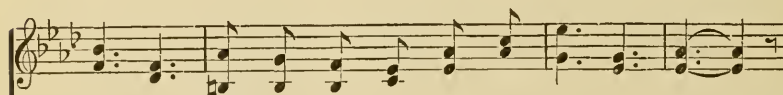
1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
 2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
 3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



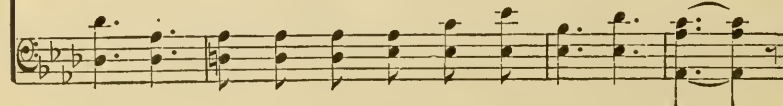
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
 Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
 For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;



Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
 Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
 Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

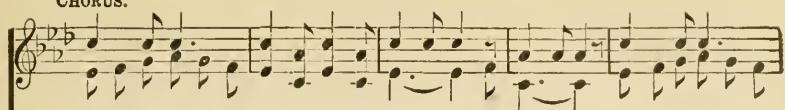


Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
 While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
 His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

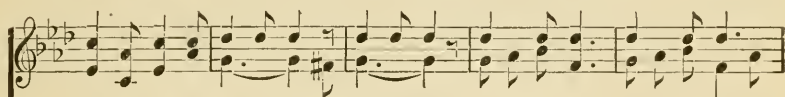
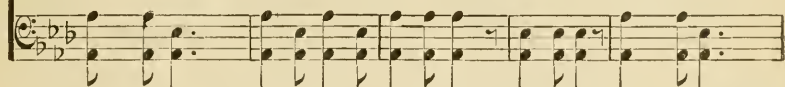


A Song of Victory.

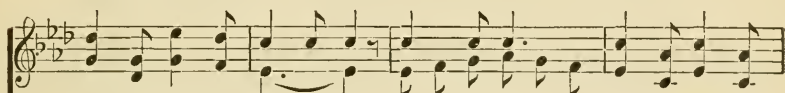
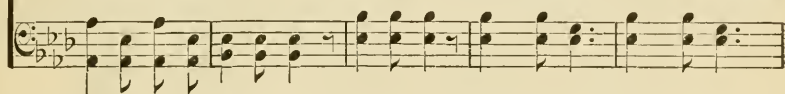
CHORUS.



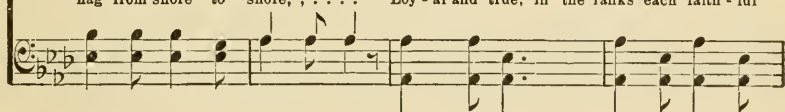
Vic - to - ry! rings' aloud the bat - tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic-to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous



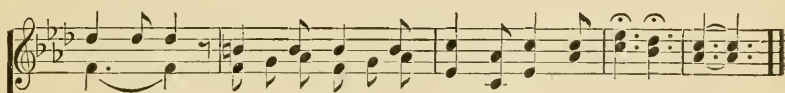
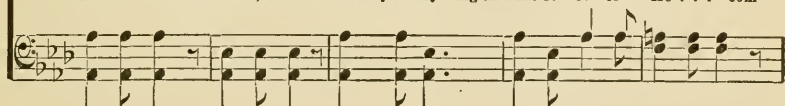
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His



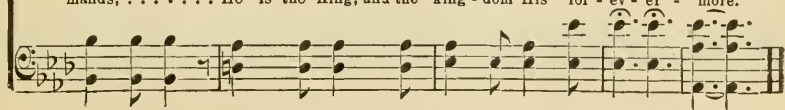
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; , . . . Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful



soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, . . . Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -



He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.



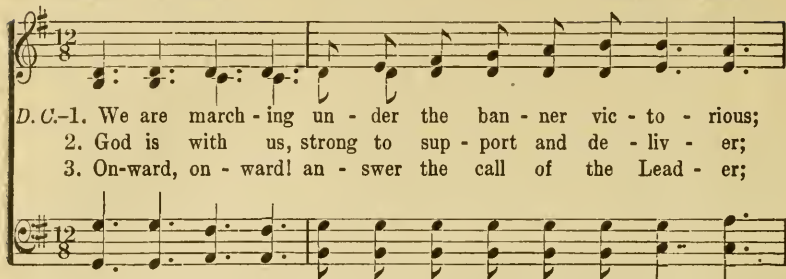
No. 166.

The Song of Triumph.

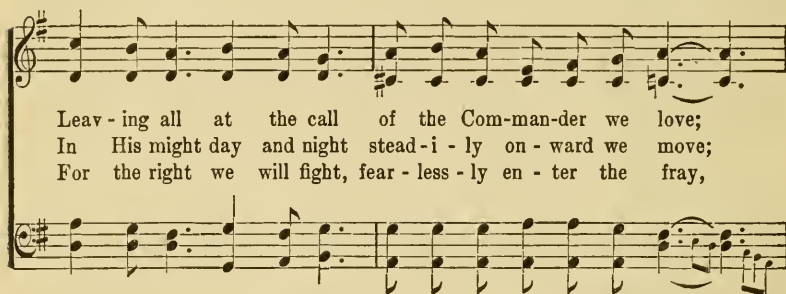
Charlotte G. Homer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

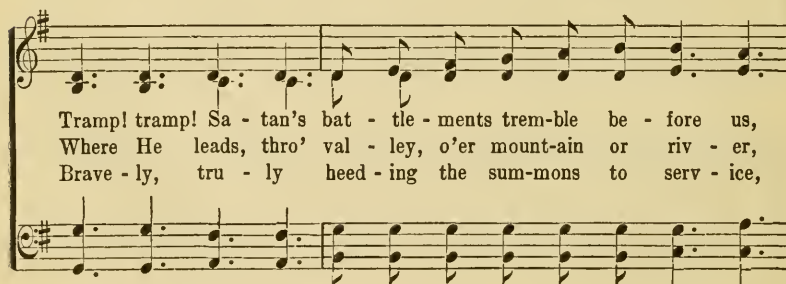
Chas. H. Gabriel.



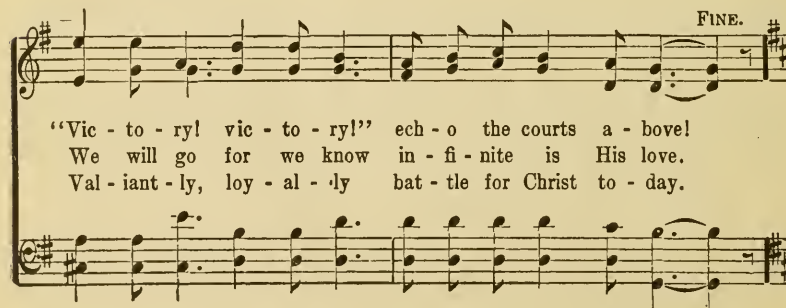
D. C.-1. We are march - ing un - der the ban - ner vic - to - rious;
 2. God is with us, strong to sup - port and de - liv - er;
 3. On - ward, on - ward! an - swer the call of the Lead - er;



Leav - ing all at the call of the Com - man - der we love;
 In His might day and night stead - i - ly on - ward we move;
 For the right we will fight, fear - less - ly en - ter the fray,



Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments trem - ble be - fore us,
 Where He leads, thro' val - ley, o'er mount - ain or riv - er,
 Brave - ly, tru - ly heed - ing the sum - mons to serv - ice,

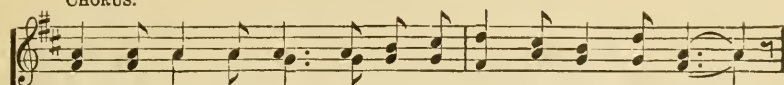


FINE.

"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" ech - o the courts a - bove!
 We will go for we know in - fi - nite is His love.
 Val - iant - ly, loy - al - ly bat - tle for Christ to - day.

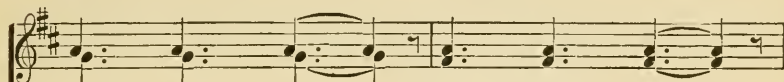
The Song of Triumph.

CHORUS.



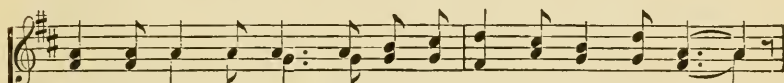
Strong to meet the foe, On to the field we brave - ly go,

Strong in faith we brave - - ly go, With



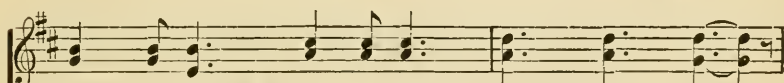
Tramp! tramp! tramp! March! march! march!

righteousness girded, with sword and shield, We bat-tle with sin on the o - pen field; We



Loy - al to com - mand, Shoul - der to shoul - der we will stand,


shoul - der close to shoul - der stand, And



"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry!

"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry, and "vic - to - ry" is our cry!

Chorus, D. C. 1st verse.



Glo - ry to Je - sus, We'll tri - umph by and by.

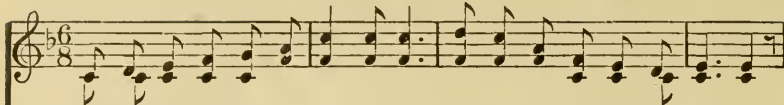
No. 167.

Harvest-Time is Here.

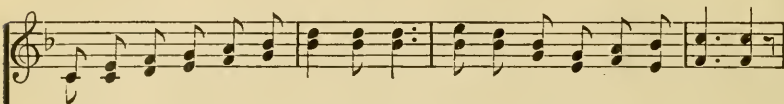
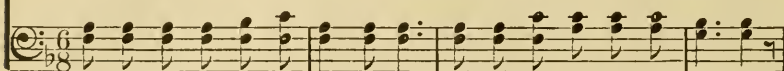
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

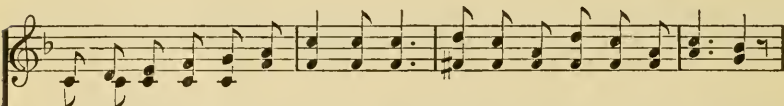
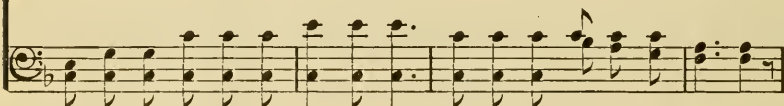
Chas. H. Gabriel.



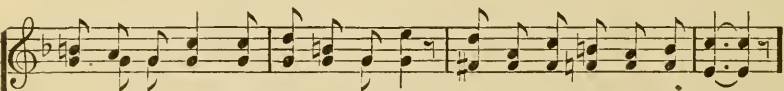
1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!



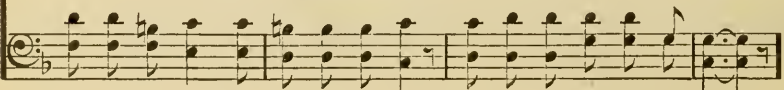
Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be-stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas-ter hear, Loud-ly for la-bor-ers cry-ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni-fi-cence teem-ing;



Loud-er and sweet-er the ech-oes ring, Pa-tience and loy-al-ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a-far and near, Man-y are wait-ing, de-ny-ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I-dle and care-less-ly dream-ing!

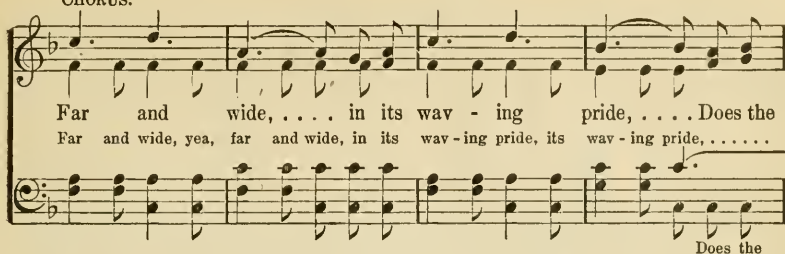


As in the field the sick-le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap-pear.
Go ye to-day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en-ter too late!



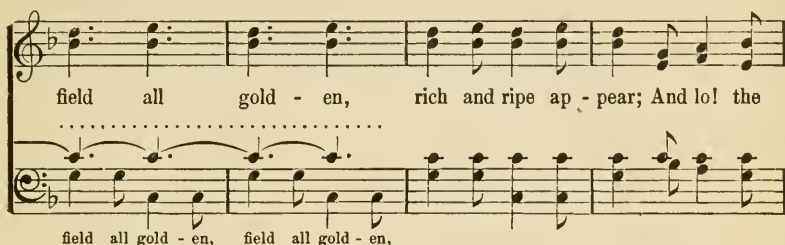
Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

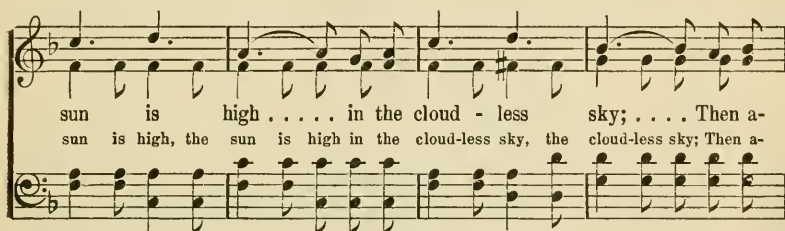


Far and wide, . . . in its wav - ing pride, . . . Does the
Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, . . .

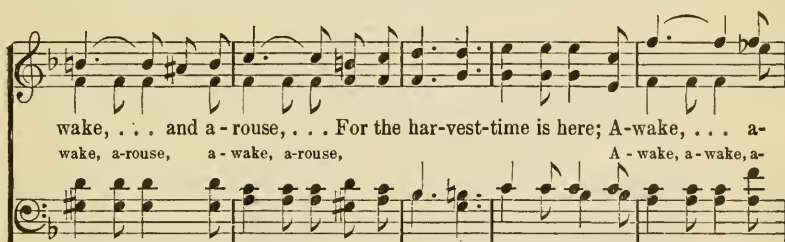
Does the



field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the
.....
field all gold - en, field all gold - en,

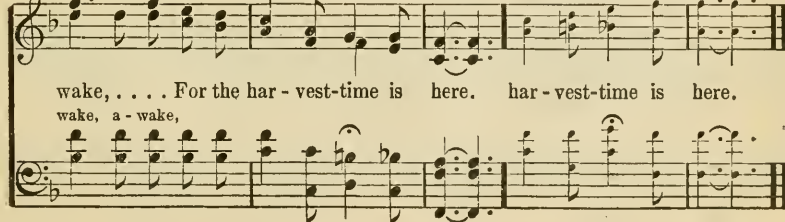


sun is high . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . Then a -
sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a -



wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har-vest-time is here; A-wake, . . . a -
wake, a-rouse, a - wake, a-rouse, A - wake, a-wake, a -

1st & 2d verses.	After last verse only.
------------------	------------------------



wake, . . . For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.
wake, a - wake,

No. 168.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

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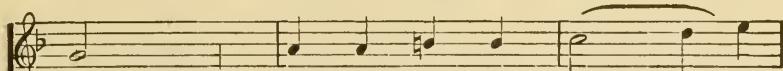
E. O. Excell,

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py

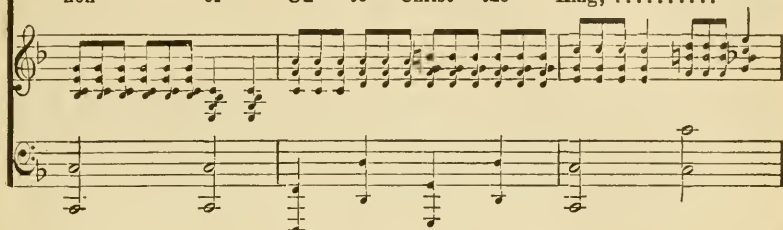
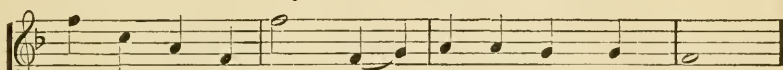
war,
 flee;
 God;
 throng,
 With the cross of Je - sus
 On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers,
 Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
 Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore.
 On to vic - to - ry!
 Where the saints have trod;
 In the tri - umph song;
 Christ, the roy - al
 Hell's foun - da - tions
 We are not di -
 Glo - ry, laud, and

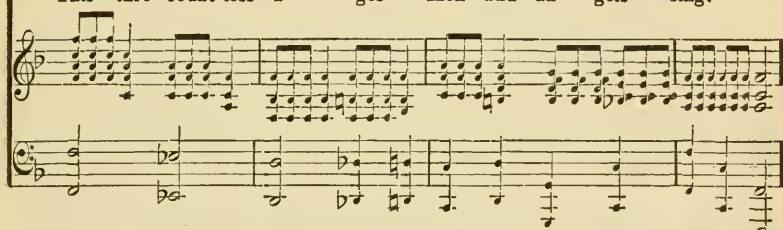
Onward, Christian Soldiers!



Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;.....
 quiv - er At the shout of praise;.....
 vid - ed, All one bod - y we,.....
 hon - or Un - to Christ the King,.....

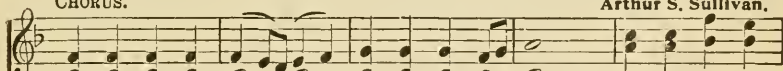



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners gol
 Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - them's raise.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

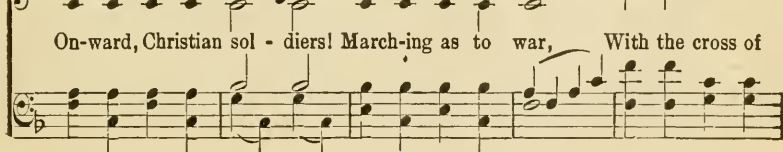
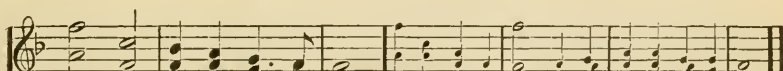


CHORUS.

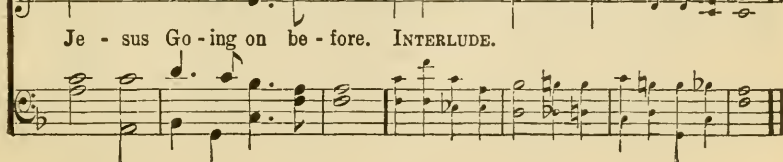
Arthur S. Sullivan.



On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. INTERLUDE.



No. 169. Alone At the Beautiful Gate.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. H. Byshe.

Moderato.

SOLO.

1. I dreamed that I stood at the por - tal of heav'n, With saints of the
2. "Why came I a - lone?" to an an - gel I said; "All oth - ers have
3. "A - las!" said the an - gel, "none saw in thy face The smile of the

a - ges whom Christ had for-giv'n; But I was a - lone in the
dear ones whom here they have led; Have I none who love me, who
Mas - ter, the heav - en - ly grace; He asked for thy-self, but the

midst of the throng, And some-thing I missed from the heav-en-ly song.
watch and who wait To en - ter with me thro' the Beau-ti-ful Gate?"
price was too great, And so thou art lone - ly at Heaven's own Gate."

CHORUS to first and second verses.

A - lone! A - lone! A-lone at the Beau-ti-ful Gate! A - lone! A -

Alone At the Beautiful Gate.

lone! A-lone at the Beau-ti-ful Gate! O pit-y of pit - ies,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

O sorrowful fate, To journey a - lone, a - lone to the Beautiful Gate!

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff shows a melodic line with some grace notes, and the bass staff continues the harmonic support.

CHORUS to third verse only.

I woke from my dream with a cry in my soul; "O Lord, take my

The third system of musical notation, which is the beginning of the chorus. The key signature changes to two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is more expressive, with a rising line in the treble staff. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

life,—not a part, but the whole; No toil is a bur - den, no price is too

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The accompaniment in the bass staff is consistent, providing a solid foundation for the vocal line.

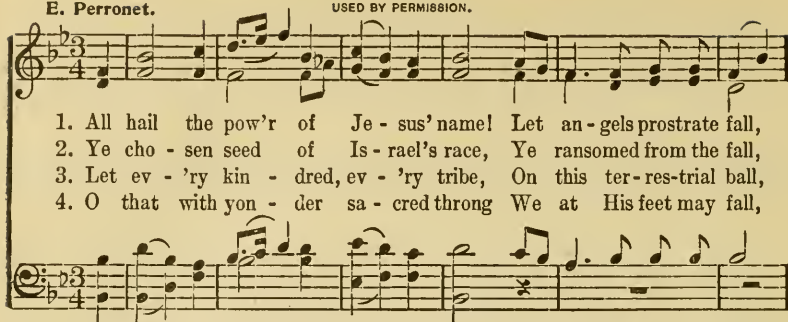
great For one who has dreamed of the Beau-ti - ful Gate!

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the chorus with a final cadence. The treble staff ends with a long note, and the bass staff provides a final harmonic resolution.

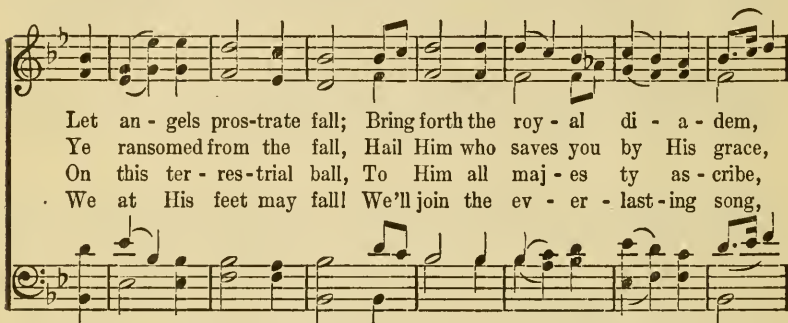
No. 170. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet.

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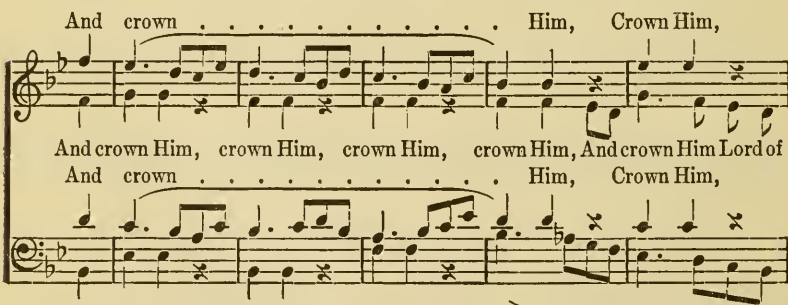


1. All hail the pow' of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

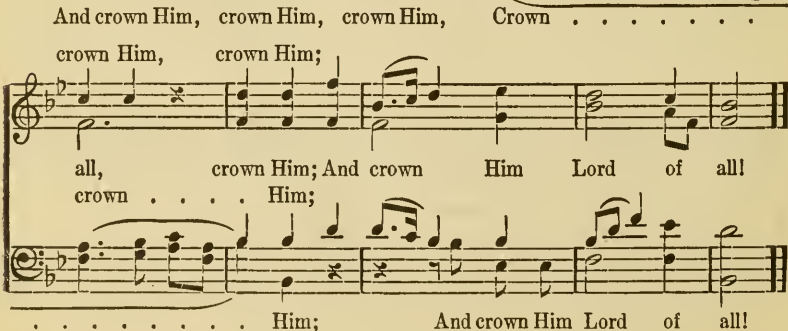
And crown Him, Crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 And crown Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown

crown Him, crown Him;



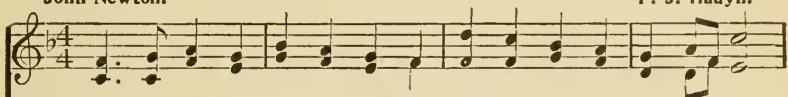
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all
 crown Him;
 Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

Devotional Hymns.

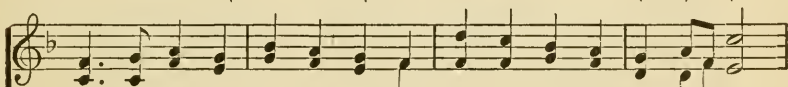
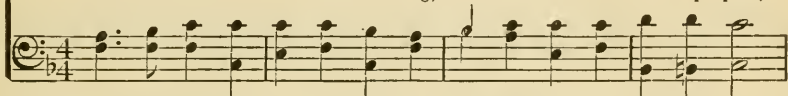
No. 171. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton.

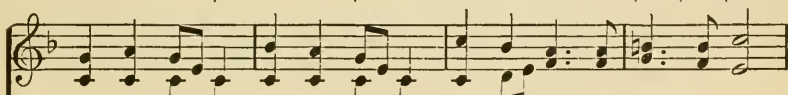
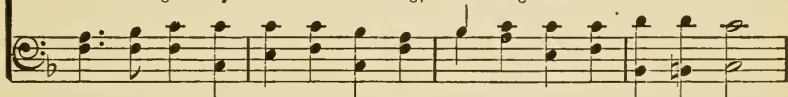
F. J. Hadyn.



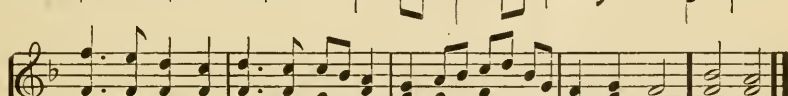
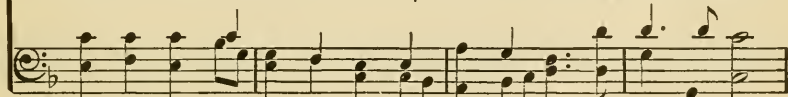
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'r-ing, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,



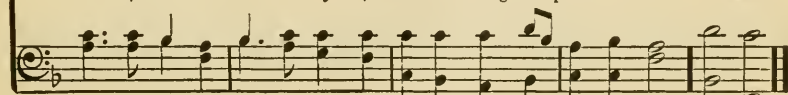
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Still sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov'r-ing, Show-ing that the Lord is near!



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows our thirst t'as - suage?
Blest in - hab - it - ants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re - deem - er's blood!



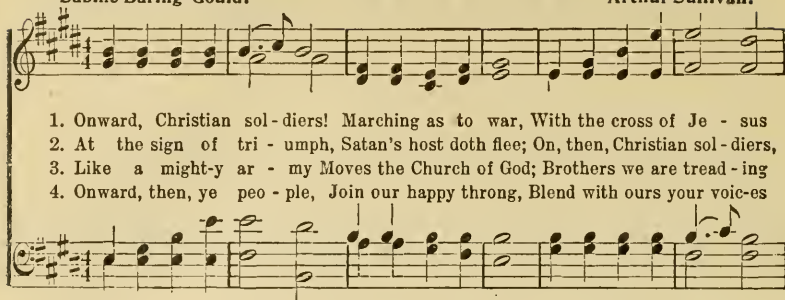
With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God. A - MEN.



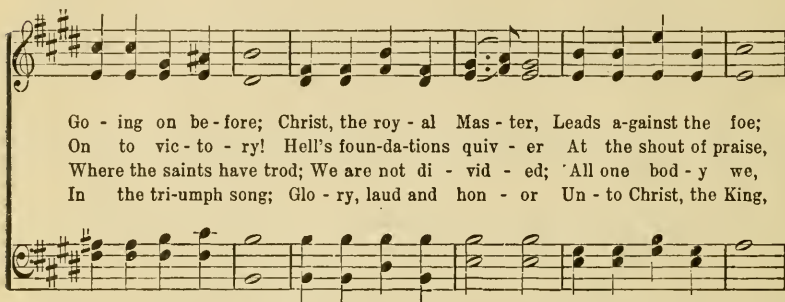
No. 172. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.

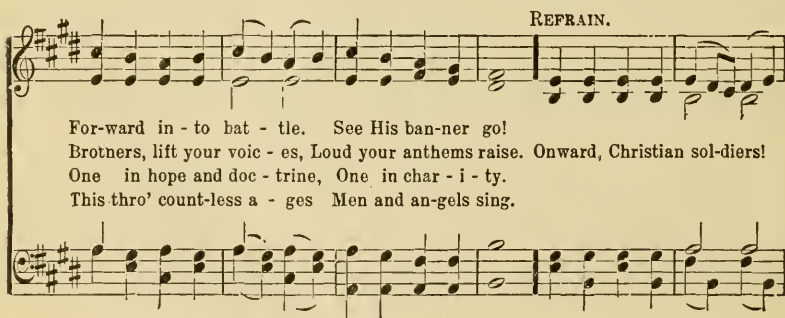


1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread-ing
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

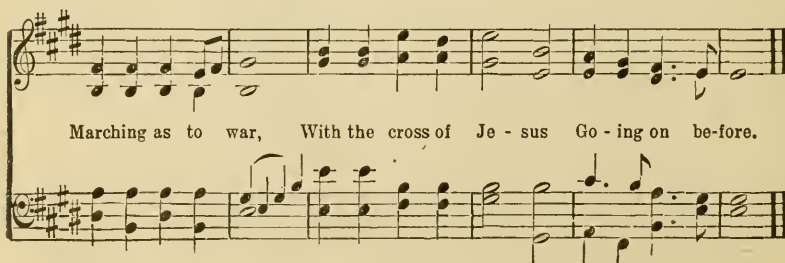


Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; 'All one bod - y we,
 In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

REFRAIN.



For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
 Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

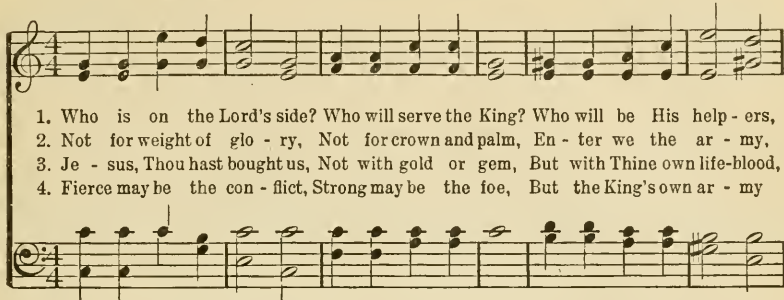


Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.

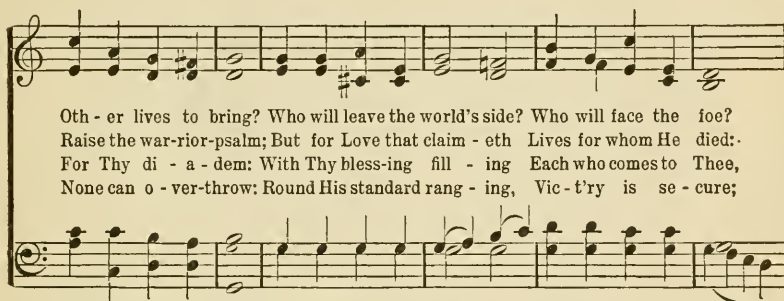
No. 173. Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal.

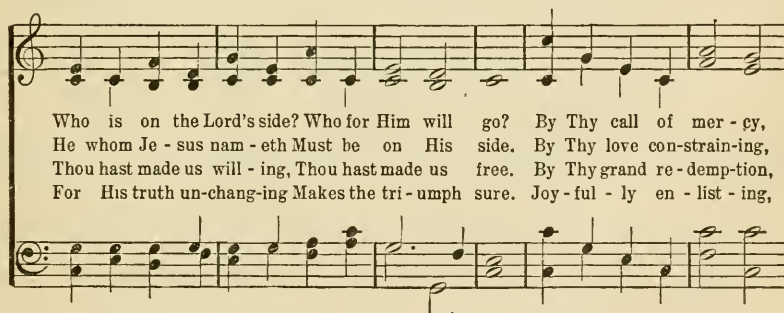
Sir John Goss.



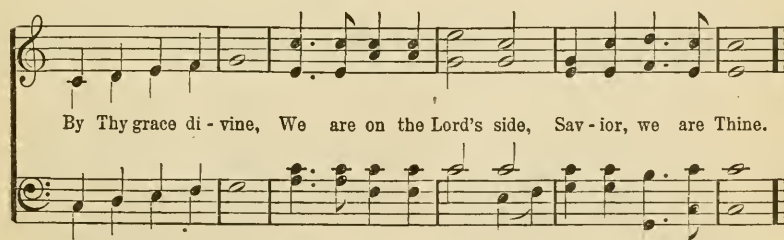
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
 4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the war - rior - psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless - ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 None can o - ver - throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing,
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion,
 For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,



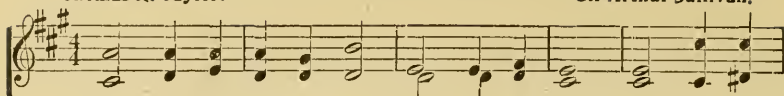
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.

No. 174.

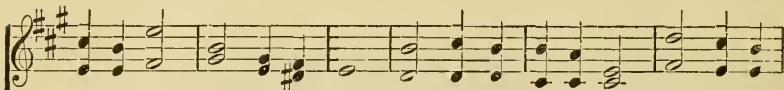
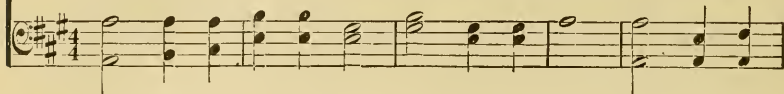
Heaven Is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor.

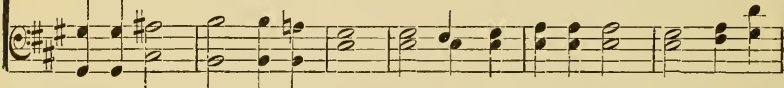
Sir Arthur Sullivan.



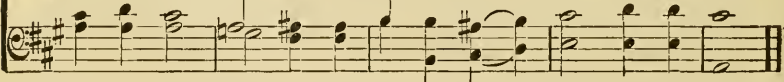
1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be
4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my



- des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on
 pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home; And time's wild win-try blast Soon shall be
 glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest, Those I love
 earth-ly lot, Heav'n is my home; And I shall sure-ly stand There at my



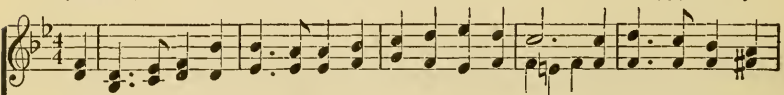
- ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is my Fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
 o-ver past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
 Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my Fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.



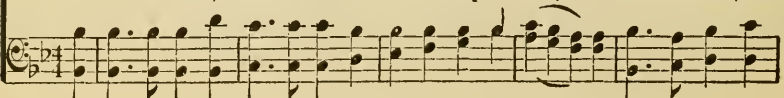
No. 175. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber.

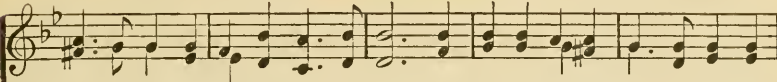
H. S. Cutler.



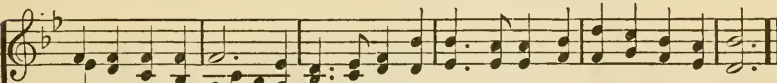
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Master
3. A no-ble band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints, their



The Son of God Goes Forth to War.



streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The

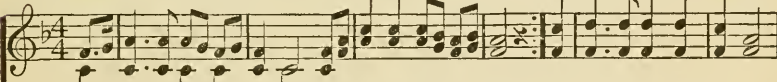


umphant o - ver pain, Who pa-tient bears his cross below,—He follows in His train.
midst of mor-tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
li - on's gory mane; They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train?

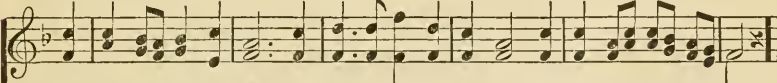
No. 176. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On thee, the high and lowly,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright:



Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 177

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 178.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
 4. To the great One in Three, The highest praise - es be Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

Come Thou Almighty King.

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

No. 179.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
 an - gel-fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 180.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,

FINE.

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

D. S.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.</p> | <p>3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.</p> |
|---|--|

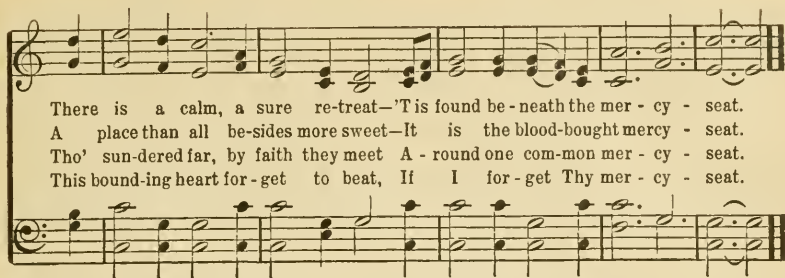
No. 181. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend;
4. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,

From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.



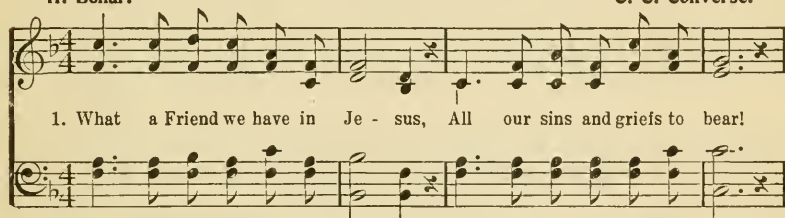
There is a calm, a sure re-treat—'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet—It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.
This bound-ing heart for-get to beat, If I for-get Thy mer-cy-seat.

No. 182.

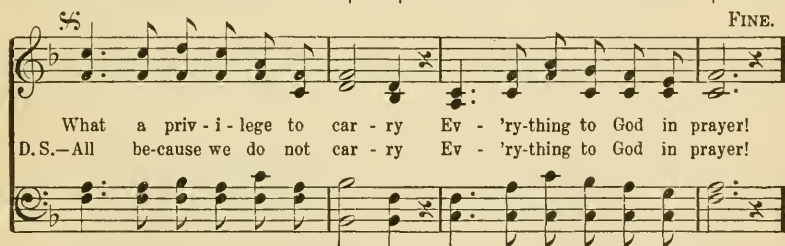
What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

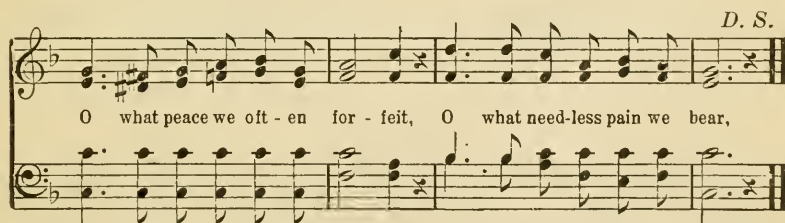
C. C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!



What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in prayer!



O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what need-less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 183.

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart!

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

No. 184.

Guide Me.

W. Williams.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land: I am
2. O-pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me

Guide Me.

weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heav-en,
fier - y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong De-liv'-rer,
thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; Songs of prais-es

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to thee; Songs of praises I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 185.

Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson.

John Wyeth.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }
D. C. - Praise the mount, - I'm fixed up - on it, - Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 186.

O Could I Speak.

S. Medley.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth

Which in my Sav - ior shine, { I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, }
 { And vie with Ga - briel while he sings }

In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine!
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 Well—the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face:
 Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

No. 187.

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 188.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. Oh, pre - cious fount - ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fount - ain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
 bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
 en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
 Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His

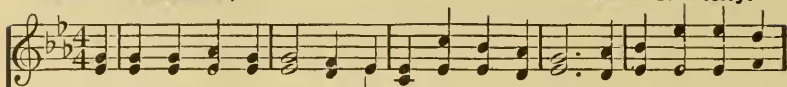
FINE. CHORUS.

name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;
 name.

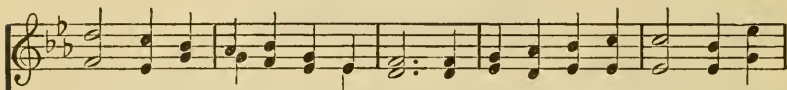
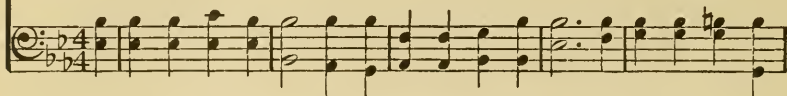
No. 189. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

James W. Alexander, tr.

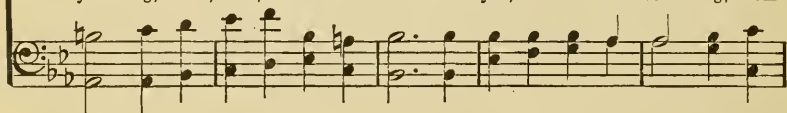
Samuel S. Wesley.



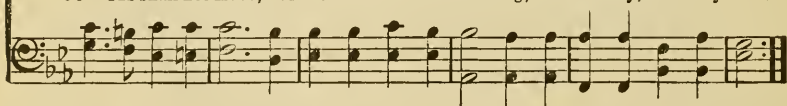
1. O sa-cred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully sur-
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain: Mine, mine was the trans-
3. What language shall I bor-row, To thank Thee, dearest Friend, For this, Thy dy-ing
4. Be near when I am dy-ing, O show Thy cross to me, And for my suc-cor



round-ed With thorns, Thine only crown; O sa-cred Head, what glo-ry. What gres-sion, But Thine the dead-ly pain. Lo, here I fall, my Sav-ior, 'Tis sor-row, Thy pit-y with-out end? Lord, make me Thine for-ev-er, Nor fly-ing, Come, Lord, and set me free. These eyes, new faith re-ceiv-ing, From



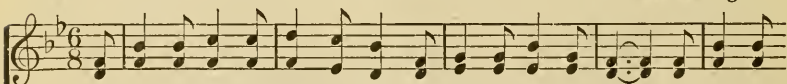
bliss, till now was Thine! Yet, tho' despised and go-ry, I joy to call Thee mine. I de-serve Thy place; Look on me with Thy fa-vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace. let me faithless prove: O let me nev-er, nev-er, A-buse such dy-ing love. Je-sus shall not move; For he who dies be-liev-ing, Dies safe-ly, thro' Thy love.



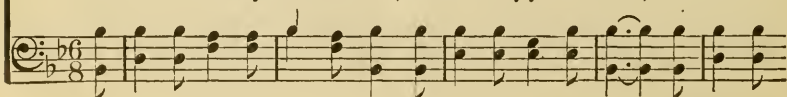
No. 190. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

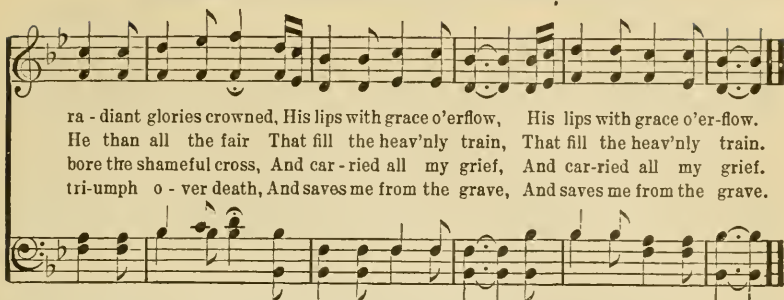
Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

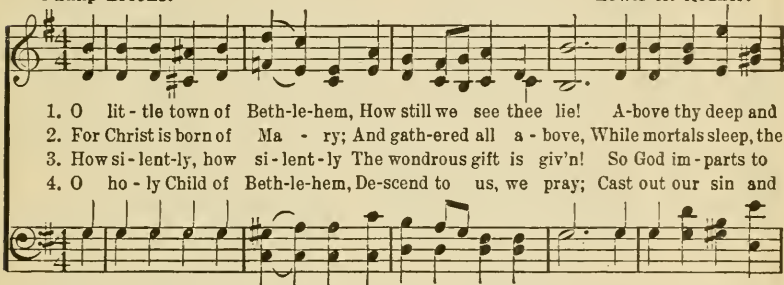


ra - diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

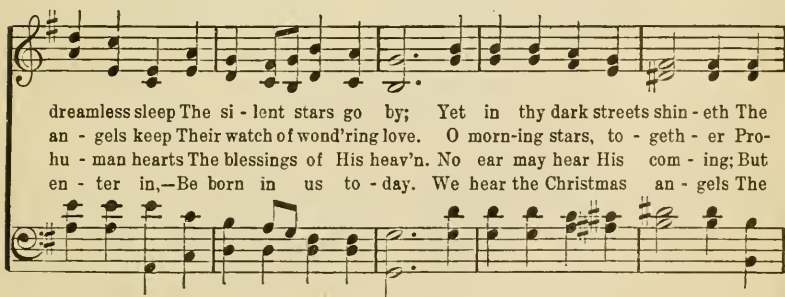
No. 191. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillip Brooks.

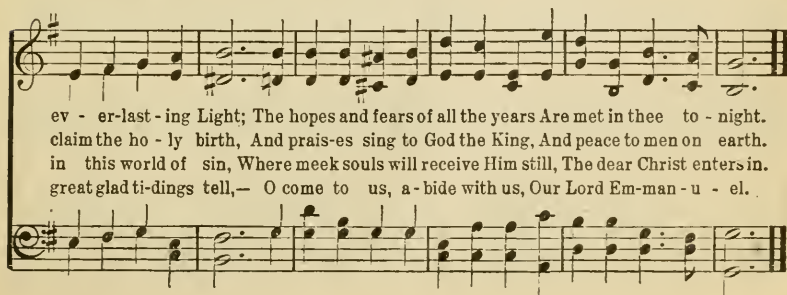
Lewis H. Redner.



1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
 3. How si - lent-ly, how si - lent-ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im - parts to
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and



dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
 an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-
 hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But
 en - ter in,—Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The

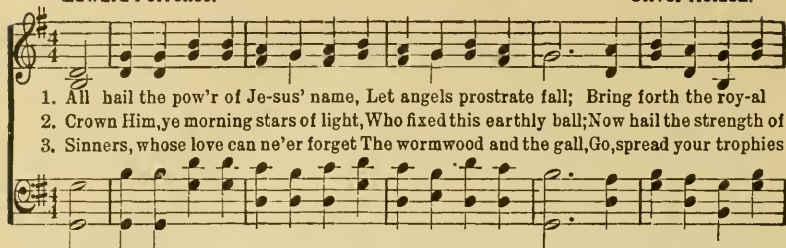


ev - er-last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 claim the ho - ly birth, And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
 great glad ti-dings tell,— O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man - u - el.

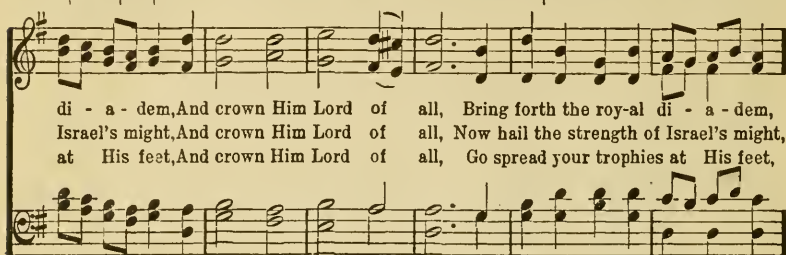
No. 192. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

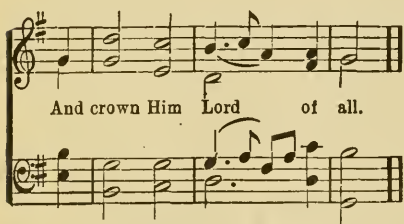
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies



di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all, Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at His feet,



And crown Him Lord of all.

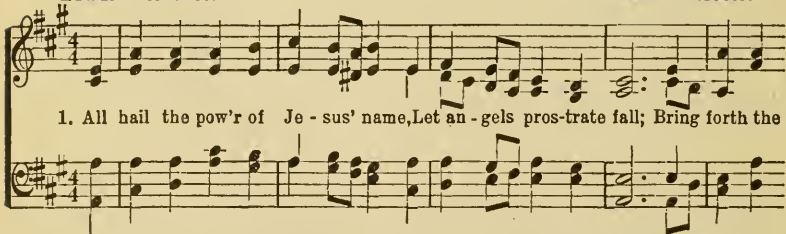
4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

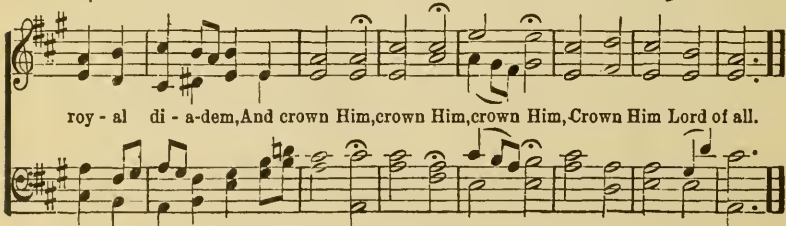
No. 193. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

William Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the



roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 194.

Refuge.

Charles Wesley.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len;

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior,
 not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is
 cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy

hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the hav - en guide,
 stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Co - ver my de - fense - less head
 name, I am all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am,

O re - ceive my soul at last!
 With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 195.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE D. C.

No. 196.

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 197.

O Happy Day.

Phillip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! } Hap - py
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! } Hap - py
 { Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }

0 Happy Day.

FINE.

day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. He taught me how to watch and

pray, And live re-joi-cing ev-'ry day;

D. S.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 198.

Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. { There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; }
For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre- [Omit.....]

CHORUS. 1
pare us a dwelling-place there. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that
In the sweet by-and-by,

2
beau-ti-ful shore; by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; by-and-by,

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

No. 199.

We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner.

Felix Mendelssohn.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows length-en A - cross this lit - tle
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foundation, Where - on our feet were

landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last
set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag-i - ta - tion, Can thence re-

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
wear - i - ness—the fi - nal strife.
move us, if we see His face. 4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

No. 200.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

Handel.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The Church our blest Re-
2. I love Thy Church O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple

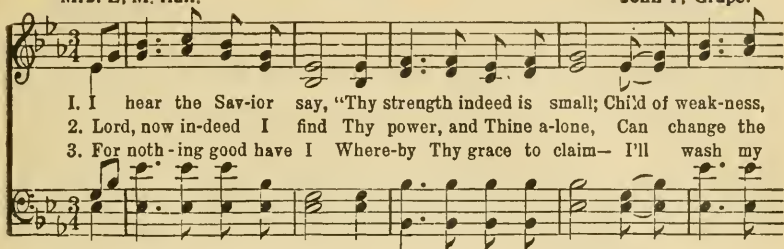
deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood,
of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 201.

Jesus Paid It All.

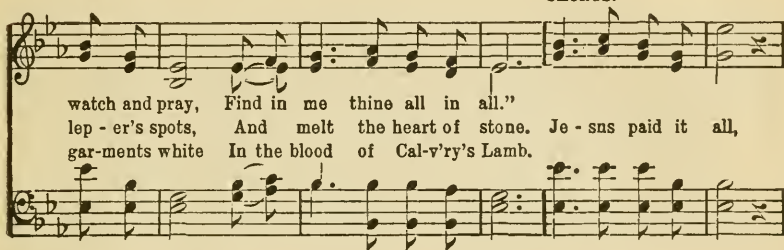
Mrs. E. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

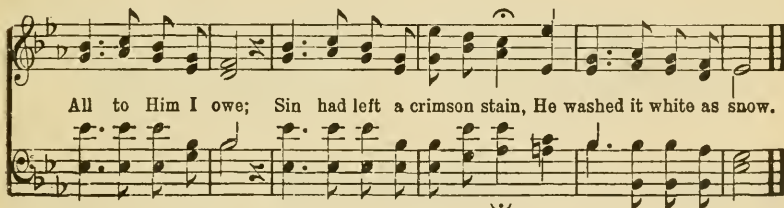


1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Chi'd of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim- I'll wash my

CHORUS.



watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sns paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.



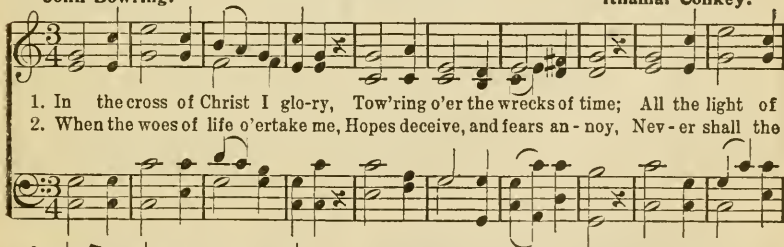
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 202.

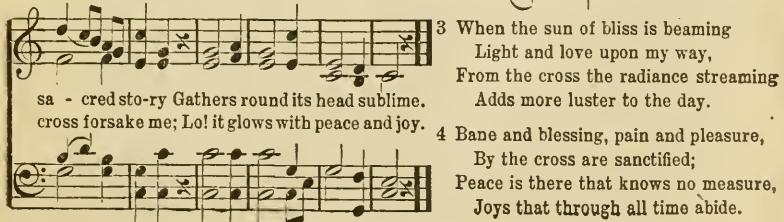
In the Cross.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an- noy, Nev-er shall the



3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.
sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 203.

Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott,

Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve.
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 204.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of
 2. Be-fore our Father's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our

kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

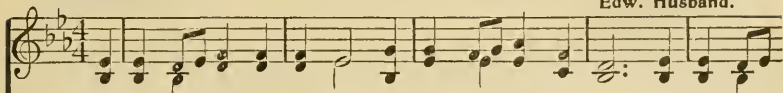
3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

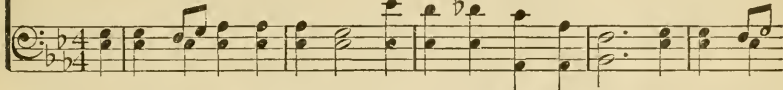
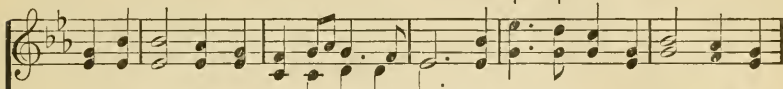
No. 205. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

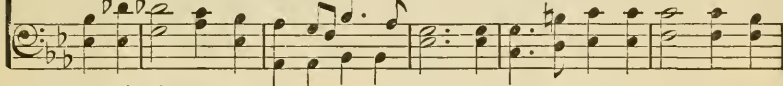
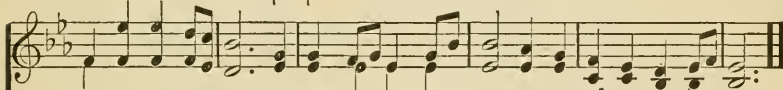
Justin H. Knecht
Edw. Husband.




1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for

pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His
brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: O love that pass-eth knowledge, So
you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

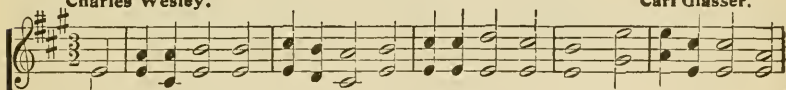
name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him standing there!
pa-tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door; Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev-er - more!



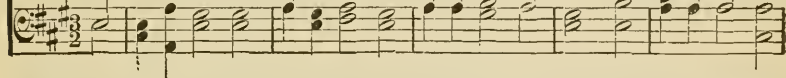
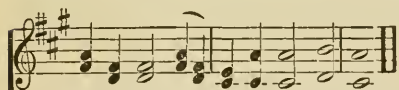
No. 206. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley.

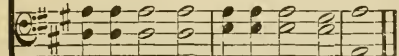
Carl Glasser.



1. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deemer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the

God and King, the triumphs of His grace!
earth a-broad, The honors of Thy name.



- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean.
His blood availed for me.

No. 207.

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz-ing Je - sus, }
 { He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }

2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue;

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

No. 208.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
 3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 An - gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 209.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 210.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.

No. 211. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { Safely thro' an-oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way; }
 { Let us now a blessing seek, } Waiting in His courts today.

2. { While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, }
 { Show thy rec-on-cil-ed face, } Take away our sin and shame;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest; of e-ter-nal rest.
 From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast,

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief to all complaints;
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

No. 212. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea,
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i-lee;
 3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy dis-ci-ples lived In Gal-i-lee;

Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing' Word!
 Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
 Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.

No. 213.

There is a Fountain.

Cowper.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
D. C.—And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [Omit]

2 FINE. D. C.
Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see

That fountain in his day;

And there may I, though vile as he,

Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood

Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed Church of God

Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream

Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,

And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,

I'll sing Thy power to save,

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue

Lies silent in the grave.

No. 214.

There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There's a wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

No. 215.

My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; }
 2. { I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. }
 3. { When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; }
 4. { In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil. }

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All

oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
 Oh, may I then in Him be found;
 Dressed in His righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 216.

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath,

Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are press-ing
 2. O watch, and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry

hard To draw thee from the skies.
 day, And help di-vine im-plore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay Thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till Thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring me to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

No. 217.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in - to the

CHORUS.

give you rest By trusting in His word. { On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
crim - son flood That washes white as snow. He will save you, He will save you,

On - ly trust Him now; }
He will } save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 218.

Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. H. Jude,

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store; From each idol that would

soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

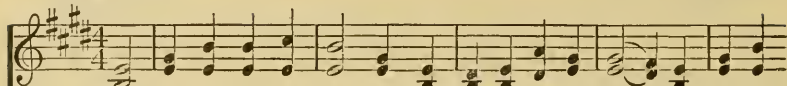
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

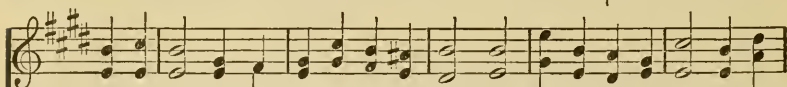
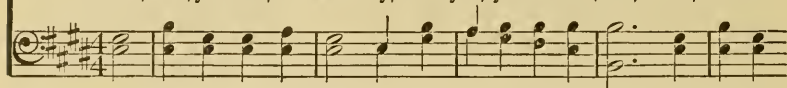
No. 219. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.

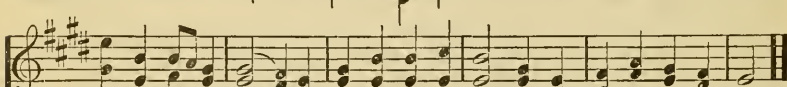
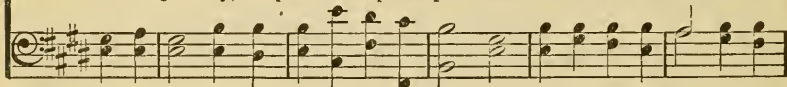
Lowell Mason.



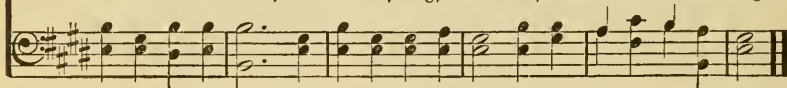
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor-al strand, Where Af-ric's
2. Shall we, whose souls are light-ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a



sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand; From man - y an ancient riv - er, From men be-night-ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va-tion! The sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The

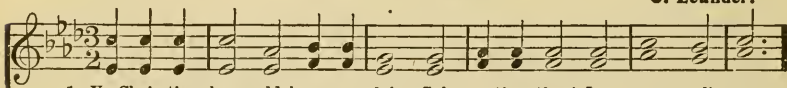


many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain. joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na - tion Has learned Messiah's name. Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re- turns to reign.

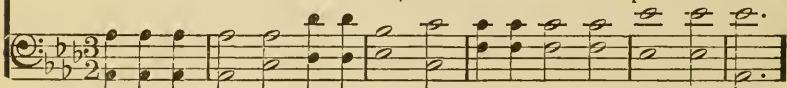


No. 220. Ye Christian Heralds!

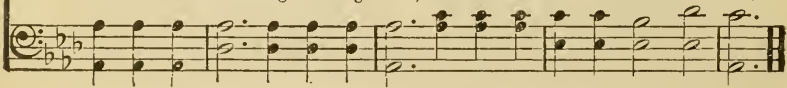
C. Zeunder.



1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—



To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there. Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem-pest in - to peace. Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus—Lord of all.

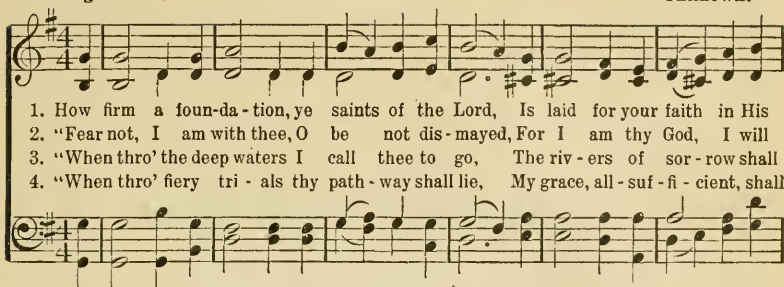


No. 221.

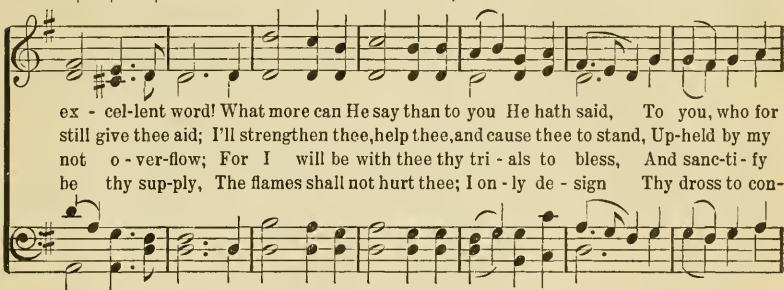
How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

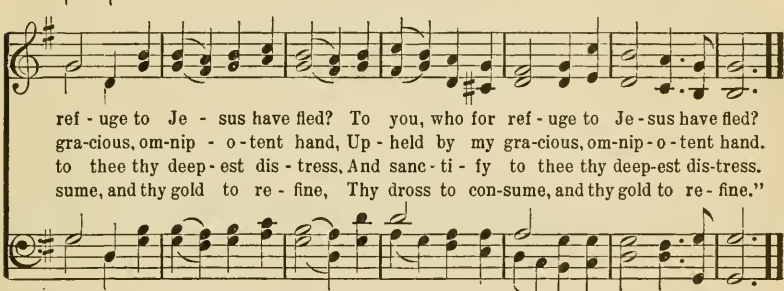
Unknown.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall



ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
 be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-



ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

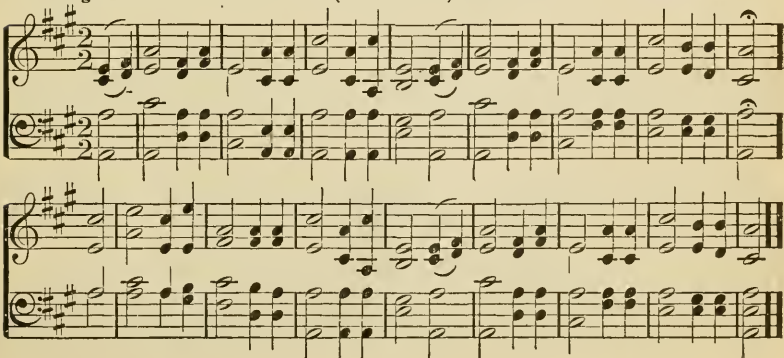
No. 222.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

(Second tune.)

Anne Steele.

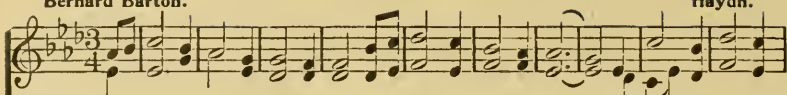


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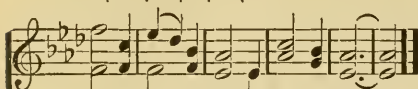
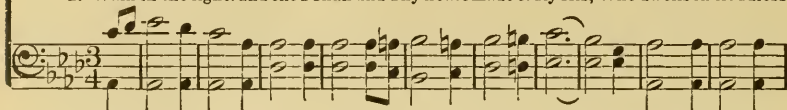
Walk In the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Haydn.

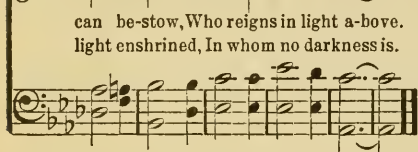


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless



can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove.
light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.

- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.



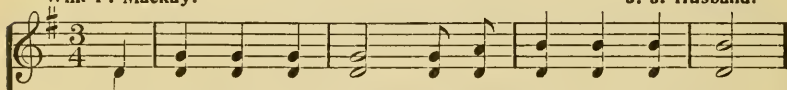
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 224.

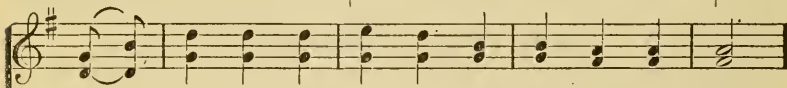
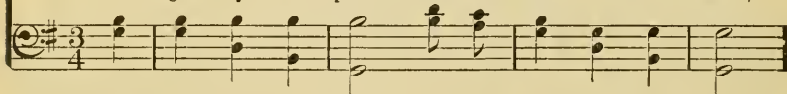
Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

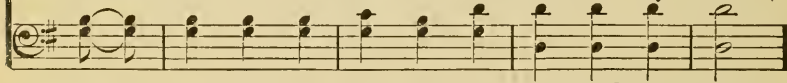
J. J. Husband.



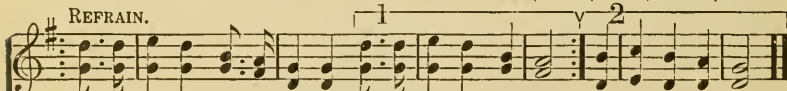
1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,



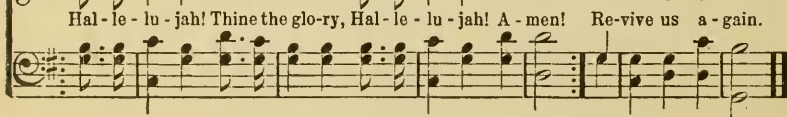
For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior, And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.



REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.



No. 225.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. Gordon.

1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; } My gra-cious Re-deem-
 2. { For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; } I love Thee for wear-
 2. { I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me; } I love Thee for wear-
 And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; }

er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 226.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, } Wear-y souls for-
 2. { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
 D. C. — Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, } When the storms are
 2. { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear. }
 D. C. — Whisper soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 227.

At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT 1895, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PER.

R. E. Hudson.

1. } A-las! and did my Savior bleed, And did my sov'reign die,
 } Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
 2. } Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree,
 } A - maz-ing pit-y, grace unknown And love beyond degree

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a way,
 It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
 roll'd a-way,

No. 228.

The Old Time Religion.

Anon.

CHO.—||: 'Tis the old time religion, :||
 And its good enough for me.

- 1 It was good for our mothers.
- 2 Makes me love everybody.
- 3 It has saved our fathers.

- 4 It was good for the prophet Daniel.
- 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
- 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
- 8 It will do when I am dying.
- 9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 229. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod; With its
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray, We will
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - ry bur-den down; Grace our
 4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our

CHORUS.

crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold-en day. } Yes, we'll gath-er
 spir-its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints
 hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

Shall We Gather at the River?

at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er, —
at the riv - er, That..... flows by the throne of God.

No. 230.

Come to Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.

7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 231.

Jerusalem the Golden.

L. M. Neale.

A. Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey blest! Be - neath thy con-tem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zi-on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of Da-vid; And there from care released, The song of them that

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed; I know not, oh, I know not, What
an - gel, And all the mar-tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The
tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Lead - er, Have

so - cial joys are there, What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What light beyond com-pare.
day-light is se - rene; The pastures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo-rious sheen.
conquer'd in the fight, For-ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

No. 232.

Angels Ever bright and Fair.

A. S. Sherwood.

Handel.

1 Angels, ever bright and fair,
Keep us all within Thy care;
Guard the altars of the home;
Guard the steps that far may roam.

2 Round about encamping, stay,
Near the loved ones far away;
Hover close to cheer and guide,
Whether joy or grief betide.

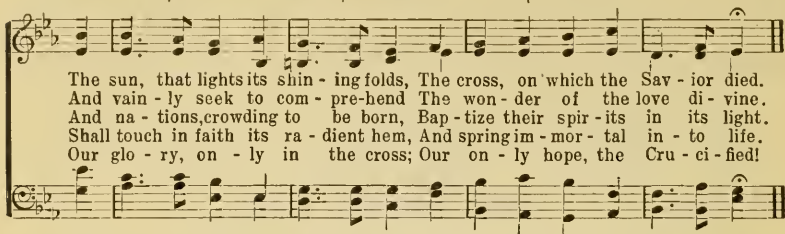
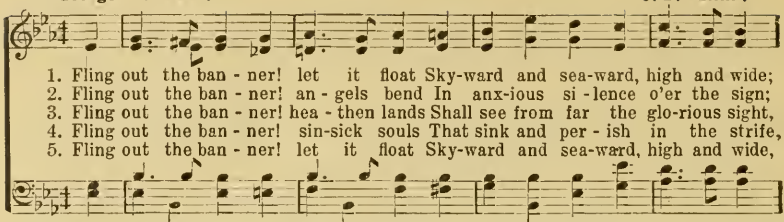
3 Angels, ever bright and fair,
In thy hands our dear ones bear;
Keep us all in memories sweet,
Till with joy again we meet.

No. 233.

Fling Out the Banner.

George W. Doane.

J. B. Calkin.



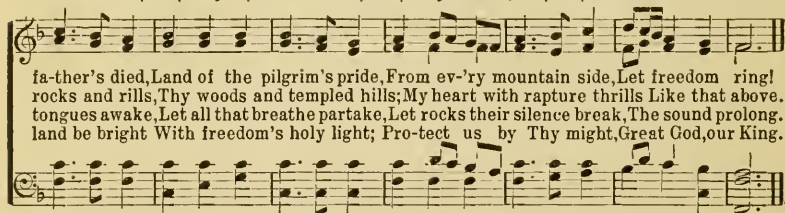
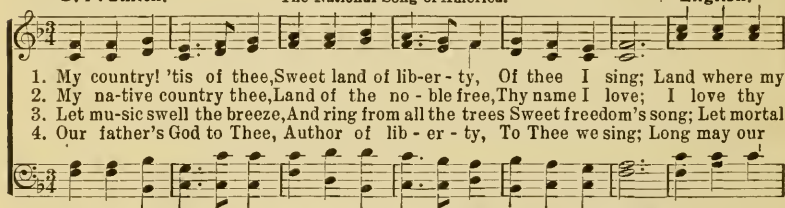
No. 234.

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.

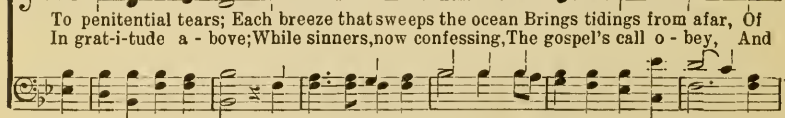
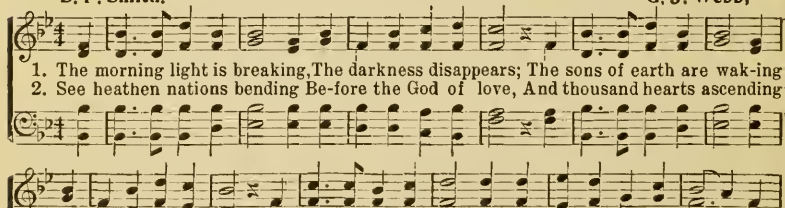


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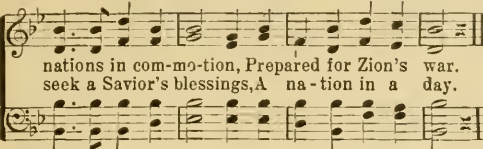
The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith.

G. J. Webb,



The Morning Light is Breaking.



nations in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zion's war.
seek a Savior's blessings, A na-tion in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Persue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 236.

Stand Up for Jesus.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

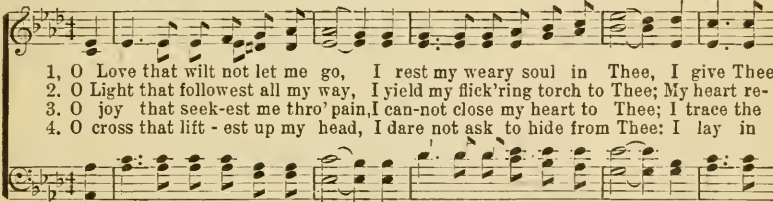
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield.

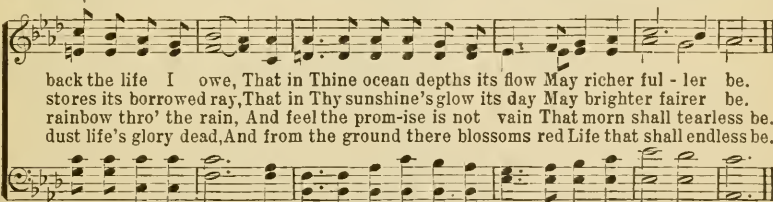
No. 237. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.



1, O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee, I give Thee
2, O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3, O joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4, O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in



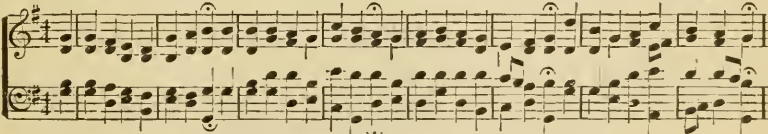
back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer ful - ler be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter fairer be.
rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

No. 238.

Doxology.

Thos. Ken.

G. Franc.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

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